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The COMPLETE
ART of WRITING LETTERS.

ADAPTED TO
All Classes and Conditions of LIFE.

Designed not only to finish the Education of Youth
in general; but for every Person that wishes to
write LETTERS well.

CONTAINING
A COLLECTION of Entertaining and Instructive
LETTERS, as Examples for Improvement of Style;

WITH
An agreeable Variety of ORIGINAL LETTERS ON
EDUCATION,
DUTY,
COURTSHIP,
MARRIAGE,
AMUSEMENT,
BUSINESS,
FRIENDSHIP,
COMPLIMENT,
TRADE, and
MODERN FASHIONS;

And a greater Number of them than are to be
found in any other Book of this Sort.

To which is prefixed,
A compendious and useful GRAMMAR of the *English*
Language; with an INTRODUCTION, containing proper
Directions how to address Persons of Rank and Eminence.

Heaven first taught Letters for some Wretch's Aid,
Some banish'd Lover, or some captive Maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what Love inspires,
Warm from the Soul, and faithful to its Fires;
The Virgin's Wish without her Fears impart,
Excuse the Blush, and pour out all the Heart;
Speed the soft Intercourse from Soul to Soul,
And waft a Sigh from *Indus* to the *Pole*.

POPE.

The SIXTH EDITION;
With the Addition of some elegant Poetical EPISTLES, and
Forms of POLITE MESSAGES for CARDS.

By Mr. CHARLES JOHNSON.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. LOWNDES, in Fleet-Street; and T. EVANS,
in Pater-noster Row.

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THE
ART OF WRITING
AND
THE HISTORY OF THE

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P R E F A C E.

*Containing Observations, and useful Directions, on
The Art of Writing Letters.*

THERE is scarcely any Species of Composition deserves more to be cultivated, than *the Art of Writing Letters*, since none is of more various or frequent Use, through the whole Course of human Life.

As Letters are written on all Subjects, in all States of Mind, they cannot be properly reduced to settled Rules, or described by any single Characteristic. Letters have no Peculiarity but their Form; and nothing is to be refused Admission, which would be proper in any other Method of treating the same Subject. The Qualities of the Epistolary Style, most frequently required, are Ease and Simplicity, an even Flow of unlaboured Diction, and an Artless Arrangement of obvious Sentiments. But these Directions are no sooner applied to Use, than their Scantiness and Imperfection become evident. Letters are written to the Great and to the Mean, to the Learned and to the Ignorant, at Rest and in Distress, in Sport and in Passion. Nothing can be more improper than Ease and Laxity of Expression, when the Importance of the Subject expresses Solicitude, or the Dignity of the Person exacts Reverence.

That Letters should be written with strict Conformity to Nature, is true; because, nothing but Conformity to Nature can make any Composition beautiful or just. But it is natural to depart from Familiarity of Language upon Occasions not familiar. Whatever elevates the Sentiments, will consequently raise the Expression; whatever fills us with Hope or Terror, will produce some Perturbation of Images, and some figurative Distortions of Phrase. Wherever we are studious to please, we are afraid of trusting our first Thoughts, and endeavour to recommend our Opinion by studied Ornaments, Accuracy of Method, and Elegance of Style.

Letters that have no other End than the Entertainment of the Correspondent, are more properly regulated by critical Precepts, because the Matter and Style are equally arbitrary, and Rules are more necessary, as there is larger Power of Choice. In Letters of this Kind, some conceive Art graceful, and others think Negligence amiable; some model them by the Sonnet, and will allow them no Means of delighting, but the soft Lapse of calm Mellifluence; others adjust them by the Epigram, and expect pointed Sentences, and forcible Periods. The one partly considers Exemption from Faults as the Height of Excellence, the other looks upon Neglect of Excellence as the most disgusting Fault; one avoids Censure, the other aspires to Praise; one is always in Danger of Insipidity, the other continually on the Brink of Affectation.

When the Subject has no intrinsic Dignity, it must necessarily owe its Attractions to artificial Embellishments, and may catch at all Advantages which the Art of Writing can supply. He that, like *Pliny*, sends his Friend a Portion for his Daughter, will, without *Pliny's* Eloquence or Address, find Means of exciting Gratitude, and securing Acceptance; but he that has no Present to make, but a Garland, a Ribbon, or some pretty Curiosity, must endeavour to recommend it by his Manner of giving it.

The Purpose for which Letters are written, when no Intelligence is communicated, or Business transacted, is to preserve in the Minds of the Absent, either Love or Esteem. To excite Love, we must impart Pleasure; and to raise Esteem, we must discover Abilities. Pleasure will generally be given, as Abilities are displayed, by Scenes of Imagery, Points of Conceit, unexpected Sallies, and artful Compliments. Trifles always require Exuberance of Ornament; the Building which has no Strength, can be valued only for the Grace of its Decorations. The Pebble must be polished with Care, which hopes to be valued as a Diamond; and Words ought surely to be laboured, when they are intended to stand for Things.

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*With Variety of Necessary Observations ; as also, Cards
 of Compliment, and Messages, which may be so al-
 tered with Pleasure as to serve on most Occasions.*



A

PLAIN and COMPENDIOUS
GRAMMAR
OF THE
ENGLISH TONGUE.

Of GRAMMAR.

GRAMMAR, which is *the Art of using Words properly*, comprizes four Parts; Orthography, Etymology, Syntax and Prosody.

Orthography is *the Art of combining Letters into Syllables, and Syllables into Words*. It therefore teaches the Form and Sound of Letters.

Etymology teaches the Deduction of one Word from another, and the various Modifications by which the Sense of the same Word is diversified; as *Horse, Horses; I love, I loved*.

Syntax teaches the right placing or joining of Words into Sentences.

Prosody comprizes *Orthoëpy*, or the Rule of Pronunciation; and *Orthoemetry*, or the Laws of Versification.

Pronunciation is just, when every Letter has its proper Sound, and when every Syllable has its proper Accent; or, which in *English* Versification is the same, its proper Quantity.

Versification is the Argument of a certain Number of Syllables according to certain Laws.

Without tiring the Reader with what will be of little or no Use, I shall immediately enter upon the Parts of Speech,

B

which

which may be distinguished into these four; Nouns Substantive, Nouns Adjective, Verbs, and Participles.

Nouns SUBSTANTIVE, or Names, are Words whereby *Things* themselves, whether sensible or intelligible, are expressed, and therefore the Word *Thing* cannot be put immediately after a Substantive, without making it Nonsense; for we cannot say *Man Thing*, *Horse Thing*, &c. They are called *Substantives*, because they stand alone, or with an Article, and require no other Word to express their Signification. They are divided into common, proper, and personal. The common comprehends a whole Kind or Species; as *Man* is a name that belongs to all Men, *City* to every City, and *River* to every River. The proper serves to distinguish particular Things, as *James* is the Name of a particular Man, *London* of a certain City, and the *Thames* of a particular River. The personal, or PRONOUN, is used to avoid the Repetition of other Names; as *I*, instead of my Name; *Thou* or *You*, instead of your Name; *He* and *She*, instead of the Name of the Person of whom we are speaking; and *It*, when we mention a Thing that has no distinct Sex. Thus in speaking of myself, I use the Word *I*; if more than one speak of themselves, they use the Word *We*; in speaking to another, we use *Thou* or *You*; in speaking to more than one, we say *Ye* or *You*; if we speak of a Person to whom we do not address our Discourse, we say *He* or *She*; and of a Thing without Sex, *It*; and if of more Persons and Things than one, we say *They*.

Here it is worthy of Remark that *Who*, *Which*, and *What*, are sometimes called personal Interrogatories, as being commonly used in asking Questions, in which Case *Who* is only used in speaking of Persons, and *Which* or *What* of either Persons or Things; as *Who is that Lady?* *What Man came in?* *What Place do you chuse?* It must also be observed, that *Who*, *Which*, and *What*, are called Pronouns Relative, from their having a Relation to some foregoing Word, as *the Man who wrote that Book*; where *Who* refers to *Man*. In this Case, *Who* is only applied to Persons, *Which* to Things, and *What*, whether relative or interrogative, is without Variation.

In the *English* Language, Personals are the only Nouns that are expressed differently, when placed before and after a Verb; as *I*, *Thou*, *He*, or *She*, which are called the three Persons

Persons singular, are placed before the Verb, and *Me, Thee, Him,* and *Her,* are placed after it ; as also, *We, Ye, They,* called the three Persons plural, precede the Verb, and *Us, You, Him, Her,* and *Them,* follow after it.

Substantives have two Numbers, the Singular and the Plural ; the Singular, which expresses only one Person or Thing, is frequently distinguished by *a, an, one,* or *the,* going before it, as *a Table, a King, an Arm,* or *the Arm* : The Plural is formed by adding *s,* as *Tables, Kings, Arms,* or *es,* where *s* could no otherwise be sounded, as after *ch, s, sh, x, z* ; after *c* sounded like *s,* and *g* like *j* ; the mute *e* is vocal before *s,* as *Lance, Lances* ; *Outrage, Outrages.* To this general Rule there are, however, a few Exceptions, as those Singulars which end in *f* commonly form their Plural by *ves,* as *Loaf, Loaves* ; *Calf, Calves* : Though *Dwarf, Hoof, Handkerchief, Mischief, Proof, Relief, Puff, Roof, Scarf, Grief,* are made Plural by adding only *s,* as are Words ending in *ff,* except *Staves.*

Irregular Plurals are, *Teeth* from *Tooth,* *Lice* from *Louse,* *Mice* from *Mouse,* *Geese* from *Goose,* *Feet* from *Foot,* *Dice* from *Die,* *Pence* from *Penny,* *Brethren* from *Brother,* *Children* from *Child.* Some Words have no Plural ; as *Corn, Wheat, Rye, Barley, Chaff, Bran, Meal, Beer, Vinegar, Honey, Butter, Tar, Pitch, Wool, Dust, Hunger, Thirst, People, Offspring, &c.* Of this Class are also the Virtues and Vices, as *Justice, Temperance, Hatred, Envy, &c.* and abstract Qualities, as *Happiness, Misery, Wisdom, Paleness, Contempt, Grief, &c.* Others have the same Ending in both Numbers, as *Deer, Sheep, &c.* and others have no Singular, as *Bellows, Bowels, Breeches, Tongs, Scissars, Snuffers, Folks, Wages, Thanks, &c.*

In most other Languages the Masculine and Feminine Genders, being applied to inanimate Things give no small Trouble to the Learner ; but with us they are only applied to their proper and necessary Use, that is to distinguish the Sexes, in which we either use two Words, as in *Man, Woman* ; *Boy, Girl, Brother, Sister* ; *Duck, Drake* ; *Goose, Gander* : Or by putting another Word expressive of the Sex before the Name, as *Man Servant* ; *Maid Servant* ; *Mail Child* ; *Female Child* ; *Cock Sparrow, Hen Sparrow* ; *He Goat, She Goat.* In some few Words, the Female is distinguished from the Male by changing their Termination into *ess,* as

Count, Countess, Heir, Heiress, Prince Princess : Or into *x*, as *Administratrix, Executrix, Testatrix*. They are also known by the personal Names, *He, Him*, used in speaking of Males; *She, Her*, used in refering to Females; and *It*, when we refer to inanimate Things. But there are four or five Words in the Language, which may be considered as Exceptions to this Rule; for we sometimes use the Word *Sun* in the Masculine Gender, and the *Moon, the Church, and a Ship*, are of the Feminine.

Instead of Cases, and the various Terminations and Declensions used in *Latin*, we have only the Articles, *a, an, the, of, to, by, from, with, &c.* to distinguish the several Circumstances of the Noun either when alone, or when joined to an Adjective; except in the Genitive Case, which we sometimes form by adding *'s* to the Noun, as, for *the Son of the King*, we write *the King's Son*; we also say, *Charles's Watch, James's Book, &c.*

ADJECTIVES in the *English* Language are wholly indeclinable; having neither Case, Gender, nor Number, and being added to Substantives in all Relations without any Change; as, *a fine Garden, a good Woman, good Women, of a good Woman, good Men, of good Men, &c.* And though in most other Languages they are placed after the Substantive, in *English* they are placed before it, as in the above Examples; in Poetry, however, this Order is sometimes changed; as, *O Bard divine!* The principal Peculiarity of this Part of Speech, is, that Qualities admit of Degrees of Comparison, which Things do not: And of these there are properly but two, called the *Comparative* and *Superlative*, both formed from the Quality in its positive State, which expresses simply and absolutely the State of the Name, without Relation to the like Quality in any other; as *wise, bright, fair, vile*. The *Comparative* Degree, by comparing one Thing with another, expresses the Quality somewhat increased or diminished, and is formed by adding *er* to the Positive, as *wiser, brighter, fairer, viler*: And the *Superlative* Degree expresses absolutely the Superiority of one above or beyond the other, as *wisest, brightest, fairest, vilest*.

The Degrees of Comparison are also frequently formed by adding *more* or *most*, without altering the Termination of

of the Adjective, as *more wise, most wise*; which serves to vary the Turn of Expression, and is often esteemed more elegant than barely altering the Termination: This is particularly the Case in Words of two, three, or more Syllables; thus *more beautiful, most beautiful*, are more elegant than *beautifuller, beautifullest*. Thus *extraordinary, remarkable*, and most other long Words, have their Degrees of Comparison always expressed by *more* and *most*; for we never say, *extraordinarier, extraordinariest*.

The Comparison of Adjectives is very uncertain; and, being much regulated by Commodiousness of Utterance, or Agreeableness of Sound, is not easily reduced to Rules.

It must be observed, that Nouns, or Names, are sometimes used as Adjectives, or Qualities, as a *Gold Watch*, a *Diamond Ring*, a *Silver Candlestick*: And that a Quality is used as a Name, and is to be considered as a Substantive, whenever it is taken in an abstracted or universal Sense, which Substantives are generally formed by adding *ness* to the Adjective, *Goodness, Whiteness, &c.*

Some Grammarians have ranked the Words, *my, mine; thy, thine; his, hers; our, ours; your, yours; their, theirs*; under the Class of Qualities derived from personal Names, and called them personal Possessives; and also *this, that, the same*, which are called Demonstratives, because they shew what particular Person or Thing we mean: as *this House, that Horse. This and that*, in the Plural Number, make *these and those*.

A VERB, or Affirmation, is a Word which expresses what is affirmed or said of Things; and is usually reckoned of two Kinds, the auxiliary Verb, and the Verb itself, both of which have Persons, Numbers, and Tenses, or Times. The Persons, which are distinguished by a personal Name going before them, vary their Terminations only in the Singular Number, as in *I live, thou livest, he lives, or liveth we live, ye live, they live*. The Affirmations in the *English* Language have but three Tenses or Times, the Present, the Past, and the Future; or, in other Words, the Thing doing, done, or to be done; for all other Tenses are formed by adding the auxiliary Verb, and without any Variation in the Termination. The Present Tense is expressed by the Affirmation itself, as *I dance*; the Past Tense generally

ends with *ed*, as *I danced*; and the Future is formed by adding the auxiliary Verb *shall* or *will*, as *I shall dance*; and as there are but two Tenses or Times, expressed by the Affirmation, its various Changes are signified by the nine following auxiliary Affirmations, *viz. do, will, shall, may, can, must, ought, have, am, or be*, which being placed before other Affirmations, signify Time, Resolution, Power, Liberty, Necessity, Duty, &c.

It must be observed, that when one of these Auxiliaries is put before another Affirmation, the Auxiliary only alters its Termination in expressing the Persons, as *I am living*, thou *art* living, he *is* living, we *are* living, &c. *I do live*, thou *dost* live, he *doth* or *does* live, &c.

As some are apt to mistake the Use of *shall* and *will*, the Signs of the Future Tense, it must be observed that when we only simply foretel, we use *shall* in the first Person, and *will* in the rest; but when we promise, threaten, or engage, we use *will* in the first Person and *shall* in the other.

We have said, that the Affirmation generally expresses the past Time by adding *ed* to the present; but there are a pretty many Words which cannot be reduced to this Rule; the most common Irregularity is the changing the *d* into *t*, and omitting the Vowel, as in *mixt* for *mixed*; the others are too many to be all here enumerated: such as *I am awake, I awoke*; *I bear, I bore, I have borne*; *I see, I saw*; *I swim, I swam*; *I spin, I spun*; *I teach, I taught*; *I tread, I trod, I have trodden*; *I weep, I wept*; *I write, I wrote, I have written*.

The Affirmation has sometimes the Particle *to* placed before it; and when it is thus used, it is always joined with another Affirmation; and has then the Power of a Name or Substantive.

PARTICLES are such Words as denote some Circumstance or Quality of an Action, join Words or Sentences together, or express some sudden Emotion of the Soul; and these comprehend all that are commonly known by the Names of *Adverbs, Conjunctions, Prepositions, and Interjections*. Words which, though of different Natures, ought to be reduced to one Class, since they always retain their Form, and are subject to none of the Variation of the other Parts of Speech.

The

The Use of ADVERBS is to denote some Circumstance or Quality of the Words to which they are joined, which is frequently to an Affirmation, as I love her *dearly*; and as many of these are derived from Qualities, they, like them, admit of Degrees of Comparison, as *happily, more happily, most happily*; *wisely, more wisely, most wisely*; these always end in *ly*. Adverbs are also divided into those of Time, as *now, already, yesterday, often, always, seldom, &c.* Into those of Place, as *here, there, hither, above, below, &c.* Into those of Number, as *first, secondly, thirdly*; *once, twice, &c.* Into those of Quantity, as *more, less, enough, too much, &c.* Into those of Affirmation, as *yea, yes, truly, &c.* Into those of Negation, as *no, not, nay, &c.* Into those of doubting, as *perhaps, peradventure, &c.*

CONJUNCTIONS are Words that join Sentences together, and shew the Manner of their Dependence on one another, as *and, also, nor, either, neither.*

PREPOSITIONS are Particles set before other Words, to shew the Relation which the subsequent Word has to some other that precedes it, as *at, against, among, between, from, for, in, off, with, &c.*

INTERJECTIONS are imperfect Words, mostly Monosyllables, that denote some sudden Emotion, or Passion of the Mind, and being expressed by a Kind of involuntary Impulse, have no Connection with any other Part of a Sentence, as *ah! alas! strange! pish! foh! hush! hark! &c.*

Of these four Parts of Speech every Sentence is compounded, and on the proper Choice of Words, and the Disposition and Manner of placing them, all the Elegance, Harmony, and Force of Language consist.

GENERAL-RULES for dividing Words of several Syllables, and for Spelling and Writing true English.

IN Spelling Words of several Syllables, all the Letters, whereof the first is composed, must be joined together and pronounced; then the Letters that make up the second Syllable must be put together, which, when pronounced, must be added to the first, and so on, till the whole Word is finished.

The General Rule for Spelling is this: Divide your Syllables correctly, and put as many Letters to one Syllable as make one distinct Sound in the Pronunciation of the Word, as *Di-al*, *De-ni-al*, *Con-gre-ga-ti-on*, &c.

The special Rules are the four following, namely,

1. When a single Consonant falls between two Vowels, it is joined with the latter; as *per-ish*, *pu-nish*, &c. (though to this Rule there are some Exceptions) and the Letter *x* is always joined to the preceding Vowel, as *Tax-es*, *Box-es*, &c.

2. When two Consonants of the same Kind come together, they must be divided, as *Dag-ger*, *Let-ter*, *bigger*, &c.

3. When several Consonants come together in the Middle of a Word, they must be placed in the Syllables according to the distinct Sounds; as for Instance, *pres-cribe*, *re-trench*, *able*, *Table*, &c. But in *Sis-ter*, *Blis-ter*, *Basket*, *Cas-ket*, &c. the Consonants must be divided, one to the first, and the other to the latter Syllable, because they are so pronounced.

4. When two Vowels come together in the Middle, and both are distinctly pronounced, they must be parted, as for Example, *Di-al*, *Tri-al*, *cre-ate*, *re-en-ter*, &c.

Though these are the Principle Rules to be observed, yet there are some few Exceptions; as for Instance, all such Words as are composed of two distinct ones, such as *House-wife*, *Free hold*, *where-as*, *where-in*, &c. as also such Words as consist of a Primitive and a Preposition preceding it, as *ad-orn*, *in-ure*, *en-able*, &c. And lastly, such as consist of one Word and a Termination, viz. *charm-eth*, *ed*, *ing*, and *er*; *paint-eth*, *ed*, *ing*, *er*, &c. In all which Cases the single Words must keep their own proper Letters and Syllables distinct, and the little Prepositions and Terminations must be spelt distinctly by themselves.

You are likewise to observe.

1. That when *ch*, *ph*, *th*, or *sh*, begin either a Word or a Syllable, they must be looked upon as single Consonants, except where they are sounded apart, as in *Clap-ham*, &c.

2. That

2. That there are many Words wherein the Sound of the Consonants is truly double, and belongs properly to both Syllables, though Custom has joined the Consonant to the latter; as *Ho-mage*, *I-mage*, *va-nish*, &c.

3. That some Words begin with double Consonants, and some with three.

4. In Monosyllables instead of *l*, write *ll*, after a single Vowel, as *fall*, *call*, *tall*, &c. in Words of two or more Syllables make use only of one *l*, as *wo-ful*, *doubt-ful*, *ful-ful*, *mar-ti-al*, *cri-ti-cal*, &c.

With regard to spelling and writing true *English*, the best Way will be to pronounce your Words clear and distinct, Syllable by Syllable: Give the full Sound to every Part of a Word, and write it as it is pronounced in the hardest and harshest Manner; as for Instance, *Ir-on*, not *I-urn*; *A-pron*, not *A-purn*; *Calf*, not *Caf*, &c.

As you read, observe how the Vowels and Consonants are sounded in different Sorts of Words, whether *English* or Foreign, and remember to Write them accordingly.

Observe where Letters keep their proper Sound, and where they change it.

Take Notice also of such Letters as are silent, and not pronounced at all; and remember to put those Letters in when you write, though you leave them out when you read.

Accustom yourself to spell every Word true, and if you are in the least dubious, write it not without consulting some good *English* Dictionary.

Of QUANTITY and ACCENT.

THE general Rule to be observed in the pronouncing of Words and Syllables, is, to sound every Syllable according to its proper *Quantity*; and every Word of two or more Syllables must have its proper Accent.

By *Quantity* I mean the Distinction of Syllables into *Long* or *Short*, in reading either Prose or Verse; and this depends on the various Sounds of the Vowels. But here let it be observed, that though in reading Verse the Accent must be laid on the same Syllable as Prose, and the Words pronounced

pronounced in the same Manner; yet a Syllable in Verse is called long or short, not according to the long or short Vowel, but according to the *Accent*.

By *Accent* is meant that particular Stress or Force of Sound which the Voice lays upon any Syllable, whether it be long or short, as upon *Ro* in *Róver*, or *hap* in *háppy*; and though the Accent is more frequently laid on a long Syllable than a short one, it is not so always; nor is the Accent always upon the same Syllables in the same Words; for the same Word, when it is an Affirmation, has the Accent upon the last Syllable, as to *convért*, to *rebél*, to *recórd*; but when it is a Name, it is accented on the first, as a *Cónvert*, a *Rébel*, a *Récord*. Again.

Compound and derivative Words are not always accented like their Primitives; for in *Máker* the Accent is strong on the first Syllable; which in *Shóemaker* is lost. So *confér*, *prefér*, and the like, have their Accents on the last Syllable; but *Cónference*, *Préference*, &c. on the first.

Some long Words have also two Accents, *ómnipresént*, *Fá-miliá-ri-ty*, *Jústifi-cá-tion*; and some three, as *Trán-substántiá-tion*; but then the last is commonly the strongest; and as there are no general Rules for placing the Accent on Words of several Syllables, we must be determined by Custom; yet it is worth observing, that in our Language, the Accent is generally removed as far as possible, at least as far as conveniently may be, from the last Syllable.—We shall add a few particular Remarks to this general Observation.

1. In Words of two Syllables, which are both short, or both long, the Accent is usually laid on the first, as in *háppy*, *prí-vate*, and the like.

2. If the first Syllable only be long, the Accent is generally laid upon it.

3. When the Accent is laid upon the last Syllable, the Word is commonly a Sort of Compound, as *divért*, *prevént*, *rét-urn*.

4. In Words of three or more Syllables the Accent is seldom laid on the two last, but often on the first or second; as in *Tem-perance*, *Con-tro-ver-sy*, *Abominable*. But after all the Rules that can be given, proper Tables or Catalogues of Words will be the best Help in this particular.

Rules

Rules for READING, and particularly of the EMPHASIS belonging to some special Word or Words in a Sentence.

IN order to read well, observe the following Directions.
 1. Take Pains to acquire a perfect Knowledge of the Sounds of all the Letters in general. 2. Do not guess at a Word at first Sight, if you are not well acquainted with it, lest you get a Habit of reading falsely. 3. Pronounce every Word clearly and distinctly. 4. Let the Tone of your Voice in reading be the same as in speaking, 5. Do not read in a Hurry, for fear of learning to stammer. 6. Read so loud as to be heard by those about you, but not louder. 7. Observe your Pauses well, and never make any, where the Sense will admit of none. 8. Humour your Voice a little according to the Subject. 9. Attend to those that read well, and endeavour to imitate their Pronunciation. 10. Read often before good Judges, and be thankful when they correct you. 11. Consider well the Place of the *Emphasis* in a Sentence, and pronounce it accordingly. By *Emphasis* we mean, the Stress or Force of Voice that is laid on some particular Word or Words in a Sentence, whereby the Meaning and Beauty of the whole may best appear: This, with respect to Sentences, is the same as *Accent* with regard to Syllables.

The *Emphasis* is generally placed upon accented Syllable of a Word; but if there be a particular Opposition between two Words in a Sentence, whereof one differs from the other but in Part, the Accent is sometimes removed from its common Place, as in the following Instance: *The Sun shines upon the just, and upon the unjust.* Here the Stress of the Voice is laid upon the first Syllable in *unjust*, because it is opposed to *just* in the same Sentence; but without such an Opposition the Accent would lie on its usual Place, that is, on the last Syllable; as, *We must not imitate the unjust Practices of others.*

The great and general Rule how to know the emphatical Word in a Sentence, is *to consider the chief Design of the Whole*: But particular Directions cannot be easily given; except that when Words are evidently opposed to one another in a Sentence, they are *emphatical*; and so is oftentimes the Word which asks a Question, as *who, what, when, &c.* but not always; for the *Emphasis* must be varied accord-

ing to the principle Meaning of the Speaker: As suppose I inquire, *Did my Father walk abroad Yesterday?* If I lay the Emphasis on the Word *Father*, it is plain I want to know whether it was *he* or *somebody else*; if I place the Emphasis on *walk*, the Person I speak to is sensible I would be informed whether he went *on Foot*, or *on Horseback*, &c. But if I lay the Strefs of my Voice on the Word *Yesterday*, it denotes that I am satisfied my Father did go abroad, and that he went on Foot, though I want to know the particular Time, whether it was *Yesterday*, or some Day before.

If you would acquire a just Pronunciation in Reading, you must not only take in the full Sense, but enter into the Spirit of your Author: For you can never convey the Force and Fulness of his Ideas to another, till you feel them yourself. No Man can read an Author he does not perfectly understand and taste.

The great Rule which the Masters of Rhetoric so much press, can never enough be remembered; “That to make
“ a Man speak well, and pronounce with a right Empha-
“ sis, he ought thoroughly to understand all that he says,
“ be fully persuaded of it, and bring himself to have those
“ Affections which he desires to infuse into others.” He that is inwardly persuaded of the Truth of what he says, and that hath a Concern about it in his Mind, will pronounce with a natural Vehemence that is far more lively than all the Strains that Art can lead to. An Orator must endeavour to feel what he says, and then he will speak so as to make others feel it.

The same Rules are to be observed in reading Poetry as Prose: Neither the Rhyme nor the Numbers should take off your Attention from the Sense and Spirit of your Author. It is this only that must direct your Pronunciation in Poetry as well as Prose. When you read Verse, you must not at all Favour the Measure or Rhyme; *that* often obscures the Sense, and spoils the Pronunciation: For the great End of Pronunciation is to elucidate and heighten the Sense; that is, to represent it not only in a clear but a strong Light. Whatever then obstructs this is to be avoided, both in Verse and Prose. Nay this ought to be more carefully observed in Verse than Prose; because the Author, by a Constant Attention to his Measure and Rhyme, and the Exaltation of his Language, is often very apt to
obscure

obscure his Sense ; which therefore requires the more Care in the Reader to discover and distinguish it by the Pronunciation. And if, when you read Verse with proper Pause, Emphasis and Cadence, and a Pronunciation varied and governed by the Sense , it be not harmonious and beautiful, the Fault is not in the Reader, but the Author. And if the Verse be good, to read it thus will improve its Harmony ; because it will take off that uniformity of Sound and Accent, which tires the Ear, and makes the Numbers heavy and disagreeable.

It is likewise proper to remark, that in reading Verse you observe your Stops with great Exactness, and give each Word and Syllable its due and natural Accent ; but with these two Restrictions. 1. Though there be no Stop at the End of a Line, make a small Pause (less than after a Comma) before you begin the next. 2. If any Word in the Line has two Sounds, give it that which is most suitable to the Rhyme and Meter.--To favour the Metre, for Instance, the Word *Glittering* must sometimes be pronounced as three Syllables, and sometimes as two, *Glitt'ring* : And upon the same Account the Word *Avenue* may have the Accent either upon the first Syllable or the second ; *âvenue* or *avénue*. So to favour the Rhyme, the Word *Flattery* at the End of a Line must be sometimes sounded as if it were written *flatteree*, and sometimes as if it ended in *i*, so as it may best chime with the foregoing Verse.

*Of the NOTES and POINTS made Use of in
WRITING and PRINTING.*

AFTER having laid down these Rules for pronouncing single Words, it will be proper, before we begin with Reading, to take Notice of the several Sorts of Points and Marks that are used in Writing and Printing : The first of which are the Stops of the Voice, called, 1. Comma, 2. Semicolon ; 3. Colon : 4. Period. The Use of these Stops is, not only to give a proper Time for breathing ; but to avoid Obscurity and Confusion of the Sense in the joining Words together in a Sentence : As for Example, The *Comma* divides the lesser Parts of a Sentence, and stops the Reader's Voice till he can tell one. The *Semicolon* divides the greater Parts of a Sentence,
as

at which the Reader may pause till he can tell two. The *Colon* is generally used where the Sense, not the Sentence, is complete, and requires us to pause till we can tell three. The *Period*, or *Full-point*, is put when the Sense is fully ended, and requires a Pause till we can tell four.—But let it be noted, that the *Colon* and *Semicolon* are often used for each other, especially in our Bibles.

There are two other Marks which may be termed *Notes of Affection*, the one used in asking a Question, called an *Interrogation*, and marked thus ? The other is used when we *admire*, *wish*, &c. and is usually called an *Exclamation*, or *Admiration*, being marked thus ! Each of these requires almost as long a Pause after it as a Period.

The other Marks to be met with in Reading are chiefly the twelve following. 1. *Apostrophe* ' 2. *Hyphen* - 3. *Parenthesis* () 4. *Brackets* [] 5. *Paragraph* ¶ 6. *Quotation* “ 7. *Section* § 8. *Ellipsis* — 9. *Index* ∴ 10. *Asterisk* * 11. *Obelisk* † 12. *Caret* ^.

1. An *Apostrophe* is set over a Word where some Letter is left out; as 'tis for it is, tho' for though, lov'd for loved. 2. An *Hyphen* joins Syllables together, and sometimes Words which makes a Compound, as *Apple-pie*, *Cheese-cake*, &c. A *Parenthesis* includes something not necessary to the Sense, but brought in to explain and illustrate it: as, *I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good Thing*. 4. *Brackets*, or *Crotchets*, include a Word or Words that are mentioned as the very Matter of Discourse; as *The little World [Man] makes a great Noise in the World*. They are also used to inclose Part of a Sentence cited from another Author; sometimes what is to be explained, and sometimes the Explication itself. But *Brackets* and *Parenthesis* are often used for one another without Distinction. 5. The *Paragraph* is a Mark chiefly used in the Bible, and denotes the Beginning of some new Matter or Subject. 6. The *Quotation*, or double Comma inverted, is used to distinguish what is cited from an Author in his own Words. 7. A *Section* shews the Division of a Chapter, &c. and is used for the same Purpose in Common Books as the *Paragraph* is in the Bible. 8. The *Ellipsis* is used when Part of a Word or Sentence is omitted; as K—g for King. 9. The *Index* denotes that the Passage which it points to is very remarkable. 10. The *Asterisk*, or *Asterism*, generally re-
fers

fers to some Remark in the Margin, or at the Bottom of the Page. When several of them stand together, they imply that some Part of an Author is lost, or two immodest to be read. 11. The *Obelisk*, or *Dagger*, and also parallel Lines marked thus ||, are used to refer to something in the Margin. 12. The *Caret* is made use of in Writing (not in Printing) to shew the Omission of a Word or Letter, and the Place where it ought to come in; as, *A good Boy*
early
riseth in the Morning.

^

It may not here be amiss to mention those crooked Lines called *Braces*, the Design whereof is to couple two or more Words or Lines together that have a Relation to one Thing; as,

The Vowel *a* has { a long
 a short } Sound
 a broad }

A Brace is also used in Poetry, where three Lines have the same Rhyme or ending.

There are some other Marks that relate to single Words, the Use of which ought likewise to be known, and they are 1. a *Dialysis*, or *Diarefis* " placed over Vowels to shew they must be pronounced in distinct Syllables; as in *Raphäel Ephraim*, &c. 2. *Circumflex* ^, which is set over a Vowel to denote a long and grave sound; as in *Euphrâtes*. 3. An *Accent*, marked thus ´, to shew where the Stress of the Voice must be placed; as in *Diligence*, *Neglécť*, &c. And sometimes a double Accent is used, to shew that the following Consonant must be pronounced double, as in *Bánish*, *Hómage*. 4. To these we may add the *Long* ¯, and the *Short* ˘, which denote the Quantity of the Syllable over which they are placed; as in the Word *Wāter*.

Of the different Letters used in printed Books, and particularly of the Use of CAPITALS.

THE Names of the several Sorts of Letters we usually meet with in printed Books, are the round, full and upright Print, which is called *Roman*: The long, leaning, narrow Letters, which are called *Italic*, or *Italian*:
 And

And the ancient Black Character, which is called *English*,
Take this Specimen of each.

*Rom.**Ital.**Eng.*

Anger.

Anger.

Anger.

The Old *Engleſh* is ſeldom uſed now-a-days, except in Acts of Parliament, Proclamations, &c. The *Roman* is chiefly in Vogue for printing Books and Pamphlets, the *Italic* being intermixed for the Sake of diſtinguiſhing proper Names, the Titles, or Arguments of Chapters, Examples to Rules laid down, Words of any foreign Language, Texts of Scripture, or Citations from other Authors, Speeches, or Sayings of any Perſons, emphatical Words, and whatever is moſt ſignificant and remarkable.

1. A *Capital*, or *Great Letter*, begins every Name of the Supreme Being; as *God*, *Lord*, the *Almighty*, *Father*, *Son*, *Spirit*, &c. 2. All proper Names, whether of Men, or Things, and Titles of Diſtinction, as *King*, *Queen*, *Knight*, *Eſquire*, &c. muſt alſo begin with a Capital. 3. So muſt every Book, Chapter, Verſe, Paragraph, and Sentence, after a Period. 4. A Saying, or Citation from an Author, and every Line of a Poem, ought to begin with a great Letter. 5. *I* and *G*, when ſingle, muſt be Capitals. 6. Any Words, eſpecially Names of Subſtantives, if they be emphatical, ſhould begin with a Capital; but the common Practice, of beginning every Subſtantive with a Great Letter, is now often diſuſed. 7. The Letter *q* is never uſed without the Letter *u* next following. 8. The long *f* muſt never be inserted immediately after a ſhort *s*, nor at the End of a Word.

Capitals are alſo frequently uſed for *Ornament*, as in the Title of Books; and likewise to expreſs *Numbers*, and in *Abbreviations*.

Some common ABBREVIATIONS, or CONTRACTIONS,
wherein LETTERS ſtand for WORDS.

A. for Answer.	C. C. C. Corpus Chriſti College.
A. B. or B. A. Bachelor of Arts.	Cent. Centum, an Hundred.
A. D. Anno Domini, in the	D. D. Doctor of Divinity.
Year of our Lord.	Dr. Doctor, or Debtor.
A. M. or M. A. Maſter of Arts.	Dit. or Do. Ditto, the ſame.
B. D. Bachelor of Divinity.	E. g. or ex. gr. exempli gratia, for Example.
B. V. M. Bleſſed Virgin Mary.	

Eſq;

Esq; Esquire.	<i>Per Cent.</i> by the Hundred.
F. R. S. Fellow of the Royal Society.	P. S. <i>Postscriptum</i> , Postscript after written.
G. R. <i>Georgius Rex.</i> , King George.	Q. Question or Queen.
Id. <i>Idem</i> , the same.	q. d. <i>quasi dicat</i> , or <i>Dicas</i> , as much as to say.
Ib. <i>Ibidem</i> , in the same Place.	R. <i>Rex</i> , King; or <i>Regina</i> , Queen.
i. e. <i>id est</i> , that is.	Rev. Reverend.
J. H. S. <i>Iesus Hominum Salvator</i> , Jesus Saviour of Men.	Rt. Right.
J. D. <i>Juris Doctor</i> .	S. or St. Saint.
Kt. Knight.	S. T. P. <i>Sacræ Theologiæ Professor</i> , Professor of Divinity
L. C. J. Lord Chief Justice.	V. <i>Vide</i> , See.
LL. D. <i>Legum Doctor</i> , Doctor of Laws.	V. D. M. <i>Verbi Dei Minister</i> . Minister of the Word of God.
M. D. <i>Medicinæ Doctor</i> , Doctor of Physic.	v. g. <i>verbi gratiâ</i> , for Example.
M. S. Manuscript.	viz. <i>videlecit</i> , to wit, namely.
M. S. <i>Memoriæ Sacrum</i> , Sacred to the Memory.	ult. <i>ultimus</i> , the last.
MSS. Manuscripts.	&, <i>et</i> , and.
N. B. <i>Nota Bene</i> , mark well.	&c. <i>et cetera</i> , and the rest, so forth.
N. S. New Style.	
O. S. Old Style.	
Pen. or Penult. the last but one.	

There are many other Contractions that are used both in Printing and Writing, most of which may be reduced to the following Heads.

1. Titles and Characters of Men; as *Abp.* Archbishop, *Capt.* Captain, *Gent.* Gentleman, *Philomath.* Philomathematicus, a Lover of Mathematics.
2. Proper Names of Persons and Places; as *Geo.* George, *Wm.* William, *Lond.* London.
3. Books of the Bible; as, *Gen.* Genesis; *Ex.* Exodus, &c.
4. Names of Months, as, *Jan.* January, *Sept.* September, &c.
5. Names of the Winds; as. *E.* East, *W.* West, *N.* North, *S.* South, *N. N. E.* North-North-East, &c.
6. Parts of Books; as *Ch.* or *Chap.* Chapter, *Seç.* Section, *Pag.* or *P.* Page, *L.* Line, *V.* Verse, *Ep.* Epistle, *Obs.* Observation, *Sol.* Solution, &c.

A TABLE

A TABLE of NUMBERS and FIGURES.

NUMBERS are usually expressed either by these seven Roman capital Letters, I. V. X. L. C. D. M. which are called *Numerals*; or by these ten Characters, viz. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, which are called *Figures*, and 0, which is a *Cypher*.

Their Signification.

I. One. V. Five. X. Ten. L. Fifty. C. a Hundred, D. Five Hundred. M. a Thousand.

1. One. 2. Two. 3. Three. 4. Four. 5. Five. 6. Six. 7. Seven. 8. Eight. 9. Nine. 0. Nothing.

Observe concerning the *Numeral Letters*, that if a less *Numeral Letter* be placed before a greater, it takes away from the greater so much as the lesser stands for; but being placed after a greater, it adds so much to it as the lesser stands for; as the Letter V. stands for *Five*; but having I placed before it, it takes *One* from, and makes both stand but for *Four*, thus IV. But I being set after V, adds *One* to it, and makes it thus, VI. *Six*. Take Notice of these Examples.

IV Four	V Five	VI Six
IX Nine	X Ten	XI Eleven
XL Forty	L Fifty	LX Sixty
XC Ninety	C Hundred	CX Hundred and Ten

Observe, concerning the *Characters* or *Figures*, that *Cyphers* at the Right-hand of *Figures* increase their Value ten Times, as 1 One, 10 Ten, 100 Hundred, 7 Seven, 7000 Seven Thousand; but at the Left-hand they signify nothing at all, as 01, 001, make but *One*, 002, but *Two*.

A Figure at every Remove from the Right-hand increases its Value Ten Times, as 9 *Nine*, 98 *Ninety-eight*, 987 *Nine Hundred Eighty seven*.

1 One	I	9 Nine	IX
2 Two	II	10 Ten	X
3 Three	III	11 Eleven	XI
4 Four	IV	12 Twelve	XII
5 Five	V	13 Thirteen	XIII
6 Six	VI	14 Fourteen	XIV
7 Seven	VII	15 Fifteen	XV
8 Eight	VIII	16 Sixteen	XVI

17 Seven-

17 Seventeen	XVII	19 Nineteen	XIX
18 Eighteen	XVIII	20 Twenty	XX
21 Twenty-one	XXI		
22 Twenty-two	XXII		
23 Twenty-three	XXIII		
24 Twenty-four	XXIV		
25 Twenty-five	XXV		
26 Twenty-six	XXVI		
27 Twenty-seven	XXVII		
28 Twenty-eight	XXVIII		
29 Twenty-nine	XXIX		
30 Thirty	XXX		
40 Forty	XL		
50 Fifty	L		
60 Sixty	LX		
70 Seventy	LXX		
80 Eighty	LXXX		
90 Ninety	XC		
100 One Hundred	C		
200 Two Hundred	CC		
300 Three Hundred	CCC		
400 Four Hundred	CCCC		
500 Five Hundred	D or 1000		
600 Six Hundred	DC or 1000		
700 Seven Hundred	DCC or 1000		
800 Eight Hundred	DCCC or 1000		
900 Nine Hundred	DCCCC or 1000		
1000 One Thousand	M or 1000		
1779	MDCCLXXIX		

One Thousand Seven Hundred and Seventy-nine.

Note here, that the small Numbers are sometimes expressed by small Roman Letters, as i. One; ii. Two; xvi. Sixteen; lxxviii. Seventy-eight.

Note also, Where Books, Chapters, Sections and Verses are cited, the Numerical Letters are generally used to signify the Book or Chapter, and the Figures to signify the Sections, Verses, or smaller Parts; as Exod. xii. 17. Exodus the twelfth Chapter, and the seventeenth Verse. So B. IX. Sect. 24. signifies Book the Ninth, and the Twenty-fourth Section.

Figures are also used to express the Things following, (viz.)

1. The

20 A Plain and Compendious English Grammar.

1. The Order or Succession of Things; *1st, 2^d, 3^d, 4th, 10th, 30th, First, Second, Third, &c.*

2. The Fractions, or Parts of a Thing; as $\frac{1}{2}$ *One Half*; $\frac{1}{3}$ *one Third Part*; $\frac{1}{4}$ *one Fourth, or Quarter*; $\frac{3}{4}$ *three Quarters*; $\frac{5}{8}$ *five Eights, &c.*

3. The Numbers of Action, as *2ce Twice, 3ce Thrice.*

4. The Size of Books. *4to Quarto, 8vo Octavo, 12mo Duodecimo or Twelves, 24to Twenty-four.*

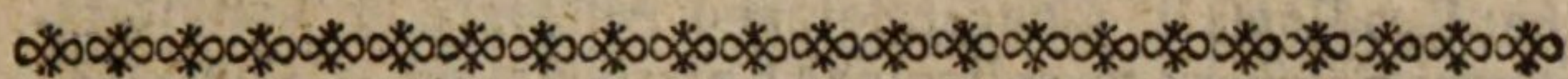
5. The Months, as *7br. September, 8br. October, 9br. November, 10br. December.*





The C O M P L E T E

ART of WRITING LETTERS.



I N T R O D U C T I O N.

LETTERS, like polite Conversation, are most
L to be prized when they are the least tinged
with Affectation: Ease, Elegance, Perspicuity
and Correctness, are chief Characteristics of
such as are truly valuable; and in order to at-
tain these Arts, nothing is so essential as a diligent Perusal
of correct and elegant Authors; added to which, the Graces
of Conversation is no small Point, which Happiness is only
to be found by constant Intercourse with the best and politest
Company.

When these Qualifications are acquired, Nature will
presently furnish out the rest: A Purity of Language, and
an easy, happy Style, must be the Result of unwearied
Diligence; and a good Foundation once laid, a glorious
superstructure will be quickly raised: From Sincerity of
Thought, and Elegance of Expression, a Person can never
be at a Loss to write a Letter well: There needs no more,
than to express himself in the same Terms as he would talk,
were the Friend, he is writing to, present at the same
Time.

Nothing

Nothing requires less Study than a Letter; whoever aims at great Things, will make but a poor Figure. To express far-fetched Conceptions, requires a stiff and formal Language, which is not more unpleasing to the Ear than disgusting to the Heart; that which is most easy is most natural, and nature never fails to please.

It is true every Person is not alike qualified for the same Subjects. The Graces of Writing and Conversation are of different Kinds; and though he who excels in one, might have been, with Opportunities and Application, equally successful in the other; yet as many please by extemporary Talk, though utterly unacquainted with the more accurate Method, and more laboured Beauties, which Composition require; so it is very possible, that Men, wholly accustomed to Works of Study, may be without that Readiness of Conception and Affluence of Language, always necessary to colloquial Entertainment. They may want Address to watch the Hints which Conversation offer for the Display of their particular Attainments, or they may be so much unfurnished with Matter on Common Subjects, that Discourse not professedly literary glides over them as heterogeneous Bodies, without admitting their Conceptions to mix in the Circulation.

Time, Place, and different Circumstances, have different Operations even on the same, much more on opposite Constitutions: That he, who shall acquit himself well in Letters, shall be often found as wanting in Conversation, as on the other Hand, he, who in Conversation is remarked for his Life and Vivacity, shall be as destitute in literary Accomplishments: Custom and Application may alter either, and both be alike distinguished for the very same Perfections.

The RANK and ORDER of PRECEDENCE. according to the several Degrees of Honour in Great-Britain, as settled by Act of Parliament.

The KING and all the PRINCES of the BLOOD.

Archbishop of Canterbury	Privy Counsellors, Comm.
Lord Chancellor	Chancellor of the Exchequer
Archbishop of York	Chief Justice, King's Bench
Lord Treasurer	Master of the Rolls
Lord President	Chief Justice, Common Pleas
Lord Privy Seal	Chief Baron, Exchequer
Dukes	Justices and Barons of the said Courts
Marquisses	Viscounts younger Sons
Dukes eldest Sons	Barons younger Sons
Earls	Baronets
Marquisses eldest Sons	Knights of the Bath
Dukes younger Sons	Field and Flag Officers
Viscounts	Knights Batchelors
Earls eldest Sons	Masters in Chancery
Marquisses younger Sons	Doctors Graduate
Bishops	Serjeants at Law
Barons	Esquires
Speaker of the H. of Comm.	Gentlemen
Viscounts eldest Sons	Citizens
Earls younger Sons	Yeomen
Barons eldest Sons	
Knts of the Garter, Comm.	

How to address Persons of Distinction, either in WRITING or DISCOURSE.

To the ROYAL FAMILY.

To the King's most excellent Majesty ; *Sir*, or, *May it Please your Majesty.*

To His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales; *Sir*, or, *May it Please Your Royal Highness.*

In the same Manner to the rest of the Royal Family ; altering the Addresses according to the different Rank and Degree of Dignity

To the NOBILITY.

To His Grace A. Duke of S. *My Lord Duke, or, May it Please Your Grace, or Your Grace.*

To the Most Honourable G. Lord Marquis of H. *My Lord Marquis, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable A. Earl of B. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable C. Lord Viscount D. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable E. Lord F. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

The *Ladies* are addressed according to the Rank of their Husbands.

The Sons of Dukes, Marquisses, and the eldest Sons of Earls, have, by Courtesy of *England*, the Title of *Lord*, and *Right Honourable*; and the Title of *Lady* and *Right Honourable* is given to all their Daughters.

But the youngest Sons of Earls are only *Honourable*, and *Esquires*.

The Sons of *Viscounts* and *Barons* are styled *Esquires* and *Honourable*, and their Daughters are directed to, *The Honourable Mrs. A. B.* but without any other Style; and they have Rank among the first Gentry without Title.

The Title of *Honourable* is likewise conferred on certain Persons who have the King's Commission, and upon those Gentlemen who enjoy Places of Trust and Honour; and every considerable Servant to the King, upon the Civil or Military List, or to any of the Royal Family, is styled *Esquire, pro tempore*.

The Title of *Right Honourable* is given to no Commoners, excepting those who are Members of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and the three Lord Mayors of *London, York, and Dublin*, and the Lord Provost of *Edinburgh*, during their Office.

To the PARLIAMENT.

To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament of *Great-Britain* assembled; *My Lords, or, May it Please Your Lordships.*

To

To the Honourable the Knights, Citizens, and Burgeſſes in Parliament of *Great-Britain* aſſembled; *Gentlemen*, or, *May it Please Your Honours*.

To the Right Honourable C. D. Speaker of the Honourable Houſe of Commons, who is generally one of his Maſteſty's moſt Honourable Privy Council; *Sir*.

To the CLERGY.

To the Moſt Reverend Father in God, Thomas, Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury; *My Lord*, or, *Your Grace*.

To the Right Rev. Father in God, W. Lord Biſhop of S. *My Lord*, *Your Lordſhip*.

To the Right Reverend Lord Biſhop of G. Lord-Almoner to his Maſteſty; *My Lord*, *Your Lordſhip*.

To the Reverend Mr. (or Doctor, if the Degree of Doctor has been taken) A. B. Dean of C. or Archdeacon, or Chancellor of D. or Prebendary, &c. *Mr. Dean*, *Mr. Archdeacon*, *Reverend Sir*, &c.

All Rectors, Vicars, Curates, Lecturers, and Clergymen of all Denominations, are ſtyled *Reverend*.

To the Officers of his MAJESTY's Household.

They are for the moſt Part addreſſed according to their Rank and Quality, though ſometimes agreeably to the Nature of their Office; as, *My Lord Steward*, *My Lord Chamberlain*, *Mr. Vice Chamberlain*, &c. and in all Superſcriptions of Letters, which relate to Gentlemen's Employments, their Style of Office ſhould never be omitted.

To the COMMISSIONERS and OFFICERS of the CIVIL LISTS.

To the Right Honourable R. Earl of G. Lord Privy-Seal.—Lord Preſident of the Council.—Lord Great Chamberlain—Earl Marſhal of *England*—His Maſteſty's Principal Secretaries of State, &c. *My Lord*, *Your Lordſhip*.

To the Right Honourable the Lords Commiſſioners—of the Admiralty—of the Treafury—of Trade and Plantations, &c. *My Lords*, *Your Lordſhips*.

N. B. If there be a Nobleman, or even a Commoner, who is a Privy Counſellor, among any Sett of Commiſſioners, it will be proper to ſtyle them collectively *Right Honourable*; the uſual Addreſs then is, *Your Lordſhips*.

To the Honourable the Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs—Ditto of the Revenue of Excise—Ditto for the Duty on Salt—Ditto for his Majesty's Stamp Duties—Ditto for Victualling his Majesty's Navy, &c. &c.

To Officers of the ARMY and NAVY.

In the Army, all Noblemen are styled according to their Rank, to which is added their Employ.

To the Honourable A. B. Lieutenant-General—Major-General—Brigadier-General of his Majesty's Forces; Sir, Your Honour.

To the Right Honourable J. Earl of S. Captain of his Majesty's first Troop of Horse Guards—Band of Gentlemen Pensioners—Band of Yeomen of the Guards, &c. My Lord, Your Lordship.

All Colonels are styled *Honourable*; and all inferior Officers should have the Names of their Employments set first; as for Example, *To Major W. C.—To Captain T. H. &c. Sir.*

In the Navy, all Admirals are styled *Honourable*, and Noblemen according to Quality and Office. The other Officers as in the Army.

To AMBASSADORS, SECRETARIES, and CONSULS.

To his Excellency Sir A. B. Bart. his Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Ottoman Porte; Sir, Your Excellency.

To his Excellency C. D. Esq; Ambassador to his Most Christian Majesty; Sir, Your Excellency.

To his Excellency the Baron de E. his Prussian Majesty's Resident at the Court of Great-Britain; Sir, Your Excellency.

To Signior F. G. Secretary from the Republic of Venice, at London; Sir.

To Signior H. J. Secretary from the Duke of Tuscany, at London; Sir.

To K. L. Esq; his Britannic Majesty's Consul at Smyrna; Sir.

To the JUDGES and LAWYERS.

All Judges, if Privy Counsellors, are styled *Right Honourable*; as for Instance:

To the Right Honourable A. B. Lord High Chancellor of Great-Britain; My Lord, Your Lordship.

To

To the Right Honourable *P. V.* Master of the Rolls ;
Sir, Your Honour.

To the Right Honourable *Sir G. L. Bart.* Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench——Ditto of the Common Pleas ;
My Lord, Your Lordship.

To the Honourable *Sir A. B.* Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer ; *Sir, or, May it please you, Sir.*

To the Honourable *A. D.* one of the Justices of the Court of—— ; or, to Judge *D.* *Sir, or, May it please you, Sir.*

To *Sir R. D.* his Majesty's Attorney——Sollicitor——or Advocate General ; *Sir.*

All others in the Law, according to the Office and Rank they bear, every Barrister having the Title of *Esquire* given him.

N. B. Upon the Circuits, and when they sit singly, every one of the Judges is addressed and treated with the same Respect and Ceremony as the Chief Justices.

Of the LIEUTENANCY and MAGISTRACY.

To the Right Honourable *S.* Earl of *B.* Lord Lieutenant and *Custos Rotulorum* of the County of *H.* *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To *P. E. Esq;* High Sheriff for the County of *C.* *Mr. High Sheriff, Sir.*

To the Right Honourable *A. B.* Lord Mayor of the City of London ; *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Worshipful *C. D. Esq;* Alderman of *Tower-Ward, London* ; *Sir, Mr. Alderman.*

To the Right Worshipful *Sir E. F.* Recorder of the City of London ; *Sir, Mr. Recorder.*

To the Worshipful *G. H. Esq;* Mayor of *L.* *Mr. Mayor, Sir, Your Worship.*

To the Worshipful *J. K. Esq;* one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of *S.* *Sir, Your Worship.*

To *L. M. Esq;* Deputy Steward of the City and Liberty of *W.* *Mr. Deputy, Sir.*

To the GOVERNORS under the CROWN.

To his Excellency *J.* Lord *C.* Lord Lieutenant of the Kingdom of Ireland ; *My Lord Lieutenant, Your Excellency.*

28 Introduction to the Art of Writing Letters.

To their Excellencies the Lords Justices of the Kingdom of *Ireland*; *Your Excellencies*.

To the Right Honourable J. Earl of L. Governor of *Dover Castle*, and Lord Warden of the *Cinque Ports*; *My Lord, Your Lordship*.

To the Right Honourable C. Lord Viscount D. Constable of the *Tower*.

To his Excellency J. H. Esq; Captain General and Governor in Chief of the *Leeward Caribbee Islands in America*; *Sir, Governor, Your Excellency*.

To the Honourable F. N. Esq; Lieutenant Governor of *South Carolina*.

To the Honourable Sir J. G. Deputy Governor of *Portsmouth*.

To the Honourable G. P. Esq; Governor of *Fort St. George, Madrafs, in East-India*.

To the Worshipful the President, and Governors of *Christ's Hospital, London*.

The second Governors of Colonies, appointed by the King, are styled Lieutenant Governors: Those appointed by Proprietors, as the East-India Company, &c. are called Deputy-Governors.

TO INCORPORATE BODIES.

To the Honourable the Court of Directors of the united Company of Merchants of *England*, trading to the *East-Indies*.

To the Honourable the Sub-Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Directors of the *South-Sea Company*.

To the Honourable the Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Directors of the Bank of *England*.

To the Master and Wardens of the Worshipful Company of *Drapers*.

To a Baronet: To Sir C. D. Bart. at *Binfield*; *Sir*.

To a Knight; To Sir W. H. at *Richmond*; *Sir*.

To T. Y. Esq; at *Wickham*; *Sir*.

To Dr. W. Jones, at *Reading, Berks*.

To Mr. John Long, Merchant in *London*, or *Bristol*, &c.

To Mr. Swan, Surgeon at *Bath*.

N. B. The Wives of *Baronets* and *Knights*, are styled *Ladies*.

MISCEL-

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS

O N T H E

Most common and useful SUBJECTS.

P A R T I.

L E T T E R I.

On INDUSTRY *and* IDLENESS.

THE *Jews* have a Proverb, that *He who breeds not up his Son to some Trade, makes him a Thief*; and the *Arabians* say, that, *An idle Person is the Devil's Play-fellow*. Therefore *Mahomet* has commanded them to exercise themselves every Day in some manual Occupation. Neither is the Sultan upon his Throne any more exempted from Obedience to this universal Precept than he who cleans the Streets. The Soul of Man is active as Fire, and can no more cease from being busy, than Water can withhold itself from running out at every Hole of a Sieve. Men should be always exerting their Faculties one Way or other, and there is no Medium between Good and Evil. Whosoever is not employed in one, must necessarily fall into the other. These are the Points to which all the Lines of human Actions tend, the Centers where all our Affairs meet. But though there be no such Thing as a Mediocrity between these two Extremes, and every Man is within the Circumference either of Virtue or Vice; yet there are certain Steps and Degrees in each; specific Differences also, which take their Rise and Proportion from Nature, Morality, and Religion: Thus human Providence teaches us, of two Evils to choose the least; while the divine Oracle instruct us, not to stand upon Niceties and Punctilio's with Virtue, but to push forward till we arrive at an heroic Generosity.

Would you know how I busy myself at my Hours of Leisure: I make Watches; not knowing how better to spend my vacant Time, than in framing an Instrument whereby I may perceive how Time passes away. This little Engine points out each Minute, and measures exactly

30 The Complete Art of Writing Letters.

the Succession of Hours ; it keeps pace with Years, yet out-runs not Months. It is the Journal of the Sun, a faithful Record of his daily Travel through the Heavens. In a Word, it is the Secretary of Time ; and a compendious History of the first-born Issue of Eternity.

May the Being who moves all Things, yet is moved of none ; who sets all the Springs and Wheels of Nature going, yet remains himself in eternal Rest ; beholding all Things past, present, and to come, with one undivided Glance ;—guard and protect us here ; and give us eternal Happiness in the Life hereafter. Yours, &c.

L E T T E R II.

From a Brother at Home, to his Sister Abroad on a Visit, complaining of her not writing.

Dear Sister,

I Must acquaint you how unkind it is taken by every Body here, that we so seldom hear from you ; my Mother in particular, is not a little displeased, and says, you are a very idle Girl ; my Aunt is of the same Opinion, and none but myself endeavours to find Excuses for you ; but I beg you will give me that Trouble no more, and, for the future, take Care to deserve no Rebuke, which you may easily do by writing soon and often. You are very sensible how dear you are to us all ; think then with yourself, whether it be right to omit giving us the only Satisfaction that Absence affords to real Friends, which is often to hear from one another.

Our best Respects to Mr. and Mrs. *Herbert*, and Compliments to all Friends,

From your very affectionate Brother, T. C.

L E T T E R III.

The Sister's Answer.

Dear Brother,

I'LL not set about finding Excuses, but own my Fault, and thank you for your kind Reproof ; and, in Return, I promise you never to be guilty of the like again. I write this immediately on the Receipt of yours, to beg my Mamma's Pardon, which you, I know, can procure ;

as also my Aunt's, on this my Promise of Amendment. I hope you will continue to excuse all my little Omissions, and be assured, I am never so forgetful of myself, as to neglect my Duty designedly. I shall certainly write to Mamma by next Post; this is just going, which obliges me to conclude with my Duty to dear Mamma, and sincere Respects to all Friends. Your ever affectionate Sister,
M. C.

L E T T E R IV.

A Father's Advice to his Son at School.

My dear CHILD,

I Could not give an higher Proof of my Affection toward you, than the Resolution I was obliged to exert, in sending you from me. I preferred your Advantage to my own Pleasure, and sacrificed Fondness to Duty. I should have done this sooner, but waited till my Inquiries had found out a Person whose Character might be responsible for your Education; and Mr. — was, at length, my Choice, for that important Trust. He will be a fitter Parent to you, for the present Times, than either of those you left behind you: He will see you, as you are, without the dangerous Biass of natural Affection: His Approbation must be earned by Merit; ours might be but the Partiality of tender Connection: He is now the Substitute of our Authority; and you are to consider, that the Duty and Submission which we had a Claim to, is, for a Time, transferred to him. Your Obedience, then, will be without Murmuring or Reluctance; more especially, when you reflect, that a strict Attention to his Appointments, and an implicit Compliance with his Commands, are not only to form the Rule of your safe Conduct in this Life, but to be the Earnest of your Happiness in the next.

With Regard to your School Connexions, it must be impossible for me to give you any Instruction, at present; for your Affections will form to themselves general Attachments, till the Improvement of your own Sense, and Virtue, may enable you to distinguish respective Merit, in others: All that I shall observe to you, upon this Head, is, that it is very probable there may not be many among them, who have been better born than you are; but it is also as likely, that there may be as few, who will not have

the Advantages of better Fortunes; and I hope that this double Consideration will excite you always to act up to that Spirit and Character, which becomes your Family; and, at the same Time, to behave with such Œconomy, and Humility, as befits your Circumstances.

I am not so vain as to imagine, that you are now capable of comprehending the full Scope of this Letter; but I intreat, that you will keep it by you, till you are. I do not write to your present Apprehensions, but to that Understanding and Virtue, which, I trust in God, and Mr.——'s Tuition, you will very soon acquire. I exercise a Fondness, I fulfil a Duty, I confer my Blessing, and am, my dearest Child, your truly affectionate Father, HENRY.

L E T T E R V.

A Son's Letter at School to his Father.

I Am greatly obliged to you for all your Favours; all I have to hope is, that the Progress I make in my Learning will be no disagreeable Return for the same. Gratitude, Duty, and a View of future Advantages, all contribute to make me thoroughly sensible how much I ought to labour for my own Improvement, and your Satisfaction, and to shew myself, upon all Occasions,

Your most obedient, and ever dutiful Son,

ROBERT MOLESWORTH.

L E T T E R VI.

A Father to his Son, on Conversation.

Dear Charles,

THOUGH Good-humour, Sense, and Discretion, seldom fail to make a Man agreeable; it may be no ill Policy sometimes to prepare yourself in a particular Manner for Conversation, by looking a little farther than your Neighbours, into whatever is become a reigning Subject. If our Armies are besieging a Place of Importance abroad, or our House of Commons debating a Bill of Consequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with Pleasure, if you have nicely informed yourself of the Strength, Situation, and History of the first, or of the Reasons for and against the latter. It will have the very
same

same Effect, if, when any single Person begins to make a Noise in the World, you can learn some of the smallest Accidents in his Life or Conversation, which, though they are too fine for the Observation of the Vulgar, give more Satisfaction to Men of Sense, (as they are the best Opening to a real Character,) than the Recital of his most glaring Actions. I know but one ill Consequence to be feared from this Method, namely, that coming full charged into Company, you should resolve to unload, whether an handsome Opportunity offers or not.

Though the asking of Questions may plead for itself the specious Name of Modesty, and a Desire of Information; it affords little Pleasure to the rest of the Company, who are not troubled with the same Doubts; besides which, he who asks a Question would do well to consider, that he lies wholly at the Mercy of another, before he receives an Answer.

Nothing is more silly, than the Pleasures some People take in what they call *speaking their Minds*. A Man of this Make will say a rude Thing for the mere Pleasure of saying it; when an opposite Behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his Friend or made his Fortune.

It is not impossible for a Man to form to himself as exquisite a Pleasure in complying with the Humour and Sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; since it is the certain Sign of a superior Genius, that can take and become whatever Dress he pleases.

I shall only add, that besides what I have here said, there is something that never can be learnt but in the Company of the Polite. The Virtues of Men are catching as well as their Vices, and our own Observations, added to these will soon discover what it is that commands Attention in one Man, and makes you tired and displeased with the Discourse of another. I remain yours, &c.

L E T T E R VII.

From a young Apprentice to his Father, to let him know how he likes his Place, and goes on.

Honoured S I R,

I Know it will be a great Satisfaction to you, and my dear Mother, to hear that I go on very happy in my
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Business;

Business; and my Master, seeing my Diligence, puts me forward, and encourages me in such a Manner, that I have great Delight in it; and hope I shall answer in Time your good Wishes and Expectations, and the Indulgence which you have always shewn me. There is such good Order in the Family, as well on my Mistress's Part as my Master's, that every Servant, as well as I, knows his Duty, and does it with Pleasure. So much Evenness, Sedateness, and Regularity, is observed in all they enjoin or expect, that it is impossible but it should be so. My Master is an honest, worthy Man; every Body speaks well of him. My Mistress is a chearful sweet-tempered Woman, and rather heals Breaches than widens them. And the Children, after such Examples, behave to us all like one's own Brothers and Sisters. Who can but love such a Family? I wish, when it shall please God to put me in such a Station, that I may carry myself just as my Master does; and if I should ever marry, have just such a Wife as my Mistress: And then, by God's Blessing, I shall be happy as they are, and as you, Sir, and my dear Mother have always been. If any Thing can make me happier than I am, or continue to me my present Felicity, it will be the Continuance of yours, and my good Mother's Prayers, for, honoured Sir,
 Your very dutiful Son.

L E T T E R VIII.

From Mr. Popeto Mr. Steel, on Sickness and dying young.

YOU formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous Figure in a Man's Life, than the Disparity we often find in him sick and well: Thus one of an unfortunate Constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable Example of the Weakness of his Mind, and of his Body, in their Turns. I have had frequent Opportunities of late to consider myself in these different Views, and I hope have received some Advantage by it, if what *Waller* says be true, that

*The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
 Lets in new Light, thro' Chinks that Time has made.*

Then surely Sickness, contributing no less than old Age, to the shaking down this Scaffolding of the Body, may
 discover

discover the inward Structure more plainly. Sickneſs is a Sort of early old Age: It teaches us a Diffidence in our earthly State, and inſpires us with the Thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand Volumes of Philoſophers and Divines. It gives ſo warning a Concuffion to thoſe Props of our Vanity, our Strength and Youth, that we then think of fortifying ourſelves within, when there is ſo little Dependence upon our Outworks. Youth, at the very beſt, is but a Betrayer of human Life, in a gentler and ſmoother Manner than Age: It is like a Stream that nourishes a Plant upon a Bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and Bloſſom to the Sight, but at the ſame Time, is undermining it at the Root, in ſecret. My Youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded ſeveral Proſpects of my Danger, and given me an Advantage not very common to young Men, that the Tranſactions of the World have not dazzled me very much; and I begin where moſt People end, with a full Conviction of the Emptineſs of all Sorts of Ambition and the unſatisfactory Nature of all human Pleaſure. When a ſmart Fit of Sickneſs tells me this ſcurvy Tenement of my Body will fall in a little Time, I am e'en as unconcerned as was the honeſt *Hibernian*, who, being in Bed in the great Storm ſome Years ago, and told the Houſe would tumble over his Head, made Answer, "What care I for the Houſe; I am only a Lodger." I fancy it is the beſt Time to die when one is in the beſt Humour; and ſo exceſſively weak as I now am, I may ſay with Conſcience, That I am not at all uneaſy at the Thought that many Men, whom I never had any Eſteem for, are likely to enjoy this World after me. When I reflect, what an inconfiderable little Atom every ſingle Man is, with reſpect to the whole Creation, methinks it is a Shame to be concerned at the Removal of ſuch a trivial Animal as I am. The Morning after my Exit, the Sun will riſe as bright as ever, the Flowers ſmell as ſweet, the Plants ſpring as green, the World will proceed in its old Courſe, People will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt as they uſed to do. "The Memory of Man (as it is elegantly expreſſed in the Book of Wiſdom) "paſſeth away as the Remembrance of a "Gueſt that tarrieth but one Day." There are Reaſons enough, in the fourth Chapter of the ſame Book, to make any young Man contented with the Proſpect of Death.

“ For honourable Age is not that which standeth in Length
 “ of Time, or is measured by the Number of Years. But
 “ Wisdom is the grey Hair to Men, and an unspotted Life
 “ is old Age. He was taken away speedily, lest Wicked-
 “ nefs should alter his Understanding, or Deceit beguile
 “ his Soul,” &c. I am yours, &c.

L E T T E R IX.

*From a young Person near the Expiration of his Appren-
 ticeship, to a Relation, requesting his Assistance towards
 putting him into Business.*

S I R,

TH E extraordinary Kindness you have shewn to our unhappy Family, ever since my earliest Years, has made an indelible Impression on my Mind; and I flatter myself that I have not swerved during the course of my advancing Years, either in Point of Duty or Gratitude. I may be mistaken in what I imagine farther, but have always thought you had no small Hand in putting me out; for I think my Father could not have commanded such a Sum of Money, without the Assistance of some generous Friend, and I can think of none but you. If this be the Case, Sir, I may be the more ashamed to write to you upon the present Occasion, since it is Ingratitude to make one Benefit the Cause of asking others: But I will venture to say in my own Favour, that I think my Behaviour the Time I have been with my Master, will not make against me in the Application. If I ask what to you shall seem improper, all that I farther request is to be pardoned.

Sir, I have at present before me the Prospect of being a Journeyman at a small Salary, and just getting Bread, and that of being Master in one of the most advantageous Trades: And this is the Time of fixing myself in one Station or the other. I am sensible, Sir, you will see the Design of this Letter, because the becoming a Master cannot be done without Money, and I have no where to apply for such an Assistance but to your Favour: A moderate Sum, Sir, will answer the Purpose; and I think I am so well acquainted with the Trade, as to be able soon to repay it; at least, I am sure I can take Care that the Value of it shall be always kept in Stock, so that there can be no risk of losing any
 Part

Part of it. I have made the Computation, and with 100%. carefully laid out, I can make all the Shew that is necessary, and have all Conveniencies about me. If you will be so generous, Sir, to complete the Goodness you have already begun, by lending me this Sum, there is nothing shall tempt me to endanger your losing any Part of it; nor shall any thing make me ever forget the Obligation.

I am, Sir, your most obliged, and
most obedient humble Servant.

L E T T E R X.

To a Lady; inviting her to a Party of Pleasure.

Dear MADAM,

PEOPLE are interested who invite you to be of their Parties, because you are sure to make them agreeable: This is a Reason why you will not perhaps always comply when you are asked to be of them; but it is certainly a Cause of your being solicited oftner than any Woman in the World. After you was gone Yesterday, Mr. *Bobun* proposed an Expedition to *Richmond* for To-morrow; and he requested me (for he thought he had no Title to such a Liberty himself) to tell you that we all understood you to be of the Party, though you happened to be out of the Way when it was proposed.

I hope you are not engaged; the Weather promises to be favourable, and your Company you know how we value. I need not tell you, that we shall suppose it a Matter of Form if you are absent: What we shall think it if you go with us, you will know when you remember what every Body thinks who has the Pleasure of your Company. I beg you will not invent an Excuse, but go with us.

I am, with the greatest Sincerity,

Dear MADAM,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

L E T T E R XI.

LETTER of THANKS, &c.

I Received the Favour of yours, with a very kind Present; and know not indeed, at this Time, any other Way to shew my Gratitude, than by my hearty Thanks for the same.

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same. Every Thing you do carries a Charm with it; your Manner of doing it is as agreeable as the Thing done. In short, Sir, my Heart is full, and would overflow with Gratitude, did I not stop, and subscribe myself,

Your most obliged, and obedient humble Servant,

JOHN WADMAN.

L E T T E R XII.

From an elder Brother to a younger, giving good Advice.

Dear Brother,

AS you are now gone from Home, and are arrived at Years of some Discretion, I thought it not amiss to put you in Mind, that our childish Affairs ought now to be entirely laid aside, and instead of them, more serious Thoughts, and Things of more Consequence, should take Place: whereby we may add to the Reputation of our Family, and gain to ourselves the good Esteem of being virtuous and diligent in Life, which is of great Value, and ought to be studied beyond any trifling Amusements whatsoever, for it will be an Ornament in Youth, and a Comfort in old Age.

You have too much Good-nature to be offended at my Advice, especially when I assure you, that I as sincerely wish your Happiness and Advancement in Life, as I do my own. We are all, thank God, very well, and desire to be remembered to you: Pray write as often as Opportunity and Leisure will permit; and be assured a Letter from you will always give great Pleasure to all your Friends here, but to none more than your most affectionate Brother, and sincere humble Servant,

EDWARD STANLEY.

L E T T E R XIII.

From an Apprentice in Town, to his Friends in the Country.

Honoured Father and Mother,

THE Bearer, *Henry Jones*, came to see me last Night, and told me he should set out for Home the next Morning. I was not willing to let slip the Opportunity of sending you a Letter by him, to let you know that I am very well, and like both my Master and Mistress, and by what I can yet see of it, the Business extremely well, and

and do intend (please God) to use my utmost Endeavours to make myself Master of every thing that belongs to it, in which I have treble Satisfaction; first, in pleasing my Master; secondly, in pleasing my Friends; and thirdly, in benefiting myself. I have but little Leisure, nor do I want a great deal; but will take every Opportunity to let you know how I go on, and that I am, with great Gratitude,

Your ever dutiful and most obedient Son,

T. ROBERTS.

L E T T E R XIV.

From a Son in London, to his Father in the Country, on his first coming into Service.

Honoured Father,

I Most dutifully and thankfully return you my Acknowledgement for the agreeable Life you have put me into. I find a great deal of Ease, and my Master is very good-natured: If I do wrong, he tells me of it without Anger; and I shall deserve to be reprimanded if I do it again, after such Warning. I have a great deal of Time upon my Hands, but I shall be careful not to misapply it. I am making myself perfect in Writing, as you see by this that I am improved; and so far as I can, I am getting the better of Accounts; but I find that very difficult. I can see those who make other Uses of the Time they have to themselves, but they will see what it comes to in the End. I never knew any Good of sitting all Day at an Alehouse in the Country; and I do not think it is any better in London, by what I see of it: I am sure they have no very good Examples before them.

Honoured Father, I pray God bless you, and make you as happy as you have made me in this Recommendation; for I am sure, unless it is my own Fault, I need not wish to change.

I am, your thankful and dutiful Son.

L E T T E R XV.

From a Youth in London, to his Mother in the Country, complaining of some Hardships.

Honoured Mother,

I Came to London in Obedience to your Commands, and I would have done any thing to please you: But now
I have

I have had some Experience of this Way of Life, and find it for the worse that I have changed; I most dutifully request of you to give me Leave to come down again. I am not in any Hurry for this, nor have I any Desire to leave my Place rudely; only if you could get me a Service in the Country, I should think it much for the better.

I believe there is Good and Ill in every Sort of Life; and I do not doubt but many young Men have made themselves by this Means; but it is not my Chance to be in the Way of any *Good*, and therefore all I desire is, that I may have your Leave to get out of the Way of *Mischief*. Here is nothing in our Family but Drunkenness and Rioting; the Conversation at Table would make you tremble; and every Night here is a different Woman brought home; then she steals something as she goes away, and it is all laid to the Charge of some of the Servants. I have been twice put to my Oath before a Justice about a Spoon. Mother, when a Person knows himself to be innocent, it hurts his Mind to be suspected of such Things. I have lost my Health by sitting up to such Hours as you never heard of; and for any thing that I know, I may lose my Life among them one Way or other. The more I see of it the more I am terrified; and I most humbly beg you will provide me a Place, if you can, in the Country; or if not, that you will let me come and do the best I can for myself; for it is much better to follow the Plough than to wear Finery here, and not be sure of one's Life an Hour.

I am your dutiful Son.

L E T T E R XVI.

HISTORY of HUMAN LIFE.

REMEMBER, my Son, that human Life is the Journey of a Day. We rise in the Morning of Youth, full of Vigour, and full of Expectation; we set forward with Spirit and Hope, with Gaiety, and with Diligence, and travel on a while, in the straight Road of Piety; towards the Mansions of Rest. In a short Time we remit our Favour, and endeavour to find some Mitigation of our Duty, and some more easy Means of obtaining the same End. We then relax our Vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with Crimes at a Distance, but rely upon our own Constancy,

Constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the Bowers of Ease, and repose in the Shades of Security. Here the Heart softens, and Vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire, whether another Advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our Eyes upon the Gardens of Pleasure. We approach them with Scruple and Hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the Road of Virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our Sight, and to which we propose to return. But Temptation succeeds Temptation, and one Compliance prepares us for another; we, in Time, lose the Happiness of Innocence, and solace our Disquiet with sensual Gratifications. By Degrees we let fall the Remembrance of our original Intention, and quit the only adequate Object of rational Desire. We entangle ourselves in Business, immerse ourselves in Luxury, and rove through the Labyrinths of Inconstancy; till the Darkness of old Age begins to invade us, and Disease and Anxiety obstruct our Way. We then look back upon our Lives with Horror, with Sorrow, with Repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the Ways of Virtue. Happy are they, my Son, who learn not to despair, but shall remember, that though the Day is past, and their Strength is wasted, there yet remains one Effort to be made; that Reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere Endeavours ever unassisted; that the Wanderer may at length return after all his Errors; and that he, who implores Strength and Courage from Above, shall find Danger and Difficulty give Way before him.

L E T T E R XVII.

A Letter of Advice from a Gentleman Abroad, to his Brother in England.

Dear Billy,

VARIOUS have been the Disappointments I have met with since I had the Pleasure of seeing you, but it little sufficeth to mention the Particulars; nor shall I say any more concerning them, than that Providence, in the Conclusion, happily placed me in my present Situation: and please God I live, I shall shortly have it in my Power
to

to provide for, or assist a Friend. Therefore, my dear Brother, the Remembrance of my poor Mother, and the Ties of Consanguinity, make me truly and particularly anxious for your Welfare, and demand the little Power or Service of an elder Brother, to reach the friendly aiding Hand to the younger.

Our great Distance prevents a speedy Correspondence, which I am extremely sorry for on several Accounts ; but particularly, that it deprives me of the Satisfaction of knowing what Way of Life you determine on, after the Expiration of your Apprenticeship. I have a Notion you have some Thoughts of going to Sea ; but a Thing of so great Consequence as your future Destination in Life, requires the most serious and mature Consideration. I sincerely wish that this Notion may not be a precipitate Resolution of your own, without the Acquiescence or even Knowledge of your Relations. Therefore, as a Friend, I offer you my Advice ; as a Brother, I think it my Duty to lend you every Assistance in my Power, in so critical a Juncture ; and, without farther Apology, shall give you my free Sentiments thereon.

If your own Inclinations, with the joint Consent of your Friends, (but by no Means to put it in Execution without,) lead you to Sea, I hope it may be very well ; and as in a short Time I may have it in my Power to be of singular Service to you ; if you think proper to come over to the *East Indies*, (which I then would advise,) I will procure you the necessary Means and Opportunity ; but, on no Account, let what I have said otherwise flatter you into a Persuasion for it. On the contrary, I would much rather have you continue in your own Business, for many essential Reasons ; for, since you have learned it, you must understand it ; and, therefore in Consequence it will be easy and natural to you, and from whence you are the more likely to succeed and live happy. Then you are not exposed to the great Hardships, Dangers, and ill Treatment, you will unavoidably meet with at Sea. All these, my dear Brother, may be avoided by your contenting yourself in your present Business ; a Business which, with close Application, Honesty, and a constant Endeavour to please, and gain the Esteem of all you will have Connections with, will soon afford an easy
and

and genteel Living; and be assured, that nothing in my Power shall be wanting to add to it.

If you approve and make Choice of this, I would advise *London* for your Settlement; because, as the greatest Concourse of Trade is centered there, it must necessarily employ a proportionable Number of People, of every Branch and Profession, to conduct each respective Business, (and yours is a very considerable one, I can assure you;) and the greater the Concourse of Trade, the greater must be the Circulation of Money; therefore where most Business is carried on, be assured most Money is always to be got. I have several Friends there, who, I dare say, would do you any Kindness in their Power on my Account, but particularly one to whom I send this inclosed, Mr. *D. B.* whom I have requested to enquire whether he thinks, upon your going up, you could meet with Employment in your own Way, with a Man of good Business and Character, and have desired him to write to you concerning it. On the Receipt of his, (as I do not doubt but he will condescend to favour you with a Line,) be sure you return him a full Answer, acquainting him when your Apprenticeship will expire, and whether you are thoroughly satisfied, and approve of settling in your own Business in *London*, or otherwise.

My great Distance will prevent me the Opportunity of advising you in any Affair of present Emergency; however, I flatter myself Mr. *B.* will, out of his great Good-nature, be your steady Friend, on my Account, so long as you behave well. Therefore I earnestly desire, and beg of you, never to engage in any thing of the least Moment, after your Arrival in *London*, without asking his Advice. And pray, dear *Billy*, attentively consider what I am going to say—When you are once settled in *London*, your own Character, the Prospect of future Success and Happiness, the Approbation and good Opinion of your Master and all his Acquaintance, the Esteem of your Relations, and my Regard and Assistance, please God we live, solely depend on your good Behaviour. A heedless Inattention often draws the most innocent Youths, when they first come to *London*, into Ruin and Destruction; and a ridiculous Curiosity to know the Town, as they call it, that is, every Manner of Wick- edness: But beware of such Knowledge, you will woefully repent it: That Innocence, that Resolution, and Fortitude
of

of Mind, which you may think yourself sufficiently endowed with to withstand all Temptations, loses Force every Time you hazard it to an unnecessary Trial. Temptations are dangerous Things for the Heat of Youth to play with; shun their first Steps while you are in a Condition to resist them, under whatever Disguise or pleasing Form they may offer themselves. Sobriety is an amiable Virtue, and particularly in Youth: Yet Mankind often fall into Intemperance, through the Course of their Lives, as it were without Design, through Complaisance or the Importunities of Company, and principally in that of Drinking. They are generally initiated into that Science before the Liquor is in the least palatable; but consent to disoblige their Taste, merely in Compliance, till, by the habitual Obsequiousness, they grow to a Relish of the Luxury, and then continue the Debauch by Inclination: The Consequence, in a few Words, is—The Loss of Character, the Ruin of Fortune, and the Destruction of Constitution. Two other capital Vices are Gaming and Dishonesty, the Attendants of which are Poverty, Infamy, eternal Ruin in this World and in the next to come. In short, the Beginning of all Temptations to Wickedness, is a Fickleness of Mind, and Want of a proper Trust in God; therefore I earnestly intreat, that you will constantly attend Divine Service. That your leisure Hours may be profitably spent; in a little Time I will order you a few Books for your Improvement and Entertainment.

But I am prolonging this Letter to an unreasonable Length, with Admonitions for your Conduct in a Station of Life you may probably never be engaged in. However, my Intention is for your Happiness, and as such I doubt not your Excuse for the Freedom: Yet whatever Employment Providence and your own Inclinations may lead you to, you will find them conducive to your Felicity, upon a serious and proper Application. I am, with the sincerest and cordial Wishes for your Success and Happiness,

Your affectionate Brother, and assured Friend.

LETTER

L E T T E R XVIII.

From an elder to a younger Brother, representing to him the fatal Consequences that must attend his persisting in Extravagance.

Dear Harry,

YOU must imagine, if you give yourself Time to reflect, that your Misfortunes, as being an only Brother, affect me almost as much as my own; which, you are sensible, are not a few: But then you know very well, that mine are owing to unforeseen Accidents, and not to wilful Profusion. This Consideration supports me under them; but as to what I have suffered on your Account, that indeed has been occasioned by my own Indiscretion. Whilst my Father and Mother were living, they not only supplied you with every Thing that was necessary and convenient, but even indulged you in your Extravagance. What they left behind them is now devolved upon me; and both Nature and Prudence direct me to make the best Use of it I am able. I acknowledge I am inclined to serve you to the utmost of my Power; but, my dear Brother, which Way can I do it effectually? The many Supplies you received from our indulgent Parents were actually thrown away, because, through your own Misapplication of them, they gave you no real Assistance: And, pray, what Measures can I take to relieve you? Had you made a proper Use of your Friends Readiness to serve you, you had been happy long ago; but, to speak freely, your present Distress is entirely owing to your own Folly. The Fortune you had, with prudent Management, would have afforded you a comfortable Subsistence all your Life; whereas you have squandered it away in less than two Years Time. Were I able and willing to give you as much more, what Reason is there to suppose you would be a better Economist for the future? All I am worth in the World, at your Rate of Living, would support you but a few Years; and as I think it my Duty to take Care of my own Family. I must not injure *them* by relieving *you*. Were I to send you the Money you require, what other Purpose would it serve, than to lengthen your Credit, and involve you farther in Debt? This has always been the
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Case,

Case, whenever I have assisted you ; and therefore it is now Time to withdraw my Favours. Nevertheless, when I am sufficiently convinced of your Reformation, you may depend upon all reasonable Assistance from your affectionate Brother,

R. WILSON.

L E T T E R XIX.

From a Guardian to his Ward, leading an irregular Course of Life during his Apprenticeship.

Dear William,

YOU are sensible that a true Friendship has always subsisted between your Father and myself ; and that he was pleased to constitute me the sole Executor of his last Will and Testament, wherein he committed you to my Care during your Minority. I have, accordingly, had a watchful Eye over your Deportment, and am sorry to hear that you keep bad Company and bad Hours ; are frequently overtaken in Liquor, and transgress the Rules of your Master's House, so as to give great Uneasiness to the whole Family. I am likewise informed, that you treat your Master's coolest Expostulations in a Manner that no Ways becomes you, giving him pert Answers, and putting on saucy Airs. Nay, instead of Amendment, you repeat the Offence for which he reproves you, and turn his Admonitions to Ridicule amongst your profligate Associates. Give me Leave, therefore, to set before you, in a true Light, the fatal Consequences that must attend you, without a speedy Reformation.

In the first Place, how can you, in Conscience, break through that solemn Contract which you have bound yourself faithfully to observe ? Or what Excuse can I make to your Master, to whom I stand engaged for your good Behaviour ? You are now but seventeen, an Age too young to be your own Master, and Act without Restraint. Stay, then, 'till you are one or two and twenty at least, before you take the Liberty of keeping what Hours and what Company you please ; and even then it will be necessary to controul yourself, for fear of contracting vicious Habits, which are not easily forsaken.

Consider, I beg of you, before it is too late, into what Inconveniencies and Distress such a Course of Life may lead

lead you ; and what trouble you will give your sincerest Friends, by persevering in your evil Way. And then, again, have an Eye on the Golden Rule, of doing as you would be done by. Ask yourself, Whether your present Behaviour is such as you would approve of in an Apprentice of your own ? Are you so capable of pursuing your Master's Business the next Morning, as if you had gone to Bed sober, and in proper Time ? If not, your mispent Evenings are a double Disadvantage to your Master. And will not these small Liberties (as you call them) lead you on, in Time, to others of a more dangerous and destructive Nature ? Believe me, it is not in every one's Power to stop when he pleases ; and by ill Habits long persisted in, you may arrive to such a Pitch of Obduracy, as to bid Defiance to all Laws, both human and divine.

For my Part, I served seven Years, not only with Pleasure, but (I hope) with Reputation ; and though I was not my own Master till I was two-and-twenty ; I thought it was full soon enough. I do not know what your Sentiments may be on the like Occasion ; but I wish you may consult your own Interest and Credit, as much as I have done, and not take such Liberties as I cannot think either reputable or honest.

You are now at an Age, wherein you should study to cultivate your Mind, not to indulge yourself in Pleasures. By reading proper Books, and keeping good Company, you will acquire a large Stock of Wisdom and Experience ; you will usefully employ your leisure Hours ; avoid many Temptations ; enlarge your Ideas of Men and Things ; contract your Expences ; and, in a Word, you will learn to look down with an Eye of Contempt on those frothy Companions, who now give you so much Satisfaction and Delight.

Nothing but my sincere Regard for your future Welfare could have induced me thus to represent to you the dangerous Tendency of your present Conduct ; and I hope my friendly Admonitions will have the desired Effect, so that I may not have Cause to repent of taking upon me the important Trust which your Father reposed in me. If I should hear of the Success of these Remonstrances, you shall want for no Encouragement from

Your affectionate Guardian.

JAMES WALKER.
L E T.

L E T T E R XX.

From an Apprentice to his Master in the Country.

S I R,

SINCE you left Home, nothing material has happened in the Family, nor any Business offered, but what we have been able to accomplish to the Satisfaction of the Customers. This I thought it my Duty to inform you of (as I find your Affairs will detain you longer in the Country than you expected,) and to assure you that Business here, during your Absence, shall be carried on with as much Care and Fidelity, as if your Eye was over us. Sir *Richard Rowland* has discharged his Account, and bought eight Pieces of the same Holland, with which he is perfectly well pleased. Captain *Jordan* arrived Yesterday. I saw him last Night, and he tells me he has executed your Commission much to his Satisfaction, and hopes it will be to yours. The good Family are all well. Every body longs for your Return, and my good Mistress begins to be impatient; however, nobody expects you till the Business you went about is completed; and if, in the mean Time, any thing of Consequence should happen, you may depend on hearing immediately from,

Sir, your most faithful and obedient Servant.

L E T T E R XXI.

From a Tradesman to his Correspondent, requesting the Payment of a Sum of Money.

S I R,

AVery unexpected Demand that has been made on me for Money, which I was in Hopes of keeping longer in my Trade, obliges me to apply for your Assistance of the Balance of the Account between us, or as much of it as you can spare. When I have an Opportunity to inform you of the Nature of this Demand, and the Necessity of my discharging

discharging it, you will readily excuse the Freedom I now take with you; and as it is an Affair of such Consequence to my Family, I know the Friendship you bear me will induce you to serve me effectually.

I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,
TIMOTHY JONES.

L E T T E R XXIII.

The Answer.

S I R,

IT gives me singular Satisfaction, that I have it in my Power to answer your Demand, and am able to serve a Man I so much esteem. The Balance of the Account is two hundred Pounds, for which I procured a Bank Note, and for Security divided it, and sent one Half by the Carrier, and enclosed the other. I wish you may surmount this and every other Difficulty that lays in your Road to Happiness, and am,

Sir, yours sincerely, RICHARD TOMKINS.

L E T T E R XXIV.

From a Father to his Son, on his Admission into the University.

My dear Son,

YOU are going into the wide World. Every Step you take is attended with *Danger*, and requires *Caution*. My Eye is upon you no longer, and the Vigilance of Governors, and the Care of Tutors, cannot follow you every where. Few will have Concern or Affection enough to advise you faithfully. Your Conduct must be a good deal regulated by your own Reflections. The only secure Paths are those of Religion and Virtue, in which it will not be difficult for you to walk, if you live agreeably to that *Simplicity* of Life, which the Rules of Academical Societies prescribe. Mix not Intemperance with your growing Years, nor treasure up Infirmities against an Age the fittest for Employment. You have received Health from your Parents, and you owe it to your Children. Be careful in the Choice of your Company; pay Civility to all; have Friendship
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with few ; not too quickly with any : An idle Companion will corrupt and disgrace you while you associate with him, and asperse and expose you when you shall shake him off. In this, be advised by those whom I intrust to do all good Offices for you. Whenever you find yourself with Persons of superior Age or Quality, Station or Endowments, pay a Deference to them : So much is due to their Experience and Character. Modesty is the most amiable Virtue, especially in a young Man who professes himself a Learner. Possibly, in a large Society, you may meet with some bold young Men who will think to arrogate to themselves a Value amongst their ill-bred Companions, by daring to say and do abusive Things to their Governors : But do not you imitate such Examples : For Impudence is not Magnanimity. A brave Mind is seen in persevering through the Difficulties of a virtuous Course, in the Conquest of irregular Appetites and Passions, and in scorning to do any thing that is mean or base. Have nothing to do with Politics, which, when you shall have studied all your Life, you will not have found out what will hereafter be the Humours or Resentments, or private Interests or public Views of Men in Power : A Study which, as it is generally directed, rather leads from Virtue, is foreign to your present Purpose ; and in which, if you could really have any Skill, at your Age, it would seem to be affected. Take the proper Advantages of living in a Society. Observe the different Tempers and Dispositions of Men ; shun their Vices, imitate their Virtues, make Use of their Learning, and let the many Eyes that are upon you, the Conscience of your Duty, and an Indignation to be insignificant, raise an Emulation in you to excel in some Kind of Art or Knowledge, that may hereafter be useful to the Public. From the Moment of your Entrance take Care of your Reputation. Let not one Exercise go out of your Hands that hath not employed your utmost Diligence. Notwithstanding the Affection I have for you, I shall not be able to do you the Service I desire, unless you assist me with your Character. And in all doubtful Cases, let not your Father, who loves you best, and your Governors, who are well able to direct you, be the only Friends you will not consult.

I am, &c.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXV.

An Apology for not Writing sooner.

NOT out of any uncivil Disrespect to your Commands, nor any Unwillingness to serve you (so far as the too short Line of my Abilities will stretch,) have I, hitherto, been silent. Could I have wrought myself to that Height of Presumption, as to think any thing of mine of Merit enough to arrest your Sight, you had long since had an Answer, and perhaps as long as your Expectation. It was not that I thought a Letter lost to me, but because I knew it would be loss to you, and hereof this is too sufficient a Witness; yet, Sir, lest you should think I am either too full of Business that I cannot, or of Idleness, that I will not, write to you; I have sent these Lines to kiss your Hands, and to assure you, that you have infinitely obliged me by the late Letters you have vouchsafed to honour me with. So full fraught were they of your wonted Ingenuities, that (to tell you the Truth) I could spare no time from reading of them, to return any Answer to them but now. Since you are pleased to descend so far below yourself as to entreat for what you might command, I shall no longer dispute, but obey; yet will I not tire myself with troubling you farther, than to re-assure you that I am, Sir, yours, &c.

L E T T E R XXVI.

*A Letter of Advice to a Brother, on his coming to London
to be an Apprentice.*

Dear Brother,

AS I have nothing more at Heart than your future Welfare and doing well, I hope you will not think your Time mispent in reading this Letter, as its only Motive is for your Good and Instruction.

You are now entering on the Stage of Business, and every Day will present you with Scenes different from each other. *London* is a Place where every sober and industrious Person may make his Fortune, if he but keeps a Guard on his Passions, and avoids falling into bad Company. These are the grand Points; and I hope, Brother, your own good Sense will lead you to shun every thing that has the least Tendency to Vice or Folly.

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Always endeavour, by a dutiful and respectful Behaviour, to please your Superiors; as, on the contrary, be always mild and condescending to those beneath you: Good Nature will gain you the Love of all, and Pride will equally make you abhorred.

Let not your Heart be fixed on Appearances, nothing is more deceitful; idle and vain are such Ideas; even at the best they are but Folly, and betray a weak and fickle Mind.

You cannot better employ your vacant Hours than in reading good Authors, and those I would recommend to your Perusal, are the Sermons of Bishop *Tillotson* and *Sherlock*, the *Spectators* by Mr. *Addison*, the Works of Mr. *Dryden*, *Pope* and *Gay*; but, above all, do not neglect to read the Holy Scriptures, and at every Opportunity to attend Divine Service.

Never, on any Account, be persuaded to game. The Love of that seldom fails to bring sure Destruction; its Attendants are Remorse and Shame, and the precious Moments consumed in it for ever lost.

Short as these Observations are, if they have any Weight with you, the due Observance of them you will find greatly conducive to your future Happiness—Remember, and never be idle.

Your affectionate Brother, &c.

L E T T E R XXVII.

Soliciting the Loan of a Sum of Money from a Friend.

Dear SIR,

RELYING on our long and disinterested Friendship, and the Sense you have long possessed of my Principles, I thus presume to request the Loan of thirty Guineas for about a Month, if you can spare that Sum without Detriment to yourself.

I have been disappointed, and pressed for Money at the same Time: It is an unlucky, but not an uncommon Circumstance. You will believe me, that I would not ask this of you, if I were not certain to give it to you back; but if it be the least Inconvenience to you to spare the Money at all, or to be so long without it, pray refuse me.

I am, dear SIR, yours with the greatest Sincerity.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Miss Johnson's Apology for not answering a Letter sooner.

M A D A M,

IT is paying you but an ill Compliment, to let one of the most entertaining Letters I have met with for some Years, remain so long unacknowledged. But when I inform you I have had a House full of Strangers almost ever since, who have taken up all my Time, I am sure you will excuse, if not pity me.

*Who steals my Purse, steals Trash;**'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been Slave to Thousands:**But he who filches from me my precious Moments,**Robs me of that which not enriches him, but makes me poor indeed.*

It is owing to this Want, I should not say Loss of Time, (for the Hours have not passed by unimproved or unenterprising,) that I have not been able to tell you sooner, how much I envy that Leisure and Retirement, of which you make such admirable Use. There it is the Mind unbends and enlarges itself; drops off the Forms and Incumbrances of this World, (which, like Garments trailed about for State, as some Author has it, only hinder our Motion) and seizes and enjoys the Liberty it was born to. O, when shall I see my little Farm! That calm Recess, low in the Vale of Obscurity, my Imagination so often paints to me; You know I am always in Raptures about the Country; but your Description of *Richmond* is enough to intoxicate the soundest Head.

Adieu! I am interrupted, and in Haste, so obliged to conclude,
Yours, &c.

L E T T E R XXIX.

Miss Johnson to Miss Lucas, on the Art of Letter Writing.

WANT of Time, is, I think, the general Complaint of all Letter Writers; and Yours in Haste, concludes Wit, Business, every thing. For my own Part, my whole Life is little more than a perpetual Hurry of doing nothing; and, I think, I never had more Business of that Sort upon my Hands than now. But as I can generally find Time to do any thing I have a Mind to do, so can I always contrive to be at Leisure to pay my Respects to Miss Lucas.

But the most universal Complaint among Scribblers of my Rank, is, Want of Sense. These generally begin with an Apology for their long Silence, and end with that moving Petition, excuse this Nonsense. This is modest, indeed; but though I am excessive good-natured, I am resolved for the future not to pardon it entirely in any one but myself.

I have often thought there never was a Letter wrote well, but what was wrote easily; and, if I had not some private Reasons for being of a contrary Opinion at this Time, should conclude this to be a Master-piece of the Kind, both in Easiness of Thought, and Facility of Expression. And in this Easiness of Writing, (which Mr. *Wycherly* says, is easily wrote,) methinks I excel even Mr. *Pope* himself; who is often too elaborate and ornamental, even in some of his best Letters; though it must be confessed he out-does me in some few Trifles of another Sort, such as Spirit, Taste, and Sense. But let me tell Mr. *Pope*, that Letters, like Beauties, may be over-dressed. There is a becoming Negligence in both; and if Mr. *Pope* could only contrive to write without a Genius, I do not know any one so likely to hit off my Manner as himself. But he insists upon it, that a Genius is as necessary towards Writing, as Straw towards making Bricks; whereas, it is notorious that the *Israelites* made Bricks without that Material as well as with it.

The Conclusion of the whole Matter is this; I never had more Inclination to write to you, and never fewer Materials at Hands to write with: Therefore have fled for Refuge to my old Companion, Dullness, who is ever at Hand to assist me; and have made Use of all those genuine Expressions of herself, which are included under the Notion of Want of Time, Want of Spirit, and, in short, Want of every Thing, but the most unfeigned Regard for that Lady, whose most devoted I remain, &c.

L E T T E R XXX.

To Miss Lucas, in Answer to her Description of Windsor.

YOUR Account of the Shades of *Windsor*, and your Invitation to them, is equally pleasing and poetical. The first puts me in Mind of the *Elysian* Groves, where the great Souls of Antiquity repose themselves on Beds of Flowers

ers to the Sound of immortal Lyres; and there perhaps the Ghosts of departed Kings and Queens are still regaling themselves with soft Music, and gliding about their antient Mansions in Fresco; and the latter, of some gentle Spirit, the departed Genius of some Maid of Honour, (rather too plump for a Ghost,) who beckons me into them. I am impatient till I land in those calm Retreats, that Asylum from Courtesying and Compliment, which I despaired of arriving at in this sublunary State; where, if one can but get into the Groupe, all Distinction ceases; where, you say, I may do any Thing I have a Mind to do, without Impeachment of my Breeding; and where, disengaged from all the Forms and Incumbrances of this nether world, I am like to be in perfect good Humour with myself, which, in most other Places, would be reckoned excessively rude.

Little did I expect to meet with you so near the seat of polite Education, much less in Kings Palaces, and among their honourable Women.—*Tuesday*, then, I set out for the glorious Land, and the Genius that presides over it, if nothing very amazing intervenes. Many are my Thanks for your Offer of a Servant to meet me; but as I chuse to give you as little Trouble as possible, shall take an Equipage along with me, to kill the Dragons and Monsters in *Maidenhead Thicket*. These Difficulties being overcome, I shall lay my Spoils at your Feet, as Lady of the enchanted Castle, and ever after remain, your peaceful Servant, &c.

L E T T E R XXXI.

From an elder Brother in the Country to a Youth just put Apprentice in London.

Dear Brother,

I Am very glad to hear you are pleased with the new Situation into which the Care of your Friends has put you; but I would have you pleased not with the Novelty of it, but with the real Advantage. It is natural for you to be glad that you are under less Restraint than you were, for a Master neither has Occasion nor Inclination to watch over a Youth so much as his Parents: But if you are not careful, this, although it now gives you a childish Satisfaction, may, in the End, betray you into Mischief; nay, to your Ruin. Though your Father is not in sight, dear Brother, act al-

ways as if you were in his Presence : And be assured, that what would not offend him will never displease any Body.

You have more Sense, I have often told you so, than most Persons at your Time. Now is the Opportunity of making a good Use of it: And take this for certain, every right Step you enter upon now, will be a Comfort to you for your Life. I would have your Reason as well as your Fancy pleased with your new Situation, and then you will act as becomes you. Consider, Brother, that the State of Life that charms you so at this Time will bring you to Independence and Affluence, and that you will, by behaving as you ought now, be hereafter Master of a House and Family ; have every thing about you at your own Command, and have Apprentices as well as Servants to wait upon you. The Master with whom you are placed, was some Years ago in your Situation ; and what should hinder you in due Time from being in his ? All that is required, is Patience and Industry ; and these, Brother, are a very cheap Price at which to purchase so comfortable a Condition.

Your Master, I am told, had nothing to begin the World withal : In that he had the worse of you ; for if you behave well, there are those who will set you up in a handsome Manner. So you have sufficient Inducement to be good, and a Reward always follows it. Brother, farewell. Obey your Master, and be civil to all Persons ; keep out of Company, for Boys have no Occasion for it, and most of that you will meet with is very bad. Be careful and honest, and God will bless you. If ever you commit a Fault, confess it at once ; for the Lie in denying it is worse than the Thing itself : Go to Church constantly ; and write to us often. I think I need not say more to so good a Lad as you, to induce you to continue so.

I am, your affectionate Brother.

L E T T E R XXXII.

A short Description of London.

LAST Night I arrived at *London*, after an agreeable Journey of two Days, and an Absence of three Months from this Scene of Hurry and Confusion : Every Place seems to wear a new Garb, and every Object appears very odd and uncouth to the Eye. I cannot, as yet, reconcile
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my Thoughts to so sudden a Transition; the pleasing Remembrance of the Pleasures I enjoyed with you, are not to be soon forgot.

O happy Shades! delightful Walks! With what Pleasure have I arisen with the Sun, to enjoy the cool, the fragrant Breeze, that ever breathes around you! To stray through the flowery Meads, and verdant Fields, where Peace and harmless Pleasures ever reign! To hear the soaring Lark, and all the tuneful Choir, in Concert sing! This, this, my Friend, was Joy, a Joy unknown to Pomp and Power! To roam with thee at such an Hour as this! To mark each distant Scene, and meditate on all that's great and good! It was Joy, it was worldly Bliss complete!

But now, O what a Change! Around me all is Noise; Ambition here has placed her restless Throne; few, very few, enjoy the tranquil Hour; they know no Bliss but that of Power and Pride.—Gold, glittering Gold, engages every Heart. For that, what Toils, what Cares poor Mortals undergo! For that, am I not forced to quit the rural Shades, the peaceful Groves, and more, my dearest Friend?—But it is my Lot, and I must be content.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

Invitation of a Lady into the Country.

My dear Harriot,

I Do not know whether I flatter myself with an Opinion of your speaking to me the other Day with an uncommon Air of Friendship, or whether I am so happy to hold that Place, of which I should be so ambitious in your Esteem. I thought you spoke with Concern at our parting for the Summer, on our Family's retiring into the Country. For Heaven's Sake, my Dear, what can you do all the dull Season in *London*? *Vauxhall* is not for more than twice; and I think *Ranelagh* one would not see above half a Dozen Times in the Year. What is it then you find to entertain you in an empty Town for four or five Months together. I would fain persuade you not to be in Love with so disagreeable a Place, and I have an Interest in it; for I am a Petitioner to you to stay this Summer with us, at least I beg you will try. We go, my Dear, on *Monday*: Will you go with us? For there is a Place in the Coach; or will you

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come when we are settled? I am greatly of Opinion that it will please you. I am sure I need not tell you we shall do all we can to render it agreeable, or that you will make us very happy in complying with the Invitation.

You have not seen our House; but it is a very pleasant one. There are fine Prospects from the Park, and a River runs through the Garden; nor are we quite out of the Way of Entertainment. You know there is a great deal of Company about the Place; and we have an Assembly within a Mile of us. What shall I say else to tempt you to come? Why, I will tell you, that you will make us all the happiest People in the World; and that when you are tired, you shall not be teased to stay. Dear *Harriot*, think of it; you will confer an Obligation on her, who is, with the truest Respect,

Your affectionate Friend.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

From a young Person in Trade to a Wholesale Dealer, who had suddenly made a Demand on him.

S I R,

YOUR Demand coming very unexpectedly, I must confess I am not prepared to answer it. I know the stated Credit in this Article used to be only four Months; but as it has been a Custom to allow a moderate Time beyond this, and as this is only the Day of the old Time, I had not yet prepared myself. Sir, I beg you will not suppose it is any Deficiency more than for the present, that occasions my desiring a little Time of you; and I shall not ask any more than is usual among the Trade. If you will be pleased to let your Servant call for one Half of the Sum this Day three Weeks, and the Remainder a Fortnight afterwards, it shall be ready. However, in the mean Time, I beg of you not to let any Word slip of this, because a very little Thing hurts a young Beginner. Sir, you may take my Word with the greatest Safety, that I will pay you as I have mentioned; and if you have any particular Cause for insisting on it sooner, be pleased to let me know that I must pay it, and I will endeavour to borrow the Money; for if I want Credit with you, I cannot suppose that I have lost it with all the World, not knowing what it is that can have given you these distrustful Thoughts concerning

Your humble Servant.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R XXXV.

The Wholesale Dealer's Answer.

S I R,

I Am very sorry to press you, but if I had not Reason I should not have called upon you. It is not out of any Disrespect to you that I have made the Demand, but we have so many Losses, that it is fit we should take Care. However, there is so much seeming Frankness and Sincerity in your Letter, that I shall desire Leave first to ask you whether you have any Dealings with an Usurer in *Bread-Street*, and, if you please, what is his Name? Until you have given me the Satisfaction on this Head, I shall not any farther urge the Demand I have made upon you; but as this may be done at once, I desire your Answer by the Bearer, whom you well know; for he was, as he informs me, very lately your Servant.

I assure you, Sir, it is in Consideration of the great Opinion I have of your Honour, that I refer the Demand I have made to this Question; for it is not customary, and is supposed not to be fair or prudent, to mention our Reasons on these Occasions. If this is cleared up to me, Sir, as I wish, but I fear it cannot be, I shall make no Scruple of the Time you mention. I beg your Answer without Delay, and am sincerely, your Friend and Well-wisher.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

Laura to Aurelia.

COULD your Importunity have prevailed with my Brother to have left me in *London*, you had been free from the Vexation that I shall certainly give you, by making you the Confident of all my Country Adventures; and I hope you will relieve my Chagrin, by telling me what the dear bewitching busy World is doing, while I am idly sauntering away my Time in rural Shades. How happy are you, my dear *Aurelia*! how I envy you the enjoyment of Dust, of Crowds, and Noise, with all the polite Hurry of the *Beau Monde*!

My Brother brought me hither to see a Country Seat he has lately purchased; he would fain persuade me it is finely situated, but I should think it more finely situated in the

Mall, or even in *Cheapside*, than here. Indeed I hardly know where we are, only that it is at a dreadful Distance from the Theatre Royal, from the Opera, from the Masquerade, and every Thing in this World that is worth living for. I can scarce tell you whither to direct your Letters; we are certainly at the End of the Earth, on the Borders of the Continent, the Limits of the habitable Globe; under the Polar Star, among wild People and Savages. I thought we should never have come to the End of our Pilgrimage; nor could I forbear asking my Brother, if we were to travel by dry Land to the *Antipodes*; not a Mile but seemed ten, that carried me from *London*, the Center of all my Joys. The Country is my Aversion; I hate Trees and Hedges, steep Hills, and silent Vallies: The Satyrists may laugh, but to me

*Green Fields, and shady Groves, and crystal Springs,
And Larks, and Nightingales are odious Things.*

I had rather hear *London* Cries, with the Rattle of Coaches, than sit listening to the melancholy Murmur of purling Brooks, or all the wild Music of the Woods; the Smell of Violets give me the Hysterics; fresh Air murders me; my Constitution is not robust enough to bear it; the cooling Zephyrs will fan me into a Catarrh, if I stay here much longer. If these are the Seats of the Muses, let them unenvied enjoy their glittering Whimfies, and converse with the visionary Beings of their own forming. I have no Fancy for Dryads and Fairies, nor the least Prejudice to human Society; a mere earthly Beau, with an embroidered Coat, suits my Taste better than an airy Lover with his shining Tresses and Rainbow Wings.

The sober Twilight, which has employed so many soft Descriptions, is with me a very dull Period; nor does the Moon (on which the Poets doat) with all her starry Train, delight me half so much as an Assembly-Room illuminated with Wax-Candles: This is what I should prefer to the glaring Sun in his Meridian Splendor: Day-light makes me sick, it has something in it so common and vulgar, that it seems fitter for Peasants to make Hay in, or Country Lasses to spin by, than for the Use of People of Distinction. You pity me, I know, dear *Aurelia*, in this deplorable State; the whole Creation is a Blank to me,

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it is all joyless and desolate. In whatever gay Images the Muses have dressed these rustic Abodes, I have not Penetration enough to discover them. Not the flowery Field, nor spangled Sky, the rosy Morn, nor balmy Evening, can recreate my Thoughts: I am neither a religious nor poetical Enthusiast; and without either of these Qualifications, what shall I do in silent Retreats and pensive Shades? I find myself a little at Ease in this Absence of the noisy Diversions of the Town; 'tis hard for me to keep up my Spirits in Leisure and Retirement; it makes me anxiously inquisitive what will become of me when my Breath flies away: Death, that ghastly Phantom, perpetually intrudes on my Solitude, and some doleful Knell from a neighbouring Steeple, often calls upon me to ruminate on Coffins and Funerals, Graves and gloomy Sepulchres. As these dismal Subjects put me in the Vapours, and make me start at my own Shadow, the sooner I come to Town the better; and I wish, my dear *Aurelia*, you would oblige me so far as to lay a Scheme for my Escape. Adieu.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

From a Youth at the University, desirous of borrowing Money of a Family-Acquaintance.

SIR,

I Should not thus intrude on your Kindness, were I not conscious that my own Conduct bears no Part in the melancholy Occasion of these Lines. Bereft of an affectionate Parent, and, with him, of the Means necessary for the Prosecution of my Studies; I can have no other Prospect, if not assisted by some benevolent Hand, than that Penury which must result to every one in my Situation from Want of Friends, and consequently Want of Preferment. I know you are so distant a Relation, that I can have no Right to expect any Favour from you upon that Account; but I have heard my Father often mention your Name, and always with the greatest Respect. Sir, if you entertain the same Remembrance of him that he always did of you, and if your Fortune is so plentiful as I am told, perhaps you will not only pardon the present Application, as strange as it may seem from one whom you never saw, but comply with my Request of supplying me with fourteen Pounds.

Pounds seven Shillings, which will answer all my present Demands; and perhaps, before new Difficulties fall upon me, I may find some Friend to relieve me farther. I only request of you, Sir, if you decline this, not to be offended at the Presumption of the Application; because I would avoid nothing so carefully, as offending those whom my Father valued.

I am, with the greatest Respect,
SIR, your most obedient humble Servant.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

A DISSERTATION on FOOLS.

My dear *Fanny*,

I Received your pretty lively Letter, and am now set down to consider of the Question you started in Natural Philosophy, relating to Fools.

As Nature is said to have made nothing in vain, what Apology then for Fools? This Difficulty, which has so long puzzled the Learned, I will offer you two Solutions to answer; one by denying, and the other by admitting the Fact.

First then, I deny that Nature ever made a Fool, but as she makes any other Monster; not by Design, but through some accidental Imperfection in the Organs of Conception, or casual Event, happening afterwards to the Infant in the Cradle.

Next, I admit Fools to have been made by Design, and, no Offence to you, shall take the Liberty to offer you this Hypothesis of the Matter.

Providence made Man; and, seeing it not good that Man should be alone, made Woman; then, seeing it not good that Woman should be alone, he made a Fool; before which Time, it is said, she amused herself with the Devil. From which Time Knaves and Fools have divided the Favours of the Fair.

Let me now attempt a Metaphysical Account of this extraordinary Matter, which has so surprized Natural Philosophers: That two Men, who have had the same Education, and, upon Dissection, have been found anatomically the same, have yet so greatly differed in their Understanding. For this, see the *Metempsychosis*, or Transmigration of Souls, according to *Virgil's* Account of it. He says, in the sixth *Aeneid*, that the Souls of those who die, return to this World again, to animate other human Bodies; except such

as,

as, having completely acquitted themselves on Earth, remain in *Elysium* for ever.

Now, since as many, or more, are born, as die ; therefore, it is necessary to create a Number of new Souls, to supply the Place of those who have finished their Course. Thus I conclude, that what is stiled Sense, or Parts, in Men, is but a Recollection of former Experience ; and their having no Consciousness of this Matter, need be no Objection to the Truth of it ; for Men have often, in their Sleep, exercised the Arts they have been bred to, without any Recollection of their former Practice. The Fools then of this World, I take to be some of those *new-fashioned Souls*, occasionally created, who must necessarily pass through an Infancy of three-score Years, and be re-born to every Stage of human Life, before they can arrive at an adult Understanding, and find Rest for their Souls in *Elysium*. I am,

My fair Querist, your faithful Respondent. HARRY.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

Proves Women of equal Understanding with Men.

IN ancient Times, when Mankind began to frame themselves into Societies and States, the Male Part, perceiving they were born with greater bodily Strength than the Female, vainly concluded, they were originally indued with greater Sense, and nobler Souls ; so, partially arrogated to themselves the Superiority, at the same Time that they refused, very unfairly, the same Law of Reason, to an Horse, though they acknowledge him to be an Animal of greater Strength than they.

Now, in order to preserve this unjust Dominion to themselves, and their Heirs Male for ever, they concluded no *Salique* Law so effectual, as to fetter and enslave our Minds, by such a narrow, domestic, and partial Education, as should bury the Seeds of Sense and Philosophy, and bias our Opinions towards a Notion of their superior “ manly Sense and Reason.”*

Thus uneducated, and unimproved ; or, what is worse, condemned to a wrong Education, it is as unfair to censure us for the Weakness of our Understandings, as it would be to blame the *Chinese* Women for little Feet ; for neither is owing to the Imperfection of Nature, but to the Constraint of Custom.

* MARIA in the NONJUROR.

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When Women then associate themselves with Men of moderate Understandings, (for I think you too humble, when you brand those with the Title of Fools, who fall short of your own Sense,) it is only because it is natural and reasonable to prefer that Degree of Sense, which they comprehend, to that which is beyond their Apprehension, and this is nothing more than you would do yourself; for I do not know what Pleasure you could have in Company with a Rabbi, merely for his understanding *Hebrew*, of which you hardly know the Type.

I believe that Women, *cæteris paribus*, as *Tom* says, always prefer Men of the best Sense, as far as the Limits of their own Understanding extend; beyond which, it would be Enthusiasm, not rational Affection, to carry their Regards. I confess, indeed, that there must be an entire Equality between the Rivals, with regard to Fortune, Titles, Dress, Person, &c. before the Superiority of Understanding can have the Chance of being considered. But then this is owing to the false Biases of Female Education, which directs us to wrong Means of Happiness; and, instead of being censured for our Error, we ought to be pitied for not being rendered capable of judging right.

Henceforward, therefore, I interdict you, *wise* Fools, from the Unjustness of any Satire against our Sex, till you have, by a proper and more liberal Education, given our noble and ingenuous Natures fair Play to exert themselves. Do this, if ye dare, ye imperious Tyrants, and ye shall see how small we will make you. Oh! let us once be free; for know, that Arts and Sciences cannot raise their Heads under despotic Sway.

I shall mention but one Thing more, which appears to me a very natural Thought, that Providence certainly intended Women, rather than Men, for the Study and Contemplation of Philosophy and scientific Knowledge; as the Delicacy of our Frame seems fitter for Speculation, than Action; and our Home-province affords us greater Leisure than Men, who, from their robust and active Natures, seem calculated more for Business, Labour, and mechanic Arts. Out, then, ye vile Usurpers of our natural Rights and Liberties; and oh! for an Army of *Amazons* to vindicate our Wrongs.

FRANCES.

N. B.

N. B. St. Evremond says, “ that a Woman is a more perfect Creature than a Man, supposing each to have attained to their highest Degree ; for he thought it more possible to find the stronger Reason of Man in a Woman, than the Charms and Endearments of a Woman in a Man.”

There is this Reason to support his Sentiment, that masculine Sense is an Excellence in Women, but feminine Manners ridiculous in Men. F.

L E T T E R XL.

A singular Method to drive away GRIEF.

Dear Harry,

L A S T Post brought me the pleasing Account of your Recovery ; surely some *Sylph*, whose Charge I am, contrived that it should then arrive, even in the blackest Hour of all my Life, when my Spirits were sunk to such an Ebb, together with my own Uneasiness, and Fear for you, that nought within this sublunary Sphere, but thou alone, couldst raise them.

Now, give me Leave to tell you, that nothing, but the Joy I feel at your returning Health could make me bear the Remainder of your Letter with Patience ; if your Physicians had not pronounced you out of Danger, I should have done it, from your Writing in so peevish a Manner ; for you say of yourself, and I have once or twice remarked it, that, when you are ill, you feel more Tenderness, Humanity, and Good-nature about you, than at any other Time ; which is contrary to the general Observation, that Persons in Sickness, Pain, or Age, even at those Seasons when they most stand in Need of the Comforts of Society, and the Assistance of their Friends, do then more particularly, and absurdly too, contrive to deprive themselves of both, by Ill-humour, and Perverseness of Temper. Perhaps, Providence has wisely implanted this Weakness in human Nature, to take off somewhat of the Concern, we should otherwise be too sensible of, for the Sickness or Death of our Friends or Parents ; which is something like the good-natured Expedient I heard made Use of, by a Gentleman, who frequently retired to the Country to see his Father during his Vacation of Business at *Dublin*, and had a little Brother there, who was so extremely fond of him, as to cry for a Week after his Departure ; being informed thereof, he

he ever after contrived to pick some Quarrel with the Boy, the Morning he was to go away; this succeeded so well, that the little Fellow used to call for his Horses, and cry, "Well, I am glad you are not to stay here another Day." But, indeed, I generally observe, you scold me when you find me melancholy; at least, I perceive it more then; as if I was a cross Child, to be chid into Good-humour.

Adieu!

L E T T E R XLI.

The Happy Housekeeper.

YOU will, I dare say, be heartily frightened at the enormous Size of my Packet: But, as it is the Privilege of great Wits to say much in a little, so it is the Custom of small ones to say nothing in a great deal. I have so often illustrated the latter Part of this Trueism, that it is needless to say more on this little Occasion. I must intreat you will be so kind as to forward the Inclosed, as soon as you receive it. I fear, it has already been too long delayed.

I am sincerely glad that you are well, and happy; and shall hereafter say with *Cæsar*, "We defy Augury."

I have often thought, with you, that the Satisfaction, arising from a particular Object, or Circumstance, is more apt to disqualify us for what the Generality of the World call Pleasure, than even Grief, or Pain; as, in the first Case, the Mind is totally absorbed in one Contemplation, without endeavouring to exert its Faculties on Objects, less pleasing than those which always employ it: In the latter, we are attempting to rouse the Mind, and trying to find Ease, or Pleasure, from every new Object, or untried Folly that surrounds us. Alas! how vain the Effort!

I can, at last, with great Pleasure inform you, that I am writing by my own Fire-side. I am certain, we should never enjoy the Pleasures, or Conveniencies of Life, did we not sometimes feel the want of them. The unsettled, disagreeable Way I have been in, ever since I came to Town, has endeared Home so much, that, I think I would rather live in a Cottage, where I was Mistress of myself, than be a Visiter at *Versailles*.

Need I tell my Heart's dear *Harry*, with what Earnestness and Sincerity I wish to see him here? You, and you alone,

alone, can double every Charm I find in the rational Enjoyment of myself, and every thing about me.—My Aunt is still in the Country.—*Kitty* remains in *Abbey-Street*: The Gaiety of that Place is better suited to her cheerful Disposition, than my retired Pleasures; for in *those* Views, and *those* only, Pleasure can be called my Associate. I here release the Post-master of *Kilkenny*, for I would rather my Letters should be read by the whole County, than not be regularly answered by you.

May your Heart beat Time to the gay Life you are engaged in; may the Women talk sensibly, and dress elegantly; and may every one you meet with, be as perfectly agreeable, as you are to your sincerely affectionate FANNY.

L E T T E R XLII.

The Minute Philosopher.

WHAT a Scene of tranquil Happiness does my dear practis Philosopher's Letter present me with! How earnestly, how passionately do I wish to share those rational Delights, which he can, at once, partake and inspire! How, *altogether preferable*, should I think it, to be seated by him on a Hillock of Hay, contemplating the Works of Nature, while he deduced each obvious Effect from its first great Principle; and made me lose all Wonder, in Praise and Gratitude to that Almighty Being, who first created, and then made him mine!

I say, how much should I prefer that happy Situation to a Throne, without thee, thou dearest and most charming of thy Sex! Nor will I doubt, that my sharing would enhance the Pleasures of Retirement; for Solitude is the Nurse of Love, as well as Contemplation; and I am very sure, were we to live but a few Months in a calm settled Way together, you would be infinitely fonder of me than you are, or can be, at present; as I make no Doubt but we should then experience the charming Theory you have laid down: "Cheerfulness without Mirth, Gravity without Spleen, and the warmest Love with the highest Esteem."—You will, perhaps, be surprized, when I tell you, that I now rejoice at what I have sometimes looked on as the greatest Misfortune of my Life; that we have not yet lived together. We should have been miserable, if that
had

had happened two Years ago. It is but a very short Time since I became thoroughly acquainted with you: That Knowledge has increased my Love and Esteem for you. You have introduced me to myself: Need I say, that, by knowing myself, I have triumphed over my greatest Foible? And sure I cannot err greatly, after your pointing out my Faults, when I declare, in the Sincerity of my Heart, that I have no Will of my own, nor Wish, but that of rendering my little Self agreeable to you. If it were not a Work of Supererogation, I could even wish that I had greater Failings to surmount, as they would be a still stronger Proof of your Love and mine.

JANE MONTAGUE.

END of the FIRST PART.



The COMPLETE

ART of WRITING LETTERS.

PART II.

LETTERS on FRIENDSHIP, ADVICE, and
INSTRUCTION; *being Precedents for Per-
sons in genteel Life.*

LETTER I.

To a Brother on Habit.

 L E T me intreat you, my dear Brother, to take
 L particular Care how you contract *bad Habits* of
 any Kind; like the envenomed Shirt of *Hercules*,
 ***** in spite of all your Endeavours to shake them off,
 they will hang upon you to your Destruction.

By Habit, is meant, such a Custom of doing any parti-
 cular Action, as to fall into it involuntarily, and without
 thinking; or to repeat it so frequently, as to render it al-
 most a Part of our Nature, not to be subdued without the
 greatest Difficulty. Of the first Sort, is the impious and
 foolish Habit of *Swearing*, and of the second, is that of
Drinking. What can be the Motive to Swearing it is not
 easy to say, or why any Man should depart from Reason,
 as well as Virtue, so far as to mention, with hourly Irre-
 verence, the sacred and awful Name of the Lord of Be-
 ing, and subject himself to the Danger of Habitual Per-
 jury, of which, though Part of the Guilt may be extenu-
 ated, as nobody is deceived, yet the other Part, which
 arises from the Insult to the Author of Truth, no virtuous
 Being can conceive without Horror. The Original of this
 hateful Practice was, perhaps, only the Desire of appear-
 ing manly, and shewing that the Fear of Reproof is at an
 End; and, at last, the Claim to Manhood is prosecuted,
 till the Practice is no longer the Consequence of Thought,
 and

and the Swearer is shunned as a Demon by the Pious, and as a Brute by the Polite.

The Motive to Drunkenness is easily discovered; the Pleasures of Mirth, the Sollicitations of Company, and the Calls of Appetite, concur to promote it. But, my dear Brother, learn early to despise that Mirth of which the End is Sorrow, to refuse that Company which calls you to Destruction, and to deny those Appetites which are never to be satisfied, and which will demand more as they are more indulged. At least, before you suffer this Habit to prevail, take a deliberate View of the Consequences which must ensue from it. An Unfitness and Inattention to Business, a Depravity of Taste and Manners, a Loss of Appetite, a Decay of Health, and, perhaps, a sudden and untimely Period of your Days, or Condemnation to the sad Remainder of them in Pain and Misery, with a broken Constitution, a ruined Fortune, and a lost Reputation. A Course of Pain and Want, unalleviated by Consciousness of Innocence, or Hope of Recompence.

I might go on to shew you, in several other Instances, the fatal Consequences of indulging bad Habits; but I will only mention, that of *Idleness* and *Sauntering*. "*Indolence*," says an Eastern Writer, "is the Daughter of *Folly*, the Sister of *Vice*, and the Mother of *Misfortune*." Whoever suffers himself to fall into this pernicious Habit, cannot hope to make much Progress in Learning, or Knowledge of any Kind; and, consequently, must give up the glorious Aim of rendering himself useful and conspicuous in any Capacity or Station of Life. Wisdom is not to be won without great Assiduity, and constant Application: She must be sought for early, and attended late. But he who consumes his Hours in idle Sauntering, or buries them in Morning Slumbers, shall never see the Light of Fame, any more than that of the Sun rising upon him.

I am, yours, &c.

L E T T E R II.

To a young Gentleman who had lately lost his Father.

I know no Part of Life more impertinent than the Office of administering Consolation: I will not enter into it, for I cannot but applaud your Grief. The virtuous Principles you had from that excellent Man, whom you have lost,

lost, have wrought in you as they ought; to make a Youth of Three-and-twenty incapable of Comfort upon coming into Possession of a great Fortune. I doubt not but you will honour his Memory by a modest Enjoyment of his Estate; and scorn to triumph over his Grave, by employing in Riot, Excess, and Debauchery, what he purchased with so much Industry, Prudence, and Wisdom. This is the true Way to shew the Sense you have of your Loss, and to take away the Distress of others upon the Occasion. You cannot recal your Father by your Grief; but you may revive him to his Friends by your Conduct.

L E T T E R III.

Mr. Pope's Account of himself, to Dr. Swift.

I Find a Rebuke in a late Letter of yours, that both stings and pleases me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a Postscript to my Friend Gay's, makes me not content to write less than a whole Letter; and seeming to take his kindly, gives me Hopes you will look upon this as a sincere Effect of Friendship. Indeed, as I cannot but own the Laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us has both had and given) a Surfeit of Writing; so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly entitled to my Friendship, that it was a Possession you could not imagine stood in Need of any farther Deeds or Writings to assure you of it.

Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate State, at this Distance, and in this Absence, Dean *Swift* lives still in England, in every Place and Company where he would chuse to live, and I find him in all the Conversations I keep, and in all the Hearts in which I desire any Share.

We have never met these many Years without mention of you. Besides my old Acquaintance, I have found that all my Friends of a later Date are such as were yours before: Lord *Oxford*, Lord *Harcourt*, and Lord *Harley*, may look upon me as one intailed upon them by you: Lord *Bolingbroke* is now returned (as I hope) to take me with all his other Hereditary Rights; and, indeed, he seems grown so much a Philosopher, as to set his Heart upon some of them
as

as little, as upon the Poet you gave him. It is sure my ill Fate, that all those I most loved, and with whom I have most lived, must be banished: After both of you left *England*, my constant Host was the Bishop of *Rochester*. Sure this is a Nation that is cursedly afraid of being over-run with too much politeness, and cannot regain one great Genius, but at the Expence of another. I tremble for my Lord *Peterborough*, (whom I now lodge with,) he has too much Wit, as well as Courage, to make a solid General; and if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself. This leads me to give you some Account of the Manner of my Life and Conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all Sexes, Parties, and Professions. A Glut of Study and Retirement in the first Part of my Life, cast me into this; and this, I begin to see, will throw me again into Study and Retirement.

The Civilities I have met with from opposite Setts of People, have hindered me from being violent or four to any Party; but, at the same Time, the Observations and Experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of and less surprized at any: I am therefore the more afflicted, and the more angry, at the Violences and Hardships I see practised by either. The merry Vein you knew me in, is sunk into a Turn of Reflection, that has made the World pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a Quietness of Mind, which by Fits improves into a certain Degree of Chearfulness, enough to make me just so good humoured as to wish that World well. My Friendships are increased by new ones, yet no Part of the Warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none, but to Knaves, (for Fools I have learned to bear with,) and such I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think those Men are next to Knaves who converse with them. The greatest Man in Power of this Sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal Obligation, and that I will take Care not to have. The top Pleasure of my Life is one I learned from you, both how to gain and how to use the Freedom of Friendship with Men much my Superiors. To have pleased great Men, according to *Horace*, is a Praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not to have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all
Intercourse

Intercourse with Poets and Scribblers, unless where, by great Chance, I have found a modest one. By these Means I have had no Quarrels with any personally; none have been Enemies, but who were also Strangers to me; and as there is no great Need of an Eclaircissement with such, whatever they writ or said, I never retaliated; not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, any thing of the Matter. There are very few Things that give me the Anxiety of a Wish; the strongest I have, would be to pass my Days with you, and a few such as you: But Fate has dispersed them all about the World; and I find to wish it is as vain, as to wish to see the Millennium and the Kingdom of the Just upon Earth.

If I have sinned in my long Silence, consider there is one to whom you yourself have been as great a Sinner. As soon as you see his Hand, you will learn to do me Justice, and feel in your Heart how long a Man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.

L E T T E R IV.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Collins, to be delivered after my Decease.

Dear S I R,

BY my Will you will see that I had some Kindness for ***. And I knew no better Way to take Care of him, than to put him, and what I designed for him, into your Hands and Management: The Knowledge I have of your Virtue of all Kinds, secures the Trust, which, by your Permission, I have placed in you: And the peculiar Esteem and Love, I have observed in the young Man for you, will dispose him to be ruled and influenced by you, so that of that I need say nothing. But there is one Thing which it is necessary for me to recommend to your especial Care and Memory. ****

May you live long and happy, in the Enjoyment of Health, Freedom, Content, and all those Blessings which Providence has bestowed on you, and your Virtue intitles you to. I know you loved me living; and will preserve my Memory now I am dead. All the Use to be made of it is, that this Life is a Scene of Vanity, that soon passes away; and affords no solid Satisfaction, but in the Con-
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sciousness of doing well, and in the Hopes of another Life. This is what I can say, upon Experience, and what you will find to be true, when you come to make up the Account. Adieu. I leave my best Wishes with you. JOHN LOCKE.

L E T T E R V.

From a Gentleman to his Friend, to comfort him under the Apprehensions of Death.

S I R,

I Heard of your Indisposition with a great deal of Regret. All your Friends are extremely concerned at your desperate Condition, but most of all, to find this last Scene of your Life, not only dissonant from, but a little unworthy of the rest. It is a Misery of Nature to be neither exempt from Pain, nor easy under it; but your Distemper has nothing in it but Danger. I grant it is essential to Humanity to dread a Dissolution; and that few are found so miserable, but who upon very indifferent Terms would compound to live; but these are Men absolute Slaves to the Mechanism of their Existence, and who have not Philosophy enough to raise them above the Condition of animated Clay. You, Sir, have tasted all the Blandishments that Life affords, and long ago might have been thought tired with the nauseous Revolution of the same Delights. You were never imperious in Authority, nor supercilious to your Inferiors: You drank without quarreling, and played without swearing; you repayed what you borrowed, and lent sometimes more than you could conveniently spare; you laughed at no Religion, though you never declared your own; every one by this Discretion thought you of his, because your Morality shewed you of the best. If you have not improved your Estate, you have spent it not ill, and have left enough to bury you. Methinks these Reflections might make your Mind more easy under your approaching Disunion. That you should chuse to live, (if it were in your Option) I do not wonder at, since your Life was a Pleasure to your Friends, and never a Trouble to yourself. But since Necessity seems to have determined your Fate, the radical Moisture quite exhausted, and the Glass, in fine, run out; why should you be anxious at the closing of a Period you have so gloriously protracted to a good old Age? Why cannot you calmly suffer what it is impossible to avoid, and not, by any Regrets or Reluctance,

ance, seem too desirous of what must not, cannot be? This were, by one Action, to tarnish the Glories of Fifty odd Years. I cannot see a Blessing on Earth worth your staying for; the eternal Vicissitudes of Things confirm you, that they were made to be changed, and that the Law of Succession would be violated, if you did not in your Turn make Way for a new Part to be acted. Shew the World you believed what you practised; since to die is the Consequence of being born, let the Scene be quietly shifted, and go calmly off the Stage. As you lived honourably, die so, and then you may expect to rest happily, and leave a good Name behind you.

L E T T E R VI.

To Colonel Rivers in Spain.

BEFORE this can reach the best of Husbands, and the fondest Lover, those tender Names will be of no more Concern to me. The Indisposition in which you, to obey the Dictates of your Honour and Duty, left me, has increased upon me; and I am acquainted by my Physicians I cannot live a Week longer. At this Time my Spirits fail me; and it is the ardent Love I have for you, that carries me beyond my Strength, and enables me to tell you, the most painful Thing in the Prospect of Death, is, that I must part with you: But let it be a Comfort to you, I have no Guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented Folly that retards me; but I pass away my last Hours in Reflection upon the Happiness we have lived in together, and in Sorrow that it is so soon to have an End. This is a Frailty which, I hope, is so far from being criminal, that methinks there is a Kind of Piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a State which is the Institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its Laws. As we know no more of the next Life, but that it will be an happy one to the Good, and miserable to the Wicked, why may we not please ourselves, at least to alleviate the Difficulty of resigning this Being, in imagining that we shall have a Sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the Steps of those with whom we walked with Innocence when mortal? Why may I not hope to go on in my usual Work, and though unknown to you, be Assistant in all the Conflicts of your Mind? Give me Leave to say to you, O best of Men!

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that I cannot figure to myself a greater Happiness than in such an Employment ; to be present at all the Adventures to which human Life is exposed ; to administer Slumber to thy Eye-lids in the Agonies of a Fever ; to cover thy beloved Face in the Day of Battle ; to go with thee a Guardian Angel, incapable of Wound or Pain, where I have longed to attend thee, when a weak, a fearful Woman. These, my Dear, are the Thoughts with which I warm my poor languid Heart ; but indeed I am not capable, under my present Weakness, of bearing the strong Agonies of Mind I fall into, when I form to myself the Grief you must be in, upon your first hearing of my Departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous Heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the Person, for whom you lament, offers you Consolation. My last Breath will, if I am myself, expire in a Prayer for you. I shall never see thy Face again. Farewel for ever !

L E T T E R VII.

An Epistle from a Wit.

MADAM,

I Must acquaint you, in short, that you must either pull out your Eyes, or I must pull out mine ; either you must not be so handsome, or I must be blind. Yet, though my Passion is as violent, perhaps, as any Man's, you must not expect I should either hang or drown. I should betray great Want of Sense, and little Knowledge of your Merit, to be willing to leave the World while you are in it. To deal sincerely with you, Madam, I choose infinitely the Happiness of living with you, before the Glory of dying for you. Besides, I have that good Opinion of your Sense, to believe you prefer the living Lover to the dead ; the Lips that are warm, to those that are cold ; the Limbs which have Motion, to those which have none. If I must die, Madam, kill me with your Kindness, but not with your Cruelty : Let me expire rather upon your Bosom than at your Feet. If you shall be tenderly inclined to give me a Death of this Kind, I am prepared to receive it on any Ground in the three Kingdoms : Appoint but your Place, and I shall not fail to meet my fair Murderer.

LETTER

L E T T E R VIII.

From the celebrated Mrs. Rowe, to the Right Hon. the Countess of Hertford.

[Written the Day before her Death.]

MADAM,

THIS is the last Letter you will ever receive from me ; the last Assurances I shall give you on Earth, of a sincere and stedfast Friendship ; but when we meet again, I hope it will be in the Heights of immortal Love and Extasy. Mine, perhaps, may be the glad Spirit to congratulate your safe Arrival to the happy Shores. Heaven can witness how sincere my Concern for your Happiness is : Thither I have sent my ardent Wishes, that you may be secured from the flattering Delusions of the World ; and, after your pious Example has been long a Blessing to Mankind, may calmly resign your Breath, and enter the Confines of unmolested Joy.—I am now taking my Farewel of you here, but it is a short Adieu, with full Persuasion that we shall soon meet again.—But oh ! in what Elevation of Happiness ! in what Enlargement of Mind, and what Perfection of every Faculty !—What transporting Reflections shall we make on the Advantages of which we shall be eternally possessed !—To him that loved us in his Blood, should we ascribe immortal Glory, Dominion, and Praise for ever ; this is all my Salvation, all my Hope. That Name in whom the Gentiles trust, in whom all the Families of the Earth are blessed, is now my glorious, my unfailing Confidence. In his Worth alone I expect to stand justified before infinite Purity and Justice.—How poor were my Hopes, if I depended on those Works, which my Vanity, or the Partiality of Man, have called good ; and which, if examined by divine Purity, would prove, perhaps, but specious Sins ! The best Actions of my Life would be found defective, if brought to the Test of that unblemished Holiness, in whose Sight the Heavens are not clean. Where were my Hopes, but for a Redeemer's Merit and Atonement ?—How desperate, how undone my Condition !—With the utmost Advantages I could boast, I should step back and tremble at the Thoughts of appearing before the unblemished Majesty !—Oh *Jesus* ! what Harmony dwells in thy Name ! Celestial Joy, and immortal

Life, are in the Sound!—Let Angels set thee to their golden Harps; let the ransomed Nations for ever magnify thee.—What a Dream is mortal Life! what Shadows are all the Objects of mortal Sense! All the Glories of Mortality (my much beloved Friend) will be nothing in your View at the awful Hour of Death, when you must be separated from this lower Creation, and enter on the Borders of the immortal World.

Something persuades me this will be the last Farewel in this World; Heaven forbid it should be an everlasting Parting! May that divine Protection, whose Care I implore, keep you steadfast in the Faith of *Christianity*, and guide your Steps in the strictest Paths of Virtue. Adieu, my most dear Friend, until we meet in the Paradise of God.

E. ROWE.

L E T T E R IX.

Mrs. Manchester's Recommendation of the proper Beauty-Wash, for a young Lady.

IN the Morning fair Water is to be used as a Preparatory; after which she must abstain from all sudden Gusts of Passion, particularly Envy, as that gives the Skin a fallow Paleness. It may seem trifling to talk of Temperance, yet must this be attended to, both in Eating and Drinking, if she would avoid those Pimples, for which the advertised Washes are a boasted Cure. Instead of *Rouge*, let her use moderate Exercise, which will excite a natural Bloom in her Cheeks not to be imitated by Art. Ingenious Candour, and unaffected Good-humour, will give an Openness to her Countenance, that will make her universally agreeable. A Desire of Pleasing will add Fire to her Eyes, and breathing the Morning Air at Sun-rise will give her Lips a Vermilion Hue. That amiable Vivacity which she now possesses, may be happily heightened and preserved, if she avoids late Hours and Card-playing, but not otherwise; for the first gives the Face a drowsy, disagreeable Aspect, and the last is the Mother of Wrinkles.—A white Hand is a very desirable Ornament; but a Hand can never be white unless it be kept clean: Nor is this all; for if the young Lady will excel her Companions in this Respect, she must keep her Hands in constant Motion, which will occasion the Blood to circulate freely, and have a wonderful Effect. The Motion

Motion I would recommend, is working at her Needle, brushing up the House, or twirling the Distaff. It was this Industry in our Grandmothers which gave *Kneller* an Opportunity of gratifying Posterity with the View of so many fine Hands and Arms in his incomparable Portraits.—A few Words more, and I have done.—Let her preserve an unaffected Neatness in her Apparel; her Fortune will permit her to dress elegantly; but her good Sense should always prevent her from descending to Gaudiness, which strikes the Eyes of the Ignorant, but disgusts those of true Taste and Discernment: Besides, Madam, your Daughter has many natural Charms, that she can have no Occasion to wear Cloaths that will attract all the Attention of the Multitude. She possesses more Beauties than she is acquainted with, which is no small Addition to her Merit; but how can it be otherwise, when she is your Daughter, and has your Example to imitate? I am, &c.

L E T T E R X.

On Trade; from a Linen Draper at Chester.

I Am a Linen Draper, and am proud that it is in my Province to serve many of the Fair Sex with Holland, Muslins, &c. but notwithstanding I make it my Study to please all my Customers, I had this Day the Misfortune to disoblige a Lady, by adhering too scrupulously to a favourite Maxim, *That Honesty is the best Policy.*

This Lady wanted some extraordinary good Holland, and pretended to have a great deal of Skill, and the nicest Discernment in Linen, which I could wish all the Persons had who come to my Shop. I very officiously strewed my Compters over with various Sorts, and told her the Prices of them; but none pleased her. I continued to shew finer, till I had quite drained my Compters; but still she did not approve of any. Being very studious to please her, I picked out a choice Piece of Holland, and justly recommended it for its Fineness; told her I would engage for its Goodness; that it was even, thick, and white; that it was a Holland of an excellent Fabric; with all the Eloquence of such like Drapery Terms: The very lowest Price I told her was ten Shillings *per Ell*; after all I could say, she found Fault with it,

it, said she liked it not, that it would not do, though she did not assign any one proper Reason for her Dislike of it.

Being conscious that this Holland very well deserved the Character I had given it, I was resolved to make Use, (in an honest Way) of an Expedient which is sometimes practised in all Trades: Whereupon, unknown to the Lady, I shewed her the very same Holland again, telling her, that it was an extraordinary Piece, and the very best I could pretend to put into her Hands: She asked the Price, I told her thirteen Shillings an Ell; she immediately blamed me for not shewing her that Piece before, saying, I like this very well; she ordered me to cut off twelve Ells, for which she paid me. I thereupon returned her thirty-six Shillings, assuring her it was the very same Holland I had offered her before at ten Shillings an Ell. I desired her not to have a worse Opinion of it, because I thought myself obliged to make a Return of that Money; and said, she should always find sincere Dealing from me: Upon which she told me, she would never come within my Shop. I answered, that I was very sorry her Ladyship should misconstrue a well-intended Action; that I was not willing to gain her Custom by defrauding her; and advised her rather to repose a Confidence in an honest Tradesman, than to rely too much upon her own Judgement.

J. WHITBY.

L E T T E R XI.

Miss Seymour to Miss Drury.

Bartlett-Grove, Sunday Evening.

I Am a thousand Years in Writing to my dear Miss Drury, but my extreme Inconsequence, and the little I can say worthy her Perusal, is an unanswerable Apology. News, the Life of Correspondence, has no Existence here. We have not even the common paltry Scandal of a Market Town to entertain us, but a perpetual unalterable Sameness takes Place of dear Variety.—Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, my Dear, think it Variety to see Half a Dozen Cows loitering about a green Field; and if, by Chance, a few Sheep, or an equal Number of grunting Pigs, embellish the Prospect, it is charming! Variety, *Charlotte*, is another Word for Happiness, even in such a low Species of it as this. I had not been here two Days, before these mistaken good People talked of the infinite Variety of the Place with Rapture.

And

And how, my Dear, do you think we come at the Sight of it? Why, up Mr. *Bartlett* drove us five Pair of Stairs breathless, and out upon a scorching Balcony; and there we were to strain our Eyes 'till they were ready to come out of our Heads, to see a few Spires of old Churches, and now and then the Glimpse of an undistinguishable Gentleman's House or two; Mr. *Bartlett* for ever hauling up one's Hand to be looked through, for the Advantage of the Perspective he says.

So down we came again, wiser undoubtedly than we went up, like a World of People that never think they have seen *London* fine Town 'till their dizzy wise Heads have turned round upon the Tip Top of the Monument.—If you will believe me, my dear *Charlotte*, I am fatigued to Death, and worried to Distraction, with seeing Nobody, and having nothing to do. Existence (you know) is insupportable in such a total Obscurity. There is not a human Creature to be seen, Male or Female, but the Servants of the Family, except the Letter Woman with the No-News, (and the No-Letters, I may say, from my dear *Drury*,) and now and then a Man with a Keg of *Newcastle* Salmon, and a Basket of Lemons; and yet Mrs. *Bartlett*, poor Dear (moping as this is) will sit, and smile, and read you such a Lecture, (like the Curate of the Parish, by the Hour) about the Country Air, and the Country Health and Exercise, and the Country Amusements; and says, how rational a Thing a Country Life is, and what an Enlargement it gives to the Faculties of the Mind; and, in short, such a *Canterbury* Tale of its Advantages, as if she really believed, that Towns and Cities, and all populous Assemblies, were a Sort of Disgrace to the Creation. Dear, says I, Mrs. *Bartlett*, amuse yourself and welcome, with the pleasing Melancholy of the shady Grove, and the Verdure of the Lawn, and the Murmurs of the crystal Rill, and the Varieties of the Wilderness, and the Garden Scene, from the rising of the Sun to the Moon-Light, but give me the dear Relish of Society for the Object of my tasteless Intellects! For I declare to you, that I do not find in myself Penetration enough to discover, why good Sense, and Parts, and Genius, and all human Accomplishments, are not quite as improveable at Places of public Resort, as in a Field, an Orchard, a Park, a Wilderness, a Warren.

E 5

Dear

Dear *Charlotte*, if you pity my Confinement, and my Solitude, restore to me the Sight of what is dearer than Conversation and Liberty, the Favour of your agreeable Correspondence, with

Your affectionate CHARLOTTE SEYMOUR.

L E T T E R XII.

Miss Drury to Miss Seymour.

London, Tuesday Night.

IT gives me Pain to inform my dear *Miss Seymour* that I have no Comfort for her Distresses. Yesterday, Madam, *Miss Moxon* and I, and Lady *Susan Lawson*, Mr. *Hartley*, Mr. *Dymer*, *Miss Popple*, and Mrs. *Bedingfield*, made a Party to *Ranelagh*. The Weather was hot and tiresome, and parched was I, God knows, like a roasted Chestnut. Mrs. *Dinsdale* and Mrs. *Bradbury* were under the same Operation of the Dog-Star, with a little Difference only to their Complexions; one of them looking like a Rose, and the other the express Image of a Rasher of Bacon. *Miss Bennet* had appareled her Nob in a frightful *Fanny Murray* Cap, and looked like five-and-forty; the Girl's Mistaken, if she thinks she may take the same Liberty with her Tapestry Set of Features, which the beautiful Dutchess of———may venture to imagine ornamental. Mrs. *Adcock* was in a pale blue and Silver Night-Gown; she was expected in Bombazeen—and it would have become her—The dear Colonel *Lovelace*, departed this transitory Life no longer ago than Saturday—There is no such Thing as Grief if Mrs. *Adcock* has a Smile at Heart—But I would not improve the Horrors of your Solitude with such a doleful Ditty of Reflections as crowd this Moment into my Imagination. After we had sailed about five hundred Times round and round that dear Round of Music, Love, and Pleasure—away we transmogrified ourselves to *Vauxhall*; and there, my Dear, you may tell Mrs. *Bartlett* we had the Felicity to see the Sun rise, red as Scarlet, and round as the Figure of a Wheel; but, I protest to you, dear Mrs. *Bartlett*, that the paler Blaze of Moon-light is to me the more agreeable Object, which People that go to sleep, *Sukey*, by Sunshine, are altogether Strangers to. About Two o'Clock, Madam, the Crowd of Go-to-beds had taken themselves away.

Lady

Lady *V. Consonant* was in the next Box to us, and sung like a Nightingale; and Mr. *Beverley* played upon the *German* Flute to that vocal Angel. Every Creature said he played delightfully; but he is my Aversion, and all he does indifferent. If the wooden Fool of a Flute could have given a Tune of its own Accord, I might, no doubt, have been in Raptures.—But the Atom is so satisfied with his own Applause, that he desires no Body's else.—So, my Dear, I think he is even with me for my Contempt.—There was nothing else worth recommending to your Notice, nor any thing, I believe, of the Wonderful and Uncommon, except that Shrimp, Beau *Randal*, with two of his awkward Sisters, and Mrs. *Partingdon* with her Husband. Do, dear Creature, continue to me the agreeable History of your present Life and Adventures; for I read it with such a Sort of Delight and Admiration, as my good Grandmamma does the Bible. Adieu, dear Miss *Seymour*, and remember your sincere and faithful

J. DRURY.

L E T T E R XIII.

Miss Seymour's Description of a Ball.

THIS whole Day I do dedicate (for my Eyes are scarcely quite open) to the Pleasure it always gives me to write to my dear *Charlotte*. Your two kind Letters deserve all Acknowledgment.—It is all over now! and I think a Ball, when it is over, only serves to torment one—and yet, whip it, there is a Satisfaction in reflecting on past Happiness—for what has been, you know, *Charlotte*, may be again.—So, *Drury*, you must know, that Mrs. *Islip's* Coach (but no Miss *Rumzey*, thank Heaven, in it) called upon Mrs. *Bartlett*, in order to go in Company to *Egerton Green*. Mrs. *Bartlett* was dressed in a white Lutestring Gown and Petticoat, and looked charmingly—and *Sukey Seymour* had on her Yellow and Silver, (never was but once at *Leicester-House*) and my Silver Tissue Shoes, and Diamond Buckles. Mamma, indeed, lent me all her Jewels the Birth-Night, and has never since offered to take them again: A dear Creature! But she hoped, she said, I would not be disobliged if she borrowed them of me one Day or other for herself. So, I suppose, she has not altogether reduced Mr. *Ashburnham* to Despair, though she tells me

again and again, and Time after Time, that she will never part with her Liberty any more.—Liberty, my dear *Drury*, only think of that; for what is Liberty you know, but the Indulgence of one's Choice. My good Mother, I believe, is more afraid of my Liberty, than her own. But that, you and I will take an Opportunity to talk of.

Violent was the Crowd of Coaches at *Egerton*; it was all another *Ranelagh*. The Bride was in a white Lutestring Sack, pincked, and full trimmed, and had four very neat Diamond Buckles to her Jumps, white Silk Mittens, and Sattin Shoes, braided with Silver Cord; but she neither became the Dress, nor the Dress her: She was the Image of a genteel Doll, and had about the same Degree of Motion; seeming (to use Mamma's Expression) to have lost her Liberty. The Bridegroom had on a frightful Purple laced with Gold, the express Figure of the Pulpit-Cloth which my Mamma gave *Dr. Bangrave*, and opened the Ball with Lady *Susan Lawson*, who is actually a fine Woman, and if she had less Affectation, would be more admired for her Beauty. Her Ladyship declining a second Dance, Mr. *Lawson* twirled the Bride into a Minuet, who moved as if absolutely she had no Joints, and, in Imitation of Lady *Susan*, calling no other Partner. Mr. *Lawson* singled out red *Lucy Benson*, with a dark Pair of new Eye-brows, but nothing else remarkable. Her second awkward Partner was a Foreigner, and was as foreign from the Dance as to the Nation, hopping about like a Water-wag-tail; I forget his Name, but it is something like the *Sier Hugglebach* or *Gubblebatch*, and of an uncouth harsh Business, as rough as a Nutmeg-grater. Mr. *Gubblebatch* shewed he had some Taste by taking out Mrs. *Bartlett*. The dear Creature began once more to look like herself, danced so easy, so true to the Music, so polite graceful and serene, whilst two Parts in three of the Company were ready to burst with laughing at her inimitable Contrast, the Gentleman with the hard Name. Sweet *Nancy Bartlett* (resolving not to make her Husband jealous of her Choice) picked out a frightful Figure, Mr. *Selkirk*, in Saxon Blue; the Man, *Charlotte*, was really tipsy, though indeed every Body said, he was never otherwise, and that was his Excuse. Out the insensible Creature singled, who but *Jenny Rowland's* nipped short Waist like a Honey-Pot, or Halfpenny Milk.

Milk-Maid: If the Gentleman had been really sober, he might have seen other Objects, without Spectacles, a little her Superiors. I cannot but say, I could have told him a little Tale of Pedigree, that might have contributed to his Discernment of who and what. Who do you think the Object chose next to give her lilly Hand to! Mr. *Appleby* of all People upon Earth. Hoop Owl, hoop, hoop, to thy Brother, thought I; for nothing was ever better matched since Dancing was created: But *Hob* fitted me for my Contempt, by seizing upon me, of all the Birds in the Air, and all the Fishes in the Sea, to be his lawful Prey. But I was secretly not displeased at it—for I was sensible, that I should appear to no Disadvantage after his former Maux, and was under some very disagreeable Apprehensions that Miss *Edley's* Tapestry Garment would have swept the Ground before me—Indeed, *Charlotte*, I entirely forgive him his Choice, for I had now an Opportunity of commanding the Hand of the invincible proud *Ardelio*. Mr. *Bartlett* had determined not to dance a Minuet, and begged me not to think of him. Indeed I shall, says I, Mr. *Bartlett*—but Faith I never intended it; for I hate, of all Things, *Charlotte*, to dance with a married Man: Go with them to a Play, or an Opera, or let them wait on me to *Vauxhall*, or *Ranelagh*, or so, but never chuse them for a Partner. One has no hopes of a married Man, my Dear, unless it is of getting rid of him—*Sally Leeson* and Miss *Finch*, eyed me most deliciously; for I love dearly to see Folks bursting with Envy.—They are in Hopes of sharing the handsome Fop.—But he is the most incomparable Dancer, and yet, *Charlotte*, he knows it so perfectly well,—but how can any Body be so accomplished without perceiving it themselves?—and yet I hate him too irreconcilably, because he danced Country Dances with *Sally Leeson*. Her Charms though, *Charlotte*, what Mortal could resist, elegantly attired as she was, in a large Pattern embroidered Gown and Petticoat, the Emblem of a worked Bed, and a frightful Pair of Shoes of the same, which, without Prejudice or Partiality, was unfashionable and bunting.

But the Bell rings, dear *Charlotte*, and I must run down to Dinner.—You and I write like *Clarissa Harlowe* and Miss *Howe*, only not totally in the same Strain—but in this, I believe, we all four agree, that next to the Conversation of a Friend is her Correspondence.

Sunday

Sunday Evening.

Though it should tire my dear Miss *Drury* (as I am but too conscious that it must) to read any farther Description of the merry Dancers *a-la-mode de Françoise*, yet I cannot for the Life of me forbear. But first of all, Madam, I must acquaint you, that Miss *Finch*, because she could not have *Ardelio*, mortified herself so charmingly as not to dance a Minuet, (and you know her Pride is a Minuet,) which gave me no small Pleasure, to be sure. She all the while affecting not to look disappointed, sat smiling from Ear to Ear, with much the same Sensation at the Heart as Children have, who are forbid to receive Sweetmeats out of good Manners.—Omit not, dear *Charlotte*, to be told, that Mrs. *Langford*, with her Colt's Tooth at Threescore, puddled herself into a Minuet, and squirmed round and round the Room like Madam *Catharina*: I thought her Clockwork never would have stood still; but it would have been a Cruelty not to have given the Eyes of the Assembly their full Swing of gazing on an Object so calculated to attract them. The next Female Figure was a Stranger, who came with *Sally Leeson*, the principal Original of a Group in Taste *a-la-mode*, immoderately short and clumsy, but so bedinized out with a Rainbow of Ribband, that she absolutely looked like a Map of my Grandfather's Estate, distinguishing Woods, and Lawns, and Rivers, and Parks, and Gardens, with a confused Interchange of Yellows, Reds, and Greens, with here a Patch and there a Patch, by Way of Coat of Arms and Dedication. After her was handed about the Room, by Way of Contrast, the squeezey Mrs. *Ellen Risborough*, contracting her Minuteness to a Shadow, with Stays big enough for Mrs. *Bartlett's Nancy*, a Child of five Years old, pinching her like a Pair of Nutcrackers. The Lady's well chosen Sweetening of a Partner was *Ned Sauderson's* Uncle, with a little tiny short Wig upon the Confines of a violent broad brimmed Face, as round, and as fat and frowzy, as a *Stilton* Cheese.—Then Madam, according to the Laws of Motion, stood up the incomparably erect Figure of *Sukey Beverly*, determined to shew the good Company, that though she was not altogether as sharp, she was as straight as an Arrow; for which Reason she fancied herself under a Necessity of looking all the while she danced, like a Walking-stick.—Her Powder-Monkey was *Dick Cummings*,

Cummings, ogling, winking, and nodding his empty Pate, as if he would insinuate a Belief, that he is perfectly familiar with his Partner; and when he gives you his disagreeable Hand, reaches it out towards you with an awkward Grin, as if you was his Wife. But my Name-fake happening to dance with her Eyes shut, all his odious Smiles and Glimmerings, (thank Heaven!) were thrown away upon her. But he succeeded better in a second, who watched him most deliciously. Mr. *Patrick's* humoured Family.—*Hopes of Ilchester*, whose real Name is Affectation. I thought, if her fiddling and swaddling, and foolish unalterable Simper, did not provoke the Country Dances to begin, nothing could. I waited with blessed Impatience for such a Turn of Affairs; for you know, my Dear, how tiresome Minuets are, when one has no farther Chance for a Share in them.

Do not expect me to describe this Part of the Scene so minutely as the former. It is difficult, *Charlotte*, to paint a Variety of Figures in a Group, and avoid Confusion, though one may venture with some Prospect of Success upon now and then a single Portrait, especially, my Dear, you know, when the Features are pretty coarse, and indelicate, as one may say.—In short, Child, you have already seen the grand Figures in the Show, the others are only Puppets of little or no Consequence farther than to make up the Number, which is an Essential to the Considerable and the Magnifique in such Sorts of Assemblies, I apprehend. My Punch (to use a Puppetical Expression) was a good, a bad, and an indifferent Sort of a Partner, well-made, and handsome enough, but with a Wart upon his Chin, about the Diameter of a Pea: Lifeless though, *Charlotte*, and over punctual, sprawling confusedly about at Right Hand and Left, and so afraid he should be out at the Beginning of a Dance, and so exact to do the Figure, and so sure to turn himself and me quite round, that I had really not so much Comfort of him, as I thought my Yellow and Silver entitled me to; and yet, to do him Justice, he was elegantly dressed, and Gentleman-like, but not the Gentleman I like, my dear *Charlotte*.—*Sally Leeson* had got away my *Ardelio*, and when one has not the right Partner, one has not the right any Thing. I was out of all Temper with every Body, but really no-body more than Miss *Finch* and Miss *Rowland*;
for

for Madam, they had taken it into their Heads to give hardly any Body the Honour of their Hand at Right Hand and Left, for fear, I suppose, they should not meet with a Hand of Quality in Return. I believe actually that *Jenny* thinks, because her Sister married a Lord, that she is a Woman of Distinction herself; but thank my Stars, I stood two Couple above her, and I am determined to take Place of her wherever I meet her, unless the People we visit are as ill-bred as Mrs. *Hartfield*, who knows no more about Precedence than an Innkeeper's Wife; with her first come, first served; I detest such Vulgarities. Miss *Leeson*, too, was not over and above guilty of Politeness: What, because she has an agreeable Partner, is she to give herself an Air when she has bounced down twenty Couple, to leave the rest of the Company till another Dance is called? That she did *Drury*, perpetually, and her vexatious Example was followed by five or six at once; she that makes such an overparading Rout about Behaviour: But such Sort of knowing Ladies are sometimes chargeable with downright Ill-manners, acting a little differently from Rules of their own making. Oh! now I think of that, *Charlotte*, be so good as to understand, that Mrs. *Compton* danced with the Rev. Mr. *Audley*, in a Perriwig as big as Judge *Mansfield's*; that Lady, my Dear, told us one Day at *Seymour-Bury*, that she was ashamed that Parsons could think themselves Company for Gentlemen; so it is to be hoped she thinks them at least Company for the Ladies. Lady *Susan Lawson* and Mrs. *Bartlett* were incomparably the greatest Beauties there; and Mrs. *Lawson* (who did not dance, for fear, I suppose, of incommoding her Finery) was the most brilliant in Dress and Diamonds, even to a Degree of Profusion, *Charlotte*; but I will tell you how she had managed it, my Dear. She had crowded in all poor Lady *Louisa's* Jewels, (her Son's late Wife) which are most elegantly set, with her own old-fashioned Breast-plate, in the Taste of the last Century; but they were full as distinguishable as Powder from Grey Hairs, or Mrs. *Pemberoe's* French Plate Tea-kettle and Lamp from a Silver one. Not to lead you a longer Dance, *Charlotte*, (for I think I have pretty well satisfied you) the Ball continued its Briskness and Vivacity tolerably well till about Eleven, when it began to dwindle from little to less, like *Jenny Widemansol*, that every Body says grows shorter, and

and shorter) and departed this transitory Life as the Clock struck Twelve. It was succeeded in Estate and Honours by a prodigious cold Collation, which made but a very indifferent Figure, at an immoderate Expence.

*So, Charlotte, have I seen (excuse
The Pertness of a Female Muse)
A Birth-Night stately Dame array'd
In aukward Gold, and proud Brocade:
Whilst near her plac'd an humbler Fair,
Of easier, less affected Air,
Could with superior Lustre shine
In simple Lutestring, or Tobine.*

Which is all at present (according to the common Phrase of Writing) from, Dear Miss Drury, your truly affectionate and sincere

CHARLOTTE SEYMOUR.

L E T T E R XIV.

*Miss Lenox to Lady Lonsdale, on the Grandeur of
Mrs. Obrien.*

Tunbridge-Wells, August, 1769

ENVY, Madam, has taken the upper Hand of Censure and Compassion. Mrs. Obrien is all that Heart can wish, the Joy and Admiration of the Pantiles. Sunday, Mamma, the Bride and Bridegroom, I told you, returned to the Wells. Monday Evening appeared at the Rooms in Splendor. Mrs. Obrien, in all the Innocence of a White and Silver full-trimmed French Sack, her Hair so dressed and powdered, with Jewels to the last Degree of Taste; but being deprived of that beautiful dark Shade, which she, when Sukey Paget, took great Delight to preserve the original Complexion of, I verily believe her Mother could not have known her.—Tuesday Mrs. Obrien was at the Concert, full of Rapture, (though formerly a Concert was her Aversion) her Opinion was asked of every Song and Tune, till she fancied herself so professed an Admirer of Music, that she sat beating Time with her Fan, like Handel at an Oratorio.—Wednesday, Mamma, a Breakfast was given by Mr. Obrien, and the Company treated (*O magnifique et galant!*) with Morning Salvers of Champagne.—At Night a Ball was opened by Mrs. Obrien, in the Extremes of
Dress.

Dress and Fancy—and, Yesterday, Mr. and Mrs. *Obrien*, gave an elegant Entertainment at the *Rocks*. The Report of their Magnificence exceeds vulgar Imaginations. Accept of it in the Piece, and do not, Mamma, expect me to retale it, like Ells of Muslin, for it would require a Volume to describe minutely the extraordinary Consequence and Figure.—The grand Equipage, a beautiful and exquisitely carved and gilt Chariot of Paper-Machée, lined with a pale blue Sattin, blue and Silver Lace. Attendants in Saxon blue Cloth, trimmed and faced with white, like Sir *Joseph Wenman*'s, with the Addition only of Silver Shoulder-Knots, and Point d'Espagne Hats. Mrs. *Obrien*'s Person entirely *à la Pompadour*, from the Crown of her Head to the Sole of her Foot. Her Air, Manners, Taste, Conversation, and Deportment, elaborately finished after the same fashionable Model.—Nothing in her whole Behaviour, Mamma, of a perfectly *English* Complexion, but a Forgetfulness of her Friends—and of herself. To me, indeed, she does vouchsafe the Compliment of general good Manners, especially if she sees me in Company with the Dutchess, or Lady *Mary*; but dear Mrs. *Morton* cannot obtain that Honour from her upon any Consideration whatsoever. *Sukey* was always one of the fashionable World, and could tell when it would be polite to know, and when not to know, her most intimate Acquaintance. But a Mrs. *Morton* ought always to be known. One Thing, Mamma, I had like to have forgot to tell you, which may possibly be of Service to you if you should design to write to *Sukey*. Mrs. *Finch*, the Milliner, waited on her with a fine *French* Gauze Suit, which she had ordered her to bring. But *Sukey* not being at her Lodgings, Mrs. *Finch* directed her Band-box to Mrs. *Obrien*. Mrs. *Obrien* ordered her Woman to bid the Wench take her Packet to those who sent it, for that there was somebody else of a Mrs. *Obrien* at the Place, and perhaps it might belong to her. So Mamma, if you do write, please to direct to the Honourable Mrs. *Obrien*.—Do not, dear Madam, believe me capable of pursuing poor *Sukey*, with such unkind Remarks in public Scenes of Conversation, even though I do extend Resentment so far as to communicate these Intelligences to you. But Mrs. *Morton* tells me I need be in no Pain about the Matter, if all the World was to know it, for she is very sure Mrs.

Obrien

Obrien will never look upon that as Obloquy or Reproach, which may contribute to set forth her Magnificence ; and if she should, I may satisfy, said she, my Scruples ; the severest Censure being much easier to be borne, than the Slight and Ingratitude of a Friend. My Cousin *Morton's* Reasonings have always their due Weight with me, and I (like all the World) am most inclined to think them agreeable, when they flatter my Vanities, and cover my Imperfections. A little Censure, *en passant*, is in one's own Eye an easy pardonable Fault ; but elaborate Detraction (I am afraid) will always be looked upon as an evident Breach of Charity. However, dear Mamma, as I have no Design (after *Sukey's* Death) of making my Letters public, I flatter myself, that I am as candid an Observer of her Life, and a much sincerer Friend to her Memory, than one of her Superiors has lately met in one of mine.

I am, with Duty and Love to my honoured Papa, and Sisters, your most dutiful Daughter,

ELIZABETH LENOX.

L E T T E R XV.

From Hortensius to his Friend Palemon, giving him an Account of his Happiness in Retirement.

I Write this while *Cleora* is seeking Knowledge from *Brookes's Art of Angling*, and with a Rod in her Hand is fishing by my Side, under the Shade of an Elm that hangs over the Banks of the River. A Nightingale, more harmonious even than *Strada's*, is serenading us from a Hawthorn Bush, which smiles with all the Gaiety of Youth and Beauty ; while

- - - - - Gentle Gales,
Fanning their odorif'rous Wings, dispense
Native Perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy Spoils. MILTON.

While I am thus enjoying the innocent Luxury of this vernal Delight, I look back upon those Scenes of Turbulence wherein I was once engaged, with more than ordinary Distaste, and despise myself for ever having entertained so mean a Thought as to be rich and great. One of our Monarchs used to say, " That he looked upon those
" to

“ to be the happiest Men in the Nation, whose Fortune
 “ had placed them in the Country above a High-Consta-
 “ ble, and below the Trouble of a Justice of Peace.” It
 is in a Mediocrity of this happy Kind that I here pass my
 Life, with a Fortune far above the Necessity of engaging
 in the Drudgery of Business, and with Desires much too
 humble to have any Relish for the splendid Baits of Ambi-
 tion. You must not, however, imagine, that I affect the
 Stoic, or pretend to have eradicated all my Passions : The
 Sum of my Philosophy amounts to no more, than to che-
 rish none but such as I may easily and innocently gratify,
 and to banish all the rest as so many bold Intruders upon
 my Repose. I endeavour to practise the Maxim of a *French*
 Poet, by considering every Thing that is not within my
 Possession as not worth having : Is it not impossible, *Pale-*
mon, to reconcile you to these un aspiring Sentiments, and
 to lower your Flight to the humble Level of genuine Hap-
 piness? Let me, at least, prevail with you to spare a Day or
 two from the *certamina devitiarum*, (as *Horace*, I think,
 calls them) from those splendid Contests in which you are
 engaged, just to take a View of the Sort of Life we lead
 in the Country. If there is any thing wanted to complete
 the Happiness I find here, it is, that you are so seldom a
 Witness to it. Adieu ! I am, &c.

L E T T E R XVI.

Description of an Assembly, taken from a new Novel.

Thursday Morning.

O Heavens ! such an enchanting Creature !—Ease, Ele-
 gance, Taste, Wit—A Form lovely beyond Descrip-
 tion—Eyes, Teeth, and Hair—And then the *tout ensemble*—
 O too much, too much in all Conscience—My half closed
 Wound bleeds afresh—Smote, irrecoverably smote—But
 listen—Went to the Assembly ; wretched Figures, Male and
 Female ; some Glimmerings of Taste though ; the former
 I mean. Divine Creature ! in a buzzing Whisper from
 every Mouth on my Entrance—The latter fluttered Fans,
 and bridled Chins ; Minuets began, Birth claims a Prece-
 dency in them before Beauty, two or three Damsels of
 some Quality had already exhibited, when in came—O
 Heavens !—No less than the—What Epithets shall I make
 use

use of, to convey an Idea of him?—Lovely, blooming, sprightly, animated, will these do?—No, he beggars all Description; but, in short, the angelic Apparition that has twice before disturbed my Rest, and now a third View, elegantly dressed, has absolutely completed my Distraction—With what a graceful Ease did he make his Entry, distinguished amongst the other Beaux by his superior Dignity of Aspect—He stood like *Saul* amongst the People—Every Female Heart in a Flutter, while Envy and conscious Inferiority sunk at once the aspiring Hopes of the surrounding Youths; the Master of the Ceremonies singled him out immediately, the Misses watched his Motions; we saw he was going to dance—But with whom—Fired with Ambition to be distinguished by an Object so perfect, every Eye was eagerly turned towards him, suing to be the happy one—He moved forwards. Miss *Charlton*, on Pretence of speaking to the Lady who sat on the other Side of me, endeavoured to prevent my being seen, by bending forward; but in Spite of her Efforts, it was not a total Eclipse; he saw, he flew to me with an Air of Transport—What was my Triumph when he led me forth!—Such a Minuet, and how many soft Compliments did he whisper as he led me to my Seat!—He stood by me some Time after it was over—I put him in Mind it was customary for the Gentlemen to dance two—He condescended to ask me to direct his Choice—I glanced my Eye towards Miss *Charlton*—Naturally compassionate, you know, I pitied the Mortification she visibly suffered on my being preferred to her; and, to make her some Amends, procured her the envied Honour of being his next Partner—Her clouded Countenance brightened up, Hope revived, and she tripped to the upper End of the Room with no ill Grace.—She really does not dance inelegantly—I was a little alarmed, when my Beau, on her resuming her Seat, asked me, in a Whisper, who she was?—I really felt myself blush, and was not half pleased with the Question—Heavens! *Dorinda*, had he chose her for the Remainder of the Evening, I should certainly have expired with Vexation; but my Apprehensions were groundless; my propitious Stars had decreed that Honour for my Ladyship—Could it be otherwise?—But I am apt to have too humble an Opinion of myself—I give frequent Proofs of that, you know—Well, we danced

danced Country Dances—Ease, Elegance, and Life, in all his Motions—The Men endeavoured at aukward Imitation: The Ladies forgot both Figure and Partner—Lost in the Pleasure of gazing at him, how ready were their Hands when his were offered!—On his Part, Smiles of Complacency; and, I believe, a gentle Pressure now and then, out of mere Compassion—The dear Creature! I will take my Death he is a charming Fellow!—Gave myself a few Airs; frequently sat down; too delicate to follow the Example of the robust Country Damsels—And then he talked, O Heavens! how he talked—Returned Home, totally engrossed by the Idea of my lovely Partner—Hardly closed my Eyes the whole Night; and when I did, saw *Hymen* lighting his Torch, and *Cupid* selecting his keenest Arrows; both employed in my Service—Charming Visions! When will they be realized? I have learnt the Name of my *Adonis*—Rather too effeminate an Appellation; but let it pass—His Name is *Montague*: A noble Name!—I could find in my Heart to change even that of *Stanhope* for it, were he to employ his Eloquence on that Head.

DELIA STANHOPE.

L E T T E R XVII.

A Caution against a sudden Intimacy or Friendship without previous Trial.

Cousin Jack,

THE present Crisis will not admit of my being so elaborate on the Subject, which is the Cause of these Lines. I hear that Mr. *Douglas* and you have lately contracted such an Intimacy, that you are hardly ever asunder; and, as I know, his Morals are not the best, nor his Circumstances the most happy, I fear he will, if he has not already done it, let you see, that he better knows what he does in seeking your Acquaintance, than you do in cultivating his.

I am far from desiring to abridge you in any necessary or innocent Liberty, or to prescribe too much to your Choice of a Friend: Nor am I against your being complaisant to Strangers; for this Gentleman's Acquaintance is not yet a Month old with you; but you must not think every Man, whose Conversation is agreeable, fit to be immediately treated as a Friend: Of all Sorts, hastily contracted

tracted Friendships promise the least Duration or Satisfaction; as they commonly arise from Design on one Side, and Weakness on the other. True Friendship must be the Effect of long and mutual Esteem and Knowledge: It ought to have for its Cement, an Equality of Years, a Similitude of Manners, and, pretty much, a Parity in Circumstance and Degree. But, generally speaking, an Opening to a Stranger carries with it strong Marks of Indiscretion, and not seldom ends in Repentance.

For these Reasons, I should be glad you would be upon your Guard, and proceed cautiously in this new Alliance. Mr. *Douglas* has Vivacity and Humour enough to please any Man of a light Turn; but, were I to give my Judgment of him, I should pronounce him fitter for the Tea-table than the Cabinet. He is smart, but very superficial; and treats all serious Subjects with a Contempt too natural to bad Minds; and I know more young Men than one, of whose good Opinion he has taken Advantage, and has made them wiser, though at their own Expence, than he found them.

The Caution I here give you, is the pure Effect of my Experience in Life, some Knowledge of your new Associate, and my Affection for you. The Use you make of it will determine, whether you merit this Concern from

Your affectionate Kinsman.

L E T T E R XVIII.

Dissuading a young Lady from turning Nun.

BESIDES that you are too handsome, I think, for a Nun—how can you, my dear little Hypocrite, pretend a Fondness for that Way of Life? Trust me, for all your flourishing about its serene Happiness, you would never repent but once if you was one, that is to say, every Day, and all the Day. It would, like Matrimony, be well enough for a Month or two; but for Life!—only think of that.—No Hopes of dear Variety; the same dull Scene over and over again. Intolerable! Thank Heaven, you are a Protestant; yet is there really any Fear? I do not know; you are an unaccountable Girl, and have some grave Whims now and then, that would give me Apprehensions, if you was a *bon* Catholic—conversing and living,

living, as you now do, with the sober Sisterhood, without one single Beau to set the crying Sin of Celibacy before your Eyes. A pretty Fellow, armed with Sighs and Vows, would soon put to flight those gloomy Ideas. Have you no handsome Priests among you, to enliven your dreary Solitude? no little Intrigues stirring, to divert your Friend with? no curious Anecdotes? no Scandal?—Impossible! I know you could, if you pleased, furnish me with a Thousand pretty Love-tales, as you are, by this Time, no doubt, a Confident amongst the Virgin-tribe. Do, my dear, transmit me a few of their Histories. You say there are some of them very handsome. How came they to be buried alive, like the Vestals? Perhaps it was the same Sort of *Faux-pas* that condemned them to this similar Punishment. As for the plain Damsels, they may as well do a Thing with a good Grace, and fly from Temptations, which they might receive without being able to give: Peace be with those whom Nature has furnished with the proper Requisites for Chastity.

L E T T E R XIX.

A Letter from Judge Hale, to his Children; on the serious Observance of the Lord's Day, which well deserves our Attention.

I Am now come well to ———, from whence I intend to write something to you on the Observance of the Lord's Day; and this I do for these Reasons; 1st, Because it has pleased God to cast my Lot so, that I am to rest at this Place on that Day, and the Consideration therefore of that Duty is proper for me and you, *viz.* The Work fit for that Day. 2^{dly}, Because I have by long and sound Experience found, that the due Observance of that Day, and the Duties of it, have been of singular Comfort and Advantage to me; and I doubt not but it will prove so to you. God Almighty is the Lord of our Time and lends it us; and it is but just we should consecrate this Part of that Time to him; for I have found, by a strict and diligent Observation, that a due Observance of the Duty of this Day has ever had joined to it a Blessing on the rest of my Time; and the Week that hath been so begun has been blessed and prosperous to me; On the other Side, when I have been
negligent

negligent of the Duty of this Day, the rest of the Week has been unsuccessful and unhappy to my own secular Employment; so that I could easily make an Estimate of my Successes the Week following, by the Manner of my passing this Day; and this I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long and sound Observation and Experience.

L E T T E R XX.

Miss Rowe to her Brother, to acquaint him with the Death of their Mother.

My dear Brother,

WHAT shall I tell you? How will you be able to bear the fatal News of the Death of our much honoured Mother, whose Loss is to me more bitter than Death, and will plunge you, I fear, into the deepest Sorrow? But the other Night she called me to her Bedside, and taking me by the Hand, said, "My dear Child, I am just going to leave you; a few Hours will bear me to the World of Spirits. I willingly resign you, my dear Charge, and your Brothers, if they are yet alive, to the Care of a good God, who will always befriend the Virtuous. I rejoice you are of that Number: If you continue as you have set out, you cannot fail of being happy. When you have an Opportunity to write to your Brethren, or shall see them, tell them I died with them on my Heart, left them a Mother's Blessing, and had no higher Wish on Earth than to hear they were wise and good. Alas, poor *Pamphilus*! would to God he was so: Were I sure of this, I should die perfectly easy. I hope *Ebulus* will return to you, and Heaven make you happy in each other. Farewel, my dearest Child! May Heaven preserve you wise and good; and when you drop a Tear to the Memory of a loving Mother, be excited thereby to imitate whatever you thought good in her. Oh! farewel." With these Words, the dear Woman resigned her Soul into her Maker's Hand, and smiled in the Agony of Death. Oh! my dear Brother, Grief overwhelms me; I can add no more, but that I long exceedingly to see you; that will be my only Cordial, to alleviate the heavy Loss of your affectionate Sister,

ELIZA ROWE.

F

LETTER

From Miss Middling to Cleora, on the Pleasures of Retirement.

MADAM,

IT is certainly better for yourself, and more for the Security of Mankind, that you should live in some rural Abode, than appear in the World; such Persons as you are fatal to the public Tranquillity, and do Mischief without ever designing it: But I must own when Belles and Beaux retire to Country Shades for the Sake of heavenly Contemplation, the World will be well reformed. A Hermit's Life might be tolerable while the serious Hours are divided between *Hyde-Park* and the Opera; but a more distant Retreat, in the full Pride of your Charms and Youth, would be very extraordinary. To be convinced by so early Experience, that Mankind are amused only with Dreams and fantastic Appearances, must proceed from a superior Degree of Virtue and good Sense. After a thousand Convictions of the Vanity of other Pursuits, how few know the Emphasis of these few Lines:

*Sweet Solitude! when Life's gay Hours are past;
Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last;
Toss'd thro' tempestuous Seas, (the Voyage now o'er)
Pale we look back, and bless the friendly Shore.
Our own strict Judges, our past Life we scan,
And ask if Virtue has enlarg'd the Span?
If bright the Prospect we the Grave defy,
Trust future Ages and contented die.*

Tickel.

Nothing, perhaps, is more terrible to the Imagination, than an absolute Solitude; yet I must own such a Retreat as disengages the Mind from those Interests and Passions which Mankind generally pursue, appears to me the most certain Way to Happiness; quietly to withdraw from the Crowd, and leave the Gay and Ambitious to divide the Honours and Pleasures of the World, without being a Rival or Competitor in any of these Advantages, must leave a Person in perfect and unenvied Repose.

Without any Apology, I am going to talk to myself; and what follows may be properly called a Digression.

Let me lose the Remembrance of this busy World, and hear no more of its distracting Tumults! Ye vain Grandeurs of

of the Earth ! ye perishing Riches and fantastic Pleasures ! what are your proudest Boasts ? Can you yield undecaying Delights, Joys becoming the Dignity of Reason, and the Capacities of an immortal Mind ? Ask the happy Spirits above, at what Price they value their Enjoyments ; ask them, if the whole Creation should purchase one Moment's Interval of their Bliss ? No :—One Beam of celestial Light obscures, and casts a Reproach on all the Beauty this World can boast.

This is talking in Buskins, you will think ; and, indeed, I may resign Crowns and Sceptres, and give up the Grandeurs of the World, with as much imaginary Triumph, as a Hero might fight Battles, and conquer Armies, in a Dream.

In the Height of this romantic Insult, I am, MADAM,
Your most obliged humble Servant.

L E T T E R XXII.

In the Stile of a Lady, by Mr. Pope.

PRAY what is your Opinion of Fate ? for I must confess, I am one of those that believe in Fate and Predestination—No, I cannot go so far as that ; but, I own, I am of Opinion one's Stars may incline, though not compel one ; and that is a Sort of Free-will ; for we may be able to resist Inclination, but not Compulsion.

Do not you think they have got into the most preposterous Fashion this Winter that ever was, of flouncing the Petticoat so very deep, that it looks like an entire Coat of Lutestring ?

It is a little cool, indeed, for this Time of the Year, but then, my Dear, you will allow it has an extreme clean pretty Look.

Ay, so has my Muslin Apron ; but I would not chuse to make it a Winter's Suit of Cloaths.

Well, now I will swear, Child, you have put me in Mind of a very pretty Dress ; let me die if I do not think a Muslin Flounce, made very full, would give one a very agreeable Flirtation Air.

Well, I swear it would be charming ! and I should like it of all Things.—Do you think there are any such Things as Spirits ?

Do you believe there is any such Place as the Elysian Fields ? O Gad, that would be charming ! I wish I were

to go to the Elysian Fields when I die, and then I should not care if I were to leave the World To-morrow : But is one to meet there with what one has loved most in this World?

Now you must tell me this positively : To be sure you can, or what do I correspond with you for, if you will not tell me all ; you know I abominate Reserve.

L E T T E R XXII.

*To Lady *** from Mr. Pope, on witty and serious Letters.*

MADAM,

I AM not at all concerned to think that this Letter may be less entertaining than some I have sent : I know you are a Friend that will think a kind Letter as good as a diverting one. He that gives you his Mirth, makes a much less Present than he that gives you his Heart ; and true Friends would rather see such Thoughts as they communicate only to one another, than what they squander about to all the World : They who can set a right Value upon any thing, will prize one tender well-meant Word, above all that ever made them laugh in their Lives. If I did not think so of you, I should never have taken such Pains to endeavour to please you, by writing, or any thing else. Wit I am sure I want, at least in the Degree that I see others have it, who would, at all Seasons alike, be entertaining ; but I would willingly have some Qualities that may be (at some Seasons) of more Comfort to myself, and of more Service to my Friends. I would cut off my own Head, if it had nothing better than Wit in it ; and tear out my own Heart, if it had no better Disposition than to laugh only myself, and laugh at all my Neighbours.

I know you will think it an agreeable Thing to hear that I have done a great deal of *Homer*. If it be tolerable, the World may thank you for it ; For if I could have seen you every Day, and imagined my Company could have every Day pleased you, I should scarce have thought it worth my while to please the World. How many Verses could I gladly have left unfinished, and turned into it, for People to say what they would of, had I been permitted to pass all those Hours more pleasingly ? Whatever some may think, Fame is a Thing I am much less covetous of than your Friendship ; for that, I hope, will last all my Life, the other I cannot answer for. What if they should both grow

greater after my Death? Alas! they would both be of no Advantage to me. Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can, while I live.

Now I talk of Fame, I send you my *Temple of Fame*, which is just come out: But my Sentiments about it, you will see better by this Epigram.

*What's Fame with Men, by Custom of the Nation,
Is call'd in Woman only Reputation:
About them both why keep we such a Pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.*

L E T T E R XXIV.

To a Lady who had lost her Beauty by the Small-Pox.

My dear Ophelia,

I Received yours, and rejoice too much in your Recovery to be able to condole with you on any Alteration your late Illness has made in you; and, indeed, how great soever it may be, am far from thinking it deserves to be mentioned with that Concern you express.—You have encountered Death, and foiled him at one of his sharpest Weapons; and if you have received some Scars, ought to look upon them rather as Trophies of Victory, than Blemishes.—What if your Complexion has lost some Part of its fair Enamel, and your Features are not altogether so delicate; the less Charms your Glass presents you with, the more you will find in your Closet; and, deprived of vain Pleasure in contemplating the Graces of your outward Form, you will have the greater Leisure to improve and embellish those which are not so easily impaired.

Let us pretend what we will, it is the Ambition of attracting Admirers, that renders Beauty of so much Value to all the Young and Gay; but, if we consider seriously, we shall find that it is Virtue, good Sense, Sweetness of Disposition, and Complaisance, of which the Girdle of *Cytherea* should be composed.—The finest Face in the World without them, will not long maintain its Empire over the Heart of a Man of Understanding, as the Poet truly says,

*Beauty soon grows familiar to the Eye:
Virtue alone has Charms that never die.*

Do not think, however, that I am glad to find you are more on a Level, than before this Accident, with the greatest

Part of our Sex : I confess, the Beauties of the *Person* greatly contribute to set off and render those of the *Mind* conspicuous, and for that Reason should lament extremely any Defect in the *one*, if I were not certain you had enough of the *other* to engross the whole Attention of as many as know you ; and that they may every Day increase in the Lustre of true Dignity, is the sincere Wish of, my dear *Ophelia*,

Yours, SOPHRONIA.

L E T T E R XXV.

*Bishop Atterbury to his Son at Christ-Church College,
in Oxford.*

[Containing some useful Hints in regard to writing Letters.]

Dear Obby,

I Thank you for your Letter, because there are manifest Signs in it of your endeavouring to excel yourself, and of Consequence to please me. You have succeeded in both Respects, and will always succeed, if you think it worth your while to consider what you write, and to whom, and let nothing, though of a trifling Nature, pass through your Pen negligently ; get but the Way of writing correctly and justly, Time and Use will teach you to write readily afterwards ; not but that too much Care may give a Stiffness to your Stile, which ought, in all Letters, by all Means to be avoided. The Turn of them should be always natural and easy, for they are an Image of private and familiar Conversation. I mention this with Respect to the four or five first Lines of yours, which have an Air of Poetry, and do, therefore, naturally resolve themselves into Blank Verses. I send you your Letter again, that yourself may now make the same Observation. But you took the Hint of that Thought from a Poem, and it is no Wonder, therefore, that you heightened the Phrase a little when you were expressing it. The rest is as it should be ; and particularly there is an Air of Duty and Sincerity, which, if it comes from your Heart, is the most acceptable Present you can make me. With these good Qualities an incorrect Letter would please me, and without them the finest Thoughts and Language will make no lasting Impression on me. The great Being says, you know,—*My Son, give me thy Heart*, implying, that without it, all other Gifts signify nothing.

Let

Let me conjure you, therefore, never to say any thing, either in a Letter, or common Conversation, that you do not think; but always to let your Mind and your Words go together on the most trivial Occasions. Shelter not the least Degree of Insincerity under the Notion of a Compliment, which, as far as it deserves to be practised by a Man of Probity, is only the most civil and obliging Way of saying what you really mean; and whoever employs it otherwise, throws away Truth for Breeding: I need not tell you how little this Character gets by such an Exchange.

I say not this, as if I suspected that in any Part of your Letter you intended to write what was proper, without any Regard to what was true; for I am resolved to believe that you were in Earnest from the Beginning to the End of it, as much as I am, when I tell you I am,

Your loving Father, &c.

L E T T E R XXVI.

From a young Lady in one of the Canary Islands, to her Sister in England, whom she had never seen; containing a pressing Invitation to her to come over, and describing the Beauties of the Place, in order to prevail on her.

MUST we for ever, my dear Sister, converse only at this unhappy Distance?—Are we born of the same Parents, to be eternal Aliens to each other?—I have been told Wonders of your Wit, Ingenuity, and Good-nature—Must Strangers, or, at least, very distant Kindred, reap all the Benefit of these amiable Qualities, while those who are nearest, and ought, methinks, to be dearest, mourn the Want of it?—They say there is a secret Sympathy between Persons of the same Blood, and I am sure I feel it; how is it then with you?—Have you never any of those Yearnings, those Longings, to see the Daughter of your Father and your Mother, which so powerfully agitate me in my daily Musings, and my nightly Dreams?—If not Affection, Pity should make you wish to be with a Sister, who stands so much in Need of your Assistance. You know, my Father's great Affairs suffer him seldom to be with his Family.—Death has deprived me of my Mother, and Devotion of her Sister; but she forsakes me only to join herself to her Creator; you have no such Plea: And as you are six Years older than myself, and of a much superior Understanding,

it is a Kind of Duty in you to be with me, to correct the Errors of my unexperienced Youth, and form my Mind by the Model of your own.—Believe me, I would be most obedient to your Instructions, and love the Precepts for the Teacher's Sake.—What can withhold you from coming to a Place where your Presence is so ardently desired?—What can you find so pleasing to you in a Kingdom rent with internal Divisions?—Where Father against Son, and Brother against Brother, maintain unnatural Contest?—A Kingdom, where Pride, Injustice, Luxury, and Profaneness are almost universal, and Religion become a Reproach to the Profession!—A Kingdom, sinking, by swift Degrees, into Misery and Contempt, yet infatuated so far as to doat on the Cause of their Undoing.—At least this is the Account we have of it.—Can this be agreeable to a Person of your nice and distinguishing Taste?—O, my dearest Sister! listen to the Dictates of Reason, of Duty, and of Nature, all join to call you from that worse than *Egypt*, into the Land of *Canaan*.—Here Peace and Innocence go Hand in Hand, and all the Graces, all the Pleasures wait upon their Steps.—No foreign Wars, no homebred Jars, no Envy, no Distrust, disturb the soft Serenity of these blissful Seats, but all is Harmony and Love.—Eternal Zephyrs watch our Morning Wakings, bringing ten thousand Odours on their Wings, and tempt us to the Groves from whence they spring.—In Troops we wander through the Jessamin Lanes, or sit in Orange Bowers, where Fruits ripe and in Blossom, charm our Smell and Taste.—Sometimes on Mules we take short Journeys to *Teneriffe*, and on the Foot of that stupendous Mount, recline on Banks of Roses umbrella'd over with spreading Myrtles:—Then change the Scene, and view the spacious Vineyards, where huge Alcoves of clustering Grapes hang pendant o'er our Heads.—Sometimes we roam through a long Gallery of stately Pines, whose loaded Boughs present to us every Kind of Fruit in one.—But there is no describing half the various Sweets which Nature, with a lavish Hand, pours on these Isles, which justly have the Name of *Fortunate*! Nor (I flatter myself) will there be any Need of farther Arguments, to bring you to us; my Father has just now informed me, that Captain *** carries his positive Orders for your coming, and I may now rest in an assured Hope of enjoying the Happiness I
so

so long, and so earnestly have wished; yet I am craving still more—and I would fain, methinks, imagine, if I could, that with your Obedience to our Father, some little Share of Love for me was mingled, and that you will embark with the more Readiness, by the Thoughts that you will embrace one who has so tender an Affection for you, and thinks it the greatest Blessing to subscribe herself, my dear Sister,

Your most affectionate, and most obedient Servant,
MARIA BOYLE.

L E T T E R XXVII.

Miss Lawson to Miss Molineux, giving her the melancholy Account of her Sister's Death.

Dear Miss Molineux,

JUST as I was setting out for *Cheshire*, in order to follow my Sister, I received a Letter from my Aunt, acquainting me that she was taken ill last *Friday*, and died in two Days after.—Yes, that lately so much admired, that splendid Beauty, is now reduced to a cold Lump of Clay;—for ever closed are those once sparkling Eyes;—hushed is that Voice that gave so much Delight;—those Limbs which Art has ransacked to adorn, have now no other Covering than a simple Shroud, and in a few Days will be confined within the narrow Compass of a Tomb.—Ah! what is Life!—What all the gaudy Pride of Youth, of Pomp, of Grandeur! What the vain Adoration of a flattering World!—delusive Pleasures,—fleeting Nothings, how unworthy are you of the Attention of a reasonable Being!—You know the gay Manner in which we have always lived, and will, no doubt, be surprized to find Expressions of this Kind fall from my Pen;—but, my dear *Molineux*, hitherto my Life has been a Dream; but I am now, thank Heaven, awake:—My Sister's Fate has roused me from my Lethargy of Mind, made me see the Ends for which I was created, and reflect that there is no Time to be lost for their Accomplishment—Who can assure me, that in an Hour, a Moment, I may not be as she is!—And if so, Oh! how unfit, how unprepared to make my Audit at the great Tribunal!—In what a strange Stupidity have I passed fourteen or fifteen Years; (for those of my Childhood are not to be reckoned.)—I always knew that Death was the Portion of Mortality, yet never took the least Care to arm

against the Terrors of it—Whenever I went a little Journey, I provided myself with all Things necessary, yet have I got nothing ready for that long, last Voyage, I must one Day take into another World:—What an Infatuation to be anxious for the minutest Requisites for Ease and Pleasure, in a Dwelling where I propose to stay a few Weeks or Months, perhaps, yet wholly regardless of what was wanting for making my Felicity in an eternal Situation! Reason, just kindled, shudders at the Recollection of that endless Train of Follies I have been guilty of:—Well might the poor *Berinthia* feel all their Force;—vain, gay, unthinking as myself, I tremble at the bare Imagination of those Ideas, which her last Moments must inspire, for I now faithfully believe with Mr. *Waller*, that,

*Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view
Who stand upon the Threshold of the New.*

Whether it was the Suddenness of her Fate, or a Letter she wrote to me not two Hours before her Death, I know not, that has made this Alteration in me; but of this I am certain, that I can never enough acknowledge the Goodness of that divine Power, without whose Assistance it could not have been brought about.

I shall make no Apology for this melancholy Epistle, because I am very sensible that whatever Concern you may feel for my Sister, it will be greatly alleviated, by finding I am become at least a reasonable Creature. I enclose you the Letter she sent, to the End you may judge with what Kind of Sentiments she left this World.—Heaven has, I hope, accepted her Contrition, and will enable me, as you will find she desires, to be more early in mine.

I am, dear Miss, your most afflicted humble Servant,
M. LAWSON.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Miss Lawson's Letter to her Sister, wrote a few Hours before her Death, advising her not to defer making the necessary Preparations for Futurity.

My dearest Sister,

BEFORE this can possibly reach you, the unchanging Fiat will be passed upon me, and I shall be either happy or miserable for ever.—None about me pretend to flatter me with the Hopes of seeing another Morning.—Short
Space

Space to accomplish the mighty Work of eternal Salvation!—Yet I cannot leave the World, without admonishing,—without conjuring you to be more early in preparing for that dreadful Hour, you are sure not to escape, and know not how shortly it may arrive:—We have had the same Sort of Education,—have lived in the same Manner, and though accounted very like, have resembled each other more in our Follies than our Faces.—Oh! what a Waste of Time have we not both been guilty of! To dress well has been our Study,—Parade, Equipage, and Admiration, our Ambition,—Pleasure our Avocation, and the Mode of our God—How often, alas! have I profaned, in idle Chat, that sacred Name, by whose Merits alone I have Hopes to be forgiven? How often have I sat and heard his Miracles and Sufferings ridiculed by the false Wits of the Age, without feeling the least Emotion at the Blasphemy!—Nay, how often have I myself, because I heard others do so, called in Question that Futurity I now go to prove, and am already convinced of! One Moment, methinks, I see the blissful Seats of *Paradise* unveiled;—I hear ten thousand Myriads of Myriads of celestial Forms tuning their golden Harps to Songs of Praise, to the unutterable Name.—The next a Scene all black and gloomy, spreads itself before me, whence issues nought but Sobs, and Groans, and horrid Shrieks.—My fluctuating Imagination varies the Prospect, and involves me in a sad Uncertainty of my eternal Doom:—On one Hand beckoning Angels smile upon me, while on the other the Furies stand prepared to seize my fleeting Soul.—Methinks I dare not hope, nor will the Rev. Doctor G*** suffer me to despair;—he comforts me with the Promises in holy Writ, which, to my Shame, I was unacquainted with before; but now I feel them Balm to my tormented Conscience.—Dear, dear Sister, I must bid you eternally adieu; I have discharged my Duty in giving you this Warning: Oh! may my Death, which you will shortly hear of, give it that Weight I wish and pray for: You are the last Object of my earthly Cares:—I have now done with all below, shall retire into myself, and devote the few Moments allowed me to that Penitence which alone can entitle me to a glorious Immortality. I die, your sincere Friend, and most affectionate and departing Sister, BERINTHIA.

L E T T E R XXIX.

To Miss Warburton, advising her to take Care of her House, &c.

AS you are a Tenant at Will in a very handsome genteel House, and are now capable of furnishing it in the politest Manner, ruling it by the strictest Maxims of Economy and Decorum, permit a Friend to give a few cursory Hints in an Affair of so much Importance.

Your Building is composed of some of the finest Materials I ever saw, and is so much the more liable to discover any Flaw or Spot that may accidentally touch it.—It is erected of a proper Height, a just Size, reared on a regular Plan, and finished with the most accurate Proportion.—On the Top stands an eminent Turret, furnished with a Room of globular Form, which I observe has two crystal Windows in the Front; these are so constructed as to be exceeding useful, as they command an extensive Prospect, and, if always kept clean and bright, will prove a very great Ornament to the House. I advise you not to look through them at every Object that passes by; be sure to shut them soon at Night, and you may open them as early as you please in the Morning.—On each Side I discover a small Portal to receive Company; take Care they do not always stand open, for then you will be crowded with Visitors, and perhaps with many such as you will not like; let them never be shut against the instructive Parent, the advising Friend, or the supplicating Orphan.—I took Notice of one Gate in the Front, at which all your Company goes out; let that generally be barred close; be cautious what Visitors you let out publicly, lest, by any of ill Character being seen coming from it, you draw a Scandal upon your House; it will be necessary, therefore, to lay a strict Injunction of Vigilance on your two Porters, who stand Centinels in Liveries of the deepest Scarlet, just without the Ivory Palliades.—I have seen some People paint the two Pannels, just below the Windows; but I would advise you to the contrary, for your natural Colours far exceed all the Decorations of Art.—This Part of the Edifice is supported by a Pillar of *Corinthian* Marble, whose Base is ornamented with two Alabaster Semi-Globes, over which is generally drawn a fine Lawn Curtain, of admirable Needle-work.

Beneath

Beneath is the great Hall, in which you have a small Closet of exquisite Workmanship; this, I suppose, is the Place of your secret Retirement, open to none but yourself, or some faithful intimate Friend.—I advise you to keep this always clean, furnish it well, make it a little Library of the best practical Authors, and visit it frequently, especially when you return Home from Church, or leave a Circle of Acquaintance, which you have met at the Tea-table: Let the Outside of the Hall not appear like an Hearse hung round with Escutcheons, nor like a Coach of State, bedaubed with Gilt and Colourings; but let it be plain, neat and clean, to convince the World that it is kept more for Use than Ornament.

You are sensible, Miss, Time effaces the Beauty, and demolishes the Strength of the noblest Structure, and therefore will not be surprized to find your little Tenement subject to the same Change: Doubtless, it has often wanted Repairs, though you have lived in it no longer, which are plain Intimations that the House will one Day fall—You may soon be turned out—the Landlord may give you Warning or may not—this is all uncertain—be ever ready to go when called upon, and then you will not be afraid to leave it at the shortest Notice—One Thing I would observe too, is, that when you quit the House, no other Tenant will inhabit it, but it will lie waste and in ruins; yet the Proprietor will some Time or other rebuild it for your Reception in a more durable Manner, with the same Materials, but so refined and modified, that it will be liable to no Accident or Decay; and as it is absolutely necessary that your Habitation be new reared in some other Place, I heartily wish it may be in a finer Country, under a milder Climate, and well sheltered from all Storms; then will your Situation be happy and honourable, and your Lease never expire.

Yours, &c.

ROBERT N.

L E T T E R XXX.

Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift, on Friendship.

I Have not these several Years tasted so sensible a Pleasure, as your Letters of the 16th of *January* and the 16th of *February* gave me; and I know enough of the Tenderneſs of your Heart, to be assured, that the Letter I am writing will produce much the same Effect on you. I feel my own Pleasure,

Pleasure, and I feel yours. The truest Reflection, and, at the same Time, the bitterest Satire, which can be made on the present Age, is this; that, to think as you think, will make a Man pass for romantic. Sincerity, Constancy, Tenderness, are rarely to be found. They are so much out of Use, that the Man of Mode imagines them to be out of Nature. We meet with few Friends; the greatest Part of those, who pass for such, are, properly speaking, nothing more than Acquaintance; and no Wonder, since *Tully's* Maxim is certainly true, that Friendship can subsist *non nisi inter bonos*, at that Age of Life, when there is Balm in the Blood, and that Confidence in the Mind, which the Innocency of our own Heart inspires, and the Experience of other Men's destroys. I was apt to confound my Acquaintance and my Friends together. I never doubted but that I had a numerous Cohort of the latter. I expected, if ever I fell into Misfortune, to have as many, and as remarkable Instances of Friendship to produce, as the *Scythian*, in one of *Lucian's Dialogues*, draws from his Nation. Into these Misfortunes I have fallen. Thus far my propitious Stars have not disappointed my Expectations. The rest have almost entirely failed me. The Fire of my Adversity has purged the Mass of my Acquaintance; and, the Separation made, I discover, on one Side, an Handful of Friends; but, on the other, a Legion of Enemies, at least of Strangers. Happily this fiery Trial has had an Effect on me, which makes me some Amends. I have found less Resource in other People, and more in myself, than I expected. I make good, at this Hour, the Motto which I took nine Years ago, when I was weak enough to list again under the Conduct of a Man*, of whom Nature meant to make a Spy, or, at most, a Captain of Miners; and whom Fortune, in one of her whimsical Moods, made a General.

I enjoy, at this Hour, with very tolerable Health, great Tranquillity of Mind. You will, I am sure, hear this with Satisfaction; and sure it is, that I tell it you without the least Affectation. I live, my Friend, in a narrower Circle than ever; but, I think, in a larger. When I look back on what is past, I observe a Multitude of Errors, but no Crimes. I have been far from following the Advice

* ROBERT Earl of OXFORD.

which

which *Cælius* gave to *Cicero*; *Id melius est statuere quod tutius sit*: And, I think, may say to myself, what *Dolabella* says, in one of his Letters, to the same *Cicero*: *Satisfactum est jam a te, vel officio, vel familiaritati: satisfactum etiam partibus, et ei Reipublicæ, quam tu probabas. Reliquum est, ubi nunc est respublica, ibi sumus potius, quam, dum illam veteram sequamur, sumus in nullâ.* What my Memory has furnished on this Head, (for I have neither Books nor Papers here concerning Home Affairs,) is writ with great Truth, and with as much Clearness as I could give it. If ever we meet, you will, perhaps, not think two or three Hours absolutely thrown away in reading it. One Thing I will venture to assure you of beforehand, which is, that you will think I never deserved more to be commended, than whilst I was the most blamed; and that you will pronounce the highest Part of my Character to be that, which has been disguised by the Nature of Things, misrepresented by the Malice of Men, and which is still behind a Cloud. In what is past, therefore, I find no great Source of Uneasiness. As to the present, my Fortune is extremely reduced; but my Desires are still more so. Nothing is more certain than this Truth, that all our Wants, beyond those, which a very moderate Income will supply, are purely imaginary; and that his Happiness is greater, and better assured, who brings his Mind up to a Temper of not feeling them, than his, who feels them, and has wherewithal to supply them. *Hor. Epist. i. lib. i.*

— *Vides, quæ maxima credis,
Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
Quanto devites, &c.*

Which I paraphrased thus, not long ago, in my Post-chaise:

Survey Mankind, observe what Risques they run,
What fancy'd Ills, thro' real Dangers, shun;
Those fancy'd Ills, so dreaded to the Great,
A lost Election, or impair'd Estate.
Observe the Merchant, who, intent on Gain,
Affronts the Terrors of the Indian Main;
Tho' Storms arise, and broken Rocks appear,
He flies from Poverty, and knows no other Fear.
Vain Men, who might arrive, with Toil far less,
By smoother Paths, at greater Happiness.

For

For 'tis superior Blifs, not to desire
 That trifling Good, which fondly you admire,
 Possess precarious, and too dear acquire.
 What hackney Gladiator can you find,
 By whom th' Olympic Crown would be declin'd ?
 Who, rather than that glorious Palm to seize,
 With Safety combat, and prevail with Ease,
 Would chuse on some inglorious Stage to tread,
 And, fighting, stroll from Wake to Wake for Bread ?

As to what is to happen, I am not anxious about it :
 On which Subject I have twenty fine Quotations at the
 End of my Pen ; but I think it is better to own frankly
 to you, that, upon a Principle (which I have long establish-
 ed) that we are a great deal more mechanical than our Va-
 nity will give us Leave to allow, I have familiarized the
 worst Prospects to my Sight ; and that, by staring Want,
 Solitude, Neglect, and the rest of that Train, in the Face,
 I have disarmed them of their Terrors. I have heard of
 somebody, who, whilst he was in the *Tower*, used, every
 Morning, to lay down on the Block, and so act over his
 last Scene.

Nothing disturbs me, but the Uncertainty of my Situa-
 tion, which the Zeal of a few Friends, and the Inveteracy
 of a great many Enemies entertain. The more prepared I
 am to pass the Remainder of my Life in Exile, the more
 sensibly shall I feel the Pleasure of returning to you, if his
 Majesty's unconditional Favour (the Offers of which pre-
 vented even my Wishes) proves at last effectual. I cannot
 apply to myself, as you bid me do ; — *Non tibi parvum
 ingenium, non incultum est*, and what follows ; and, if ever
 we live in the same Country together, you shall not apply
 to me — *Quod si frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses*.

I have writ you, before I was aware of it, a long Let-
 ter. The Pleasure of breaking so long a Silence transports
 me ; and your Sentiment is a sufficient Excuse. It is not
 so easy to find one for talking so much about myself ; but
 I shall want none with you upon this Score. Adieu.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXXI.

On Court Promises, by Mr. Gay.

AFTER every Post-day, for these eight or nine Years, I have been troubled with an Uneasiness of Spirit, and, at last, I have resolved to get rid of it, and write to you. I do not deserve you should think so well of me as I really deserve; for I have not professed to you, that I love you as much as ever I did: But you are the only Person of my Acquaintance almost, that does not know it. Whoever I see, that comes from *Ireland*, the first Question I ask is after your Health; of which I had the Pleasure to hear very lately from Mr. *Berkeley*. I think of you very often: Nobody wishes you better or longs more to see you. Duke *Disney*, who knows more News than any Man alive, told me I should certainly meet you at the *Bath* the last Season: But I had one Comfort in being disappointed, that you did not want it for your Health. I was there for near eleven Weeks for a Colic, that I have been often troubled with of late; but have not found all the Benefit I expected.

I lodge at present in *Burlington-House*, and have received many Civilities from many great Men, but very few real Benefits. They wonder at each other for not providing for me; and I wonder at them all. Experience has given me some Knowledge of them; so that I can say, that it is not in their Power to disappoint me. You find I talk to you of myself; I wish you would reply to me in the same Manner. I hope, though you have not heard of me so long, I have not lost my Credit with you; but that you will think of me in the same Manner as when you espoused my Cause so warmly; which my Gratitude never can forget. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged and sincere humble Servant.

L E T T E R XXXII.

From a Brother to his Sister, who received the Visits of her Lover at ill-judged Times.

Dear Sister,

YOU think you are going to be married, and I think you are, but we may be mistaken; and as you are conducting yourself, do not take it amiss that I tell you so,
the

the Consequences, should you be mistaken, would be very disagreeable.

When I left you last Night, I met Sir *John* in the Street; he told me he was going to you, and he pressed me to go back with him: This was near Ten, my Dear; an Hour by no Means proper for the Visits of any Man to a single Lady. Do not take what I say amiss; but I suppose this is the Case frequently. You do not know what you are doing. I believe Sir *John* a Man of the strictest Honour; and I believe his own Character and yours, and his Regard to me, would keep him from giving place to an unworthy Thought, while he is with you: But it is a bad Custom; and were I a woman, with what Knowledge I now have of Mankind, I do assure you, I never would suffer a Man, of whom I thought ever so well, to sup with me alone.

My Dear, take this as I mean it, friendly, and like a Brother. You may find something disagreeable enough to break the Match off; or something (though I do not think this at all likely, yet it is possible) may break it off on his Part. Dear Sister, if it should be on yours, you will be vexed that you ever allowed those Visits to a Man you find it proper to discard: and if it should be on his, those very Visits will make it necessary for me to enquire into the Cause.

I think I have set the Familiarity you allow him in a Light in which you have not considered: I am sure it is no other than a just and fair one; and I know I need not write any more about it. My dear Sister, use your own Understanding, and you will need no other Director.

Your most affectionate Brother.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

From a Husband in a remote Part of the Kingdom, to his Wife in London.

I Have the Pleasure, my Dear, to inform you every thing goes on prosperously in my Journey: I meet with great Success in the Business of it; and am treated with singular Respect among the principal People of the several Places where I come. Were it possible for me to be happy when I was absent from you, I must be very much so at this Time: But a Husband may be believed where a Lover would be suspected.

suspected. Indeed, nothing gives me a true Satisfaction that you do not share with me; nor have I the proper Taste of any Success, which I cannot communicate to you in all its Particulars. I hope you are well and easy. I have told you that my Affairs are most agreeably circumstanced, and let me tell you also, for I know that will be almost of equal Concern to you, that instead of being fatigued I find my Journey a Diversion. Pray take Care of your Health. Kiss all the little Angels for me; and tell them it will not be long before their Pappa is at Home again. I shall be at *Truro* on Sunday, and shall stay a Day or two; so write to me there. My Dear, farewell. Yours most affectionately.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

Mr. Prior to Dr. Swift.

Paris, 1713.

AS I did not expect, my good Friend *Jonathan*, to have received a Letter from you at *Dublin*, so I am sure I did not intend to write one thither to you; but Mr. *Rosingrave** thinks it may do him Service, in recommending him to you. If so, I am very glad of it; for it can be of no other Use imaginable. I have writ Letters now above twenty-two Years. I have taken Towns, destroyed Fleets, made Treaties, and settled Commerce, in Letters. And what of all this? Why nothing; but that I have had some Subject to write upon. But to write a Letter only because Mr. *Rosingrave* has a Mind to carry one in his Pocket, to tell you that you are sure of a Friendship, which can never do you Three-pence worth of Good, and to wish you well in *England* very soon, when I do not know when I am likely to be there myself. All this, I say, is very absurd for a Letter, especially when I have this Day written a Dozen much

* *Thomas Rosingrave*, a celebrated Performer in Music. When he arrived in *Ireland*, he played a Voluntary at *St. Patrick's Cathedral*, *Dr. Pratt*, then Provost of *Dublin College*, and the Dean being present. The Doctor, who happened to dine at the Deanery the same Day, was so extravagant in his Encomiums on *Rosingrave's* Voluntary, that several of the Company said they wished they had heard it. Do you? said *Swift*; then you shall hear it still: And he immediately sung out so lively, and yet so ridiculous an Imitation of it, that all the Company were kept in continual Laughter, except one old Gentleman, who sat with

much more to the Purpose. If I had seen your Manuscript *; if I had received Dr. Parnell's Poem; if I had any News of *Landen* being taken, why well and good; but as I know no more than that the Duke of *Shrewsbury* designs for *England* within three Weeks; that I must stay here till somebody else comes; and that brings me necessarily to say, good Mr. Dean, that I am like the Fellow in the *Rehearsal*, who did not know if he was to be merry or serious, or in what Way or Mood to act his Part. One Thing only I am assured of, that I love you very well; and am, most sincerely and faithfully, dear Sir, your Servant and Brother†.

M. PRIOR.

L E T T E R XXXV.

The Earl of Orrery to Dr. Swift.

Dear Sir,

Corke, March, 1736.

I Received your Commands, by *Faulkener*, to write to you. But what can I say? The Scene of *Corke* is ever the same; dull, insipid and void of all Amusement. His Sacred Majesty was not under greater Difficulty to find out Diversions at *Helvoetsluys*, than I am here. The Butchers are as greasy, the Quakers as formal, and the Presbyterians as holy, and full of the Lord as usual: All Things are in *statu quo*; even the Hogs and Pigs gruntle in the same Cadence as of Yore. Unfurnished with Variety, and drooping under the natural Dulness of the Place, Materials for a Letter are as hard to be found, as Money, Sense, Honesty, or Truth. But I will write on; *Ogilby*, *Blackmore*, and my Lord *Grimstone* ‡, have done the same before me.

I have not yet been upon the *Change*; but am told, that you are the Idol of the Court of Aldermen. They have sent you your Freedom. The most Learned having read a most dreadful Account, in *Littleton's* Dictionary, of *Pandora's* gold Box, it was unanimously agreed, not to ven-

with great Composure, and though he listened, yet neither shewed Curiosity nor Approbation. After the Entertainment, he was asked by some of the Company, How it happened, that he had been no more affected by the Music? To which he answered, with great Gravity, that he heard Mr. *Rosgrave* play it himself before.

* Of the History of the Peace of *Utrecht*.

† He was one of the sixteen.

‡ The Author of a Play, called, *Love in a Hollow Tree*.

ture

ture so valuable a Present in so dangerous a Metal. Had these sage Counsellors considered, that *Pandora* was a Woman, (which, perhaps, Mr. *Littleton* forgets to mention,) they would have seen, that the ensuing Evils arose from the Sex, and not from the Ore. But I shall speak with more Certainty of these Affairs, when I have taken my Seat among the Greybeards.

My Letters from *England* speak of great Combustions there. *Absalom* continues a Rebel to Royal *David*: The *Architophels* of the Age are numerous and high-spirited. The Influence of the Comet seems to have strange Effects already. In the mean time, here live we, Drones of *Corke*, wrapped up in our own Filth, *procul a Jove et procul a fulmine*. Heaven, and all good Stars protect you! For let the Thunder burst where it will, so that you are safe and unsigned, who cares whether *Persia* submits its Government to the renowned *Kouli Khan*, or that beardless unexperienced Youth, the *Sophi*. At least, the Vicar of *Bray* and I shall certainly be contented.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

Lady Betty Germain to Dr. Swift.

February, 1731.

I Like to know my Power (if it is so) that I can make you uneasy at my not writing; though I shall not often care to exert it, lest you should grow weary of me and my Correspondence; but the Slowness of my Answers does not come from the Emptiness of my Heart, but the Emptiness of my Head; and that you know is Nature's Fault, not mine. I am not learned enough to know *non credo* has been so long in Fashion; but every Day convinces me more of the Necessity of it; not but that I often wish against myself, as *per* Example, I would fain believe you are coming to *England*, because most of your Acquaintance tell me so; and yet turn, and wind, and sift your Letters to find any thing like it being true; but instead of that, there I find a Law Suit, which is a worse Tie by the Leg than your Lameness. And pray what is "this Hurt above my Heel?" Have you had a Fellow-feeling with my Lord Lieutenant*, of the Gout, and call it a Sprain as he does? who has *lain*†

* The Duke of *Dorset*.

† This seems to be humourously made the Participle of *lie*, *mentior*.
so

so long and often to disguise it, that I verily think he has not a new Story left. Does he do the same in *Ireland*; for there I hoped he would have given a better Example?

I find you are grown a horrid Flatterer, or else you could never have thought of any thing so much to my Taste as this Piece of Marble you speak of for my Sister *Penelope**, which I desire may be at my Expence. I cannot be exact neither as to the Time, nor Year, but she died soon after we came there, and we did not stay quite two Years, and were in *England* some Months before King *William* died. I wish I had my Dame *Wadgar*'s, or Mr. *Ferrers*'s Memorandum Head, that I might know whether it was at the Time † of Gooseberies.

Surely your *Irish* Air is very bad for Darts; if Mrs. *Kelly*'s are blunted already, make her cross Father let her come over, and we will not use her so in *England*. If my Dutcheſs ‡ sees Company in a Morning, you need not grumble at the Hour; it must be purely from great Complaisance, for that never was her Taste here, though she is as early a Riser as the Generality of Ladies are; and, I believe, there are not many Dressing Rooms in *London*, but mine, where the early Idle come.

Adieu abruptly; for I will have no more formal humble Servants, with your whole Name at the Bottom, as if I was asking you your Catechism.

* Lady *Penelope Berkeley* died in *Dublin*, whilst her Father was in the Government, and was interred in *St. Andrew's Church* under the Altar. No Monument was erected to her Memory till about this Time, when Dr. *Swift* caused a Plate of black Marble to be fixed on the Wall, over the Altar Piece, with this Inscription;

“ Underneath lieth the Body of the Lady *Penelope Berkeley*,
“ Daughter of the Right Honourable *Charles Earl of Berkeley*.
“ She died *September the 3d, 1699.*”

† In the Petition of *Frances Harris* to the Lords Justices, upon losing her Purse, there are these Verses.

*Yes, says she, the Steward I remember, when I was at my Lady Shrewsbury's,
Such a Thing as this happened just about the Time of Gooseberies.*

This Steward, was Mr. *Ferrers*; and Dame *Wadgar*, was the old deaf Housekeeper in Lord *Berkeley's* Family, when he was one of the Lords Justices of *Ireland*.

‡ The Dutcheſs of *Dorset*.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXXVII.

A friendly chiding Epistle.

I Was never passionately fond of the Country, but you have made me hate it. You know my Nature jealous, and I cannot help considering *Maidenball* as a beloved Rival, who monopolizes all your Time; yet, like a true Woman, I sincerely long to see it, not to admire but to depreciate all its Charms; though much I fear there will be no room for Envy so to work, for I am apt to think that whatever you design and execute must be perfect.

I have a great Mind, if I thought it would vex you, not to write to you this Month, for your failing to answer my *Tuesday's* Letter; but I will believe you did not receive it Time enough, for I dare hope you would not fail me in a Matter of Business. You may see by this that my Spirits are much recovered; for, when they are low, I am always humble and desponding.

You say that I never did, nor ever will do any thing you recommend to me, and I am piqued into a Principle of Contradiction, and resolved—not to do any thing henceforward, but what you desire. In short, you vile Men have strange Ways with us poor Women, and you want but Power to be most admirable Tyrants.

I must repeat what I have often told you, that I never took ill any Advice you gave me; for I could not be such a Child as to misinterpret the Kindness of your Design, though I might be feeble enough to resent the Harshness of your Discipline. I have, from my Infancy, been used to a fatal Delicacy: Fatal indeed to me, as it has enervated every Faculty of my Soul, and superadded a thousand tender Weaknesses to the weakest of the weaker Sex: You were yourself, my dear *Harry*, as the Lawyers term it, “Accessary after the Fact,” and helped to augment this Foible in me, perhaps beyond a Cure. The Tenderness of your Manners, the Fondness of your Expressions, and the Softness of your Letters, joined to render my weak Mind more delicate. It is true, that from the transitory State of sublunary Things, I ought to know that our Passions are as variable as the Moon,

Which monthly changes in her circling Orb,

and

and that we should not depend on the Tempers or Affections of Men, which can ebb and flow as frequent as the Sea :

*But bid Physicians preach our Veins to Temper,
And with an Argument new set a Pulse, &c.*

I acknowledge myself obliged for the friendly Concern you express at my Want of Health.—But, for Heaven's Sake, why need you be so anxious to divest yourself of that little Tenderneſs which remains for me? At your Time of Life to ſet up for a *Stoic* is ſomething extraordinary indeed, and, without aſſuming that inſenſate Apathy which they pretend to, I cannot conceive what Glory you can find in an affected Inſenſibility for one, who feels the tenderest Friendſhip and Eſteem for you. Adieu.

JANE MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

On Love and Friendſhip.

HALF angry, half pleaſed, with my dear *Harry's* ſprightly Epistle,—I am quite divided, whether I ſhould make any Reply to it, or not; but I have ſtill ſo much Regard left for you, as to wiſh to convince you that your Opinion is quite erroneous. Love, which is not founded on Eſteem, can neither be real, nor permanent; it is only the Effect of a wanton Caprice, and is more likely to terminate in Diſguſt than Friendſhip. Pure Love, like pure Gold, cannot ſubſiſt without an Alloy, which, though it debaſes the ideal Value, enhances the true one, by making them both (Love and Gold) more fixed, and fit for Uſe; and I dare answer for it, that the Love which does not begin in Friendſhip will never end there. But Friendſhip is independent, requires no Mixture, no Alloy; its Purity, contrary to the Nature of Gold, is its Strength and Stability; nor is without its Elevations and Transports; the mutual Contemplation of Truth, and the Communication of Knowledge, being higher Enjoyments than mortal Senſe is capable of; and, as *Young* ſays, upon this Subject,

*True Friendſhip warms, it raiſes, it transports,
Like Muſic, pure the Joy, without Alloy;*

Whoſe

*Whose very Rapture is Tranquillity ;
But Love, like Wine, gives a tumultuous Bliss,
Heighten'd indeed beyond all mortal Pleasures,
But mingles Pangs and Madness in the Bowl.*

As Friendship, then, is independent of Love, and self-sufficient in its own Nature, why may it not subsist, from its own Purity, between Persons of different Sexes? tho' with the Advantage of more Delicacy on one Side, and more Respect on the other, which is more likely to make Friendship lasting than that Freedom and Equality, which is generally between male Friends. This *Platonic* Love, which I am describing, is of the Nature of that Affection, which subsists between Father and Daughter, Brother and Sister, which consists of such a guardian Benevolence on one Side, and such a Gratitude on the other, as makes the most charming Society in the World.

Recant, thou Prophane! nor offend me again, by so much as hinting at that Love, which is independent of Friendship. Adieu. JANE MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

Duchess of Queensberry to Dr. Swift, on the Conduct of Youth when entering the World.

Dear SIR,

London, March, 1733.

IF ever Lying was necessary, I fear it is so at present; for no Truth can furnish me with sufficient Excuse for not having writ long ago; therefore I have been strongly tempted to disown having received any Return to my Letters, which I wrote to you since my Return to these Parts; but upon more mature Deliberation, I have convinced myself, that it is better rather to confess my Fault, than to give you any Handle to suspect my Truth for the future. I wish every Body was as timorous as myself, and then Lying and Deceit would never be so much in the Fashion, as it has and will be for many Ages past and to come. I remember you once told me, always to sit down to write when I was in good Health and good Humour; neither of them have been perfect for some Time. The first has been interrupted by perpetual Colds, and Pains in my Face and Teeth. My Temper, by these trying Truths which I

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am about to tell you, *viz.* a Journey to *Scotland*, where we have been going every Week, and every Day since *Christmas*; the Uncertainty of which, and being consequently unsettled, is even worse than the Thing itself. This is not all; by these Means I have been obliged to send a little Boy (who has been my constant Companion ever since he was born, and who is not seven Years old till next *July*) to School, a full Year before it was necessary or proper. The doing this, I own, has damped my Spirits more than was reasonable, though it was by his own Desire; and that I am persuaded he is well taken Care of, both by the Master and his own Brother, who is fond of him; and so would you be, if you knew him; for he has more Sense than above half the World. The other is a fine Boy, and grown very strong and healthy. I am much obliged to you for reproving me, that I did not tell you so before. I am in great Hopes to live to see them both Men; therefore pray advise me what to do with them after they have gone through the School; for I imagine that just then is the most difficult Part of their Education. Mr. *Locke*, with whom I cannot help differing in some Things, makes a full Stop there; and I never heard of any other that ever mentioned, or at least published any Helps for Children at that Time of Life, which I apprehend to be the most material.

There is a good deal of Impertinence in filling two Sides of Paper about me and mine; but I own, at present, my whole Thoughts are so much employed on the latter, that I involuntarily think and talk of little else. To-morrow will be acted a new Play of our Friend Mr. *Gay's* *; we stay on Purpose now for that, and shall go on *Thursday* for *Edinburgh*, where the greatest Good I can expect, or hope for, is a Line from you. We shall deposite our Guineas for Mrs. *Barber* with Mr. *Pope*, or my Brother. I wish you all Health and Prosperity. I will not wish you devoid of all Trouble and Vexation, because I think a moderate Share is a great Encouragement to good Spirits;

* It was intituled, *Achilles, an Opera*, and was represented at the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, but without Success. It was written in the Manner of the *Beggar's Opera*, and contained a ludicrous Representation of the Discovery of *Achilles* by *Ulysses*.

but may you never meet with more than is absolutely necessary to be pleasant.

Adieu, Sir. If you will oblige me, you must do me the Justice to believe I am your most faithful Friend, &c.

L E T T E R XL.

To a Friend against Waste of Time.

Dear SIR,

CONVERSE often with yourself, and neither lavish your Time, nor suffer others to rob you of it. Many of our Hours are stolen from us, and others pass insensibly away; but of both these Losses, the most shameful is that which happens through our own Neglect. If we take the Trouble to observe, we shall find that one considerable Part of our Life is spent in doing Evil, and the other in doing nothing, or in doing what we should not do. We do not seem to know the Value of Time, nor how precious a Day is; nor do we consider, that every Moment brings us nearer to our End. Reflect upon this, I entreat you, and keep a strict Account of Time. Procrastination is the most dangerous Thing in Life. Nothing is properly ours but the Instant we breathe in, and all the rest is nothing; it is the only Good we possess; but then it is fleeting, and the first Comer robs us of it. Men are so weak, that they think they oblige by giving of Trifles, and yet reckon that Time as nothing, for which the most grateful Person in the World can never make Amends. I am, &c.

L E T T E R XLI.

From a Lady to her Niece, on the Subject of Dress.

Dear Jenny,

I Am much of your Opinion, that the Make of a Woman's Mind greatly contributes to the Ornament of her Body. Behold Lady Dawson, she has the largest Share of Simplicity of Manners perhaps in her whole Sex. This makes every thing look native about her; and her Cloaths are so exactly fitted that they appear as it were Part of her Person. Every one that sees her takes her to be of Quality; but her Distinction is owing to her Manner, and not to her Habit. Her Beauty is full of Attraction, but not of

Allurement: There is such a Composure in her Looks, and Propriety in her Dress, that you would think it impossible she should change the Garb you one Day see her in, for any thing so becoming, till you next Day see her in another. There is no Mystery in this, but that, however she is apparelled, she is herself the same; for there is so immediate a Relation between our Thoughts and Gestures, that a Woman must think well to look well. This I have no Doubt of your endeavouring to do, my Dear; which will give the utmost Satisfaction to

Your affectionate Aunt, J. SOMERSET.

L E T T E R XLII.

From a Father to his Son, just beginning the World.

Dear Billy,

AS you are now beginning Life, as it were, and will probably have considerable Dealings in your Business, the frequent Occasions you will have for Advice from others, will make you desirous of singling out among your most intimate Acquaintance one or two, whom you would view in the Light of Friends.

In the Choice of these, your utmost Care and Caution will be necessary; for, by a Mistake here, you can scarcely conceive the fatal Effects you may hereafter experience. Wherefore it will be proper for you to make a Judgement of those who are fit to be your Advisers by the Conduct they have observed in their *own Affairs*, and the *Reputation* they bear in the World. For he who has by his own Indiscretions undone himself, is much fitter to be set up as a Landmark for a prudent Mariner to shun his Courses, than an Example to follow.

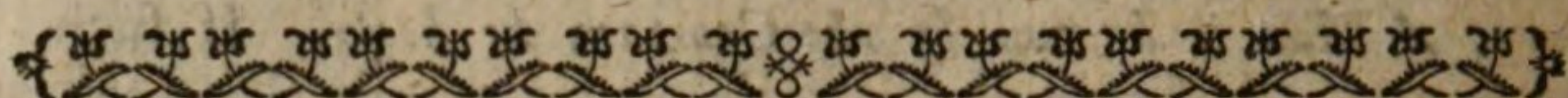
Old Age is generally slow and heavy, Youth headstrong and precipitate; but there are old Men who are full of Vivacity, and young Men replete with Discretion; which makes me rather point out the Conduct, than the Age of the Persons with whom you should chuse to associate; though, after all, it is a never-failing good Sign to me of Prudence and Virtue in a young Man, when his Seniors chuse his Company, and he delights in theirs.

Let your Endeavours therefore be, at all Adventures, to consort yourself with Men of Sobriety, good Sense,
and

and Virtue; for the Proverb is an unerring one, that says, *A Man is known by the Company he keeps.* If such Men you can single out, while you improve by their Conversation, you will benefit by their Advice; and be sure remember one Thing, that though you must be frank and unreserved in delivering your Sentiments, when Occasions offer, yet that you be much readier to hear than speak; for to this Purpose it has been significantly observed, *That Nature has given a Man two Ears, and but one Tongue.* Lay in therefore by Observation, and a modest Silence, such a Store of Ideas, that you may, at their Time of Life, make no worse Figure than they do; and endeavour to benefit yourself rather by other People's Ills than your own. How must those young Men expose themselves to the Contempt and Ridicule of their Seniors, who, having seen little or nothing of the World, are continually shutting out, by open Mouths and closed Ears, all Possibility of Instruction, and making vain the principal End of Conversation, which is Improvement! A silent young Man generally makes a wise old one, and never fails of being respected by the best and most prudent Men. When therefore you come among Strangers, hear every one speak before you deliver your own Sentiments; by this Means you will judge of the Merit and Capacities of your Company, and avoid exposing yourself, as I have known many do, by shooting out hasty and inconsiderate Bolts, which they would have been glad to recall; when perhaps a silent Genius in Company, has burst out upon them with such Observations as have struck Consciousness and Shame into the forward Speaker, if he has not been quite insensible of inward Reproach.

I have thrown together, as they occurred, a few Thoughts, which may suffice for the present to shew my Care and Concern for your Welfare. I hope you will constantly, from Time to Time, communicate to me whatever you may think worthy of my Notice, or in which my Advice may be of Use to you; for I have no Pleasure in this Life equal to that which the Happiness of my Children gives me. And of this you may be assured; for I am, and ever must be, your affectionate Father.

END of the SECOND PART.



The COMPLETE
ART of WRITING LETTERS.

PART III.

LETTERS on COURTSHIP, MARRIAGE, &c.

L E T T E R I.

A. Hill, *Esq*; to the Lady he afterwards married.

W HAT shall I do, my loveliest, dearest, never to be forgotten, never to be obtained ***? What Language shall I find to represent the Situation of a Heart so fixed, yet so divided? Respectful to your Will, even when it bids me be unhappy, I have tried the two Extremes, of Business, and of Solitude. But, still I saw you, in the Midst of Crowds, where nothing in the least resembled you; still met in Retirement, so cut off from the surrounding World, that scarce an Object entered, but the Image of your Sweetness.

In every Place you interpose the silent Influence of a Form, that was not made to be forgotten: And it would be all in vain; should I retreat to the World's utmost Limits, you would be with me there, my Meditation and my Prospect. You only have engrossed my Heart; you only must engage my Senses.

I hear, at my Return, new Instances of your great Goodness, (who never meant to give a Pain, yet do it, while you Pity.)—Why are you so severely Kind, to suffer me to think of seeing you? How can I bear the Trial of so anxious a Delight? It will be Transport mixed with Misery, too touching to be wisely covered, and too serious to be safely hazarded.—If Absence cannot screen me, how is it possible I should sustain the thousand Dangers of your Converse? When I must compare my Sense of what I see
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and feel in your Society, with my Remembrance that it is a Bliss, you have forbidden me the greatest Claim to.

And yet, what Ease, what Mitigation, can I hope in Distance?—On one Side it is Despair, and on the other, Agony.—I know not how I ought to act. I am unable to support your Presence, under a Sense of the Restraint you bind me to. I am more unable to support my Life, made tasteless to me by your Absence.

What was there, most desirable, and most faultless, yet most cold ***? What could you apprehend in my Solicitation, that deserved a Prohibition of such Consequence to my Felicity?—My Passion was no light Effect of Suddenness, or Fancy: It had its Birth from your experienced Excellence; its Growth from my Reflection, and my Judgment.—I endeavoured to suppress it, long before you had the least Idea of my feeling it; because I feared I could not give you back that Happiness I should have owed you: I mean, that sympathetic, infelt Happiness, the Happiness of Minds; for Fortune cannot furnish it.—I therefore had no Thought of yours, unless to have enlarged it.—That would indeed have been my Study and my Pride;—for though I shun all Gaiety myself, I know you born for shining.—I made it my Entreaty, that you would, by proper previous Settlements, have cut off, from my Claim, all Right, but to your Mind, and Person. There only lay the Treasure of my Hopes—there only, the Ambition of my Purpose.

But I am in the wrong, perhaps, to dwell upon this Subject, since you wish me to decline it.—Forgive me the restless Discomposure—and, may you long live undisturbed, and happy!—Permit me, only, to remember, and to love you; and to carry on, to Death, this dear, unalterable Consciousness, of soft respectful Tendernefs, so due, from, MADAM, your everlasting devoted Servant,

A. HILL.

L E T T E R II.

From a young Lady to her Father, acquainting him with a Proposal of Marriage made to her.

Honoured SIR,

AS young Mr. Lovewell, whose Father, I am sensible, is one of your intimate Acquaintance, has, during your

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Absence

Absence in the Country, made an open Declaration of his Passion for me, and prest me closely to comply with his Overtures of Marriage, I thought it my Duty to decline all Offers of that Nature, however advantageous they might seem to be, 'till I had your Thoughts on so important an Affair; and I am absolutely determined either to discourage his Addresses, or keep him, at least, in Suspence, 'till your Return, as I shall be directed by your superior Judgement. I beg Leave, however, with due Submission, to acquaint you of the Idea I have entertained of him, and hope I am not too blind, or partial in his Favour. He seems to me to be perfectly honourable in his Intentions, and to be no ways inferior to any Gentleman of my Acquaintance hitherto, in Regard to good Sense or good Manners.—I frankly own, Sir, I could admit of his Addresses with Pleasure, were they attended with your Consent and Approbation: Be assured, however, that I am not so far engaged, as to act with Precipitation, or comply with any Offers inconsistent with that filial Duty, which, in Gratitude to your paternal Indulgence, I shall ever owe you. Your speedy Instruction, therefore, in so momentous an Article, will prove the greatest Satisfaction imaginable to,

Honoured SIR, your most dutiful Daughter.

L E T T E R III.

A young Lady's Answer to a Gentleman's Letter, who professes an Aversion to the tedious Forms of Courtship.

SIR,

I Am no more fond of the fashionable Modes of Courtship than yourself. Plain Dealing, I own, is best; but methinks common Decency should always be preserved.

There is something so peculiar and whimsical in your Manner of Expression, that I am absolutely at a Loss to determine whether you are really serious, or only write for your own Amusement. When you explain yourself in more intelligible Terms, I shall be better able to form a Judgement of your Passion, and more capable of returning you a proper Answer. What Influence your future Addresses may have over me, I cannot say; but, to be free with you, your first Attempt has made no Impression on the Heart of

MIRA.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R IV.

The Lady's Reply to another Letter from the same Gentleman, wherein he more explicitly avows his Passion.

SIR,

SINCE neither of us, I perceive, is over fond of squandering our Time away in idle, unmeaning Compliments, I think proper to inform you, in direct Terms, that the Disposal of my Person is not altogether in my own Power; and that notwithstanding my Father and Mother are both deceased, yet I transact no single Affair of any Moment, without consulting Sir Orlando Wiseman, of Lincoln's-Inn, who is my Council upon all Occasions, and is a Gentleman, as I conceive, of the strictest Honour and Honesty, and one on whose Judgement I can safely rely. I will be so fair and just to you, as freely to acknowledge, that I have no Objection to your Person: If, therefore, you think proper to wait on him with your Proposals, and I find that he approves them, I shall act without any mental Reservation, and be very apt to encourage a Passion, that I imagine to be both honourable and sincere.

I am, SIR, your humble Servant.

L E T T E R V.

To dissuade a Friend from living in Celibacy,

YOU have declared against Matrimony, and for no other Reason, as I can learn, than that you are unacquainted with its Sweetness. If you considered that there is no other licit Means for peopling the World, and establishing a Kind of Immortality by the Production of a successive Race of Men, you would, perhaps, change your Opinion; but without confining ourselves to general Reflections, which affect less than those of a more immediate Concern, let us see if you could not live more agreeably with a Woman, than in the single State you are resolved to make Choice of. For my Part, I should think that, if you find yourself capable of regulating a Family, of living upon good Terms with an honest Person, and of giving good Education to Children, you would find that there is nothing more comfortable than to live with a Woman, who has made a

Tender of herself to you, and who is willing to discharge all the Duties incumbent on that Union. And indeed, if you examine every Thing that passes in a Family under proper Regulation, you will see that a good Woman shares with her Husband whatever may happen; endeavouring to increase his Joy by her Satisfaction; and to alleviate his Pain and Sorrows by the Part she bears in them. Though the first Transports of Love should suffer some Abatement, yet the virtuous Woman will still be her Husband's best Friend. They concert together the Measures they judge conformable to what they design to undertake and put in Execution. They never Act but by Agreement; their Thoughts and Sentiments rest on the Foundation of mutual Confidence; and the good Understanding that subsists between them, adds unspeakable Charms to their Union. A Husband may possess himself in perfect Ease, by leaving the Care of his Family Concerns to a frugal and good Housewife. How sweet must it be for him to have Children, who are the Effects of his Love, and who will be hereafter the Support of his old Age? But it is a much more sensible Joy, to see that these Children grow up in Goodness, by the Education given them. Single Life, in Man, can no where find the real Consolation and Assistance that are met with in the Society of a Woman: You know that it is in Quality of a Help-mate that God has given so amiable a Half to Man; and that, therefore, the Scripture says, *It is not good for Man to be alone.* You might even have seen in History, that the Romans expelled their City those that persisted to live in the State of Celibacy, as being useless to the Republic; and, for aught I know, it may be of Service to our Government to lay a Tax upon all Bachelors. But it would be better to lay upon yourself the Injunction of engaging in Matrimony, which no doubt will be more agreeable than you have hitherto thought of. You will take, I hope, in good Part, the Advice I here presume to give you, and believe that I am, with all Sincerity, &c.

L E T T E R VI.

Description of the Passion of Love.

I Passed Part of the Winter in all the Pangs of Suspense; my Lord's Attention, his Assiduity redoubled: a thousand
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and little Cares, which proceed from the Heart alone, and which the Heart alone knows how to set a just Value on, all persuaded me that I was beloved; but he had never told me so: And that Doubt, inseparable from true Passion, that Fear which raises Obstacles to our Desires, and destroys our fondest Hopes, made me always distrust those Proofs that I thought he gave me of his Tendernefs. Whilst he was with me, the softest Tranquillity reigned in my Soul, my dearest Wishes seemed fulfilled; when he was absent, I felt all my Inquietudes revive.

We were one Evening in Lady *Osmond's* Closet; every Body were at Cards, except my Lord *Offory* and myself; I was standing, leaning on Lady *Dursley's* Chair, and observing her Play. She called my Lord *Offory* to ask him a Question; as he stooped down to speak to her, happening to move my Hand, it fell by mere Accident on my Lord's: I withdrew it hastily, but he, fixing on me the most passionate Look, carried it to his Mouth, and kissed that Part of it which mine had touched. I was affected by this Action, it softened me, it charmed me; and, during the Remainder of the Evening I could not keep myself from regarding him with a Look of Embarrassment, which told him too plainly what it endeavoured to conceal.

Pardon me, my Lord, if I am prolix in relating these little Particulars: This inhuman Passion has been so dear to me, all that relates to it is yet so recent in my Memory, that it is impossible for me to speak on the Subject without recalling every Circumstance that led me to give myself up to an Inclination which has been the Source of all my Misfortunes.

Early in the Spring we returned to *Hertford*; Lord *Offory* begged to be of our Party. I felt an extreme Joy at it; I flattered myself it was on my Account only; I was charmed that he preferred me to those Amusements which public Places offered him: Alas! I was but too grateful for so trifling a Sacrifice! Less interrupted than in Town, we passed whole Hours in those beautiful Gardens which Lord *Osmond* has adorned with every charm of Art and Nature. My Lord improved me in the *French* Language, and I instructed him in the *Spanish*: Our Studies led us to Reflexions, of which our Sentiments were always the Foundation. The Secret of our Souls seemed every Mo-

ment ready to escape us; our Eyes had already betrayed it; when one Day, reading an affecting Story of two tender Lovers, who had been cruelly torn from each other, the Book fell from our Hands, our Tears began to flow, and, seized with I know not what Kind of Fear, our Eyes were fixed ardently on each other. He put one of his Arms round me, as if to detain me; I leaned towards him, and breaking Silence at the same, we exclaimed both together, Ah! how unhappy were these Lovers!

With what Fire did he then paint to me his Love! How often did he swear, that his Happiness, that his Life, depended on my returning his Passion! How melting were his Looks! How ardent his Expressions! His Discourse, the very Sound of his Voice, penetrated my Soul: His Words are engraven there in Characters never to be effaced.

Ah! my Lord! what a Moment! The Confession of a Passion which one partakes, is like a sudden Flash of Light, which carries a new Day into one's Ideas. An unspeakable Charm was diffused on every thing around me; every Object became more smiling, more amiable in my Eyes; all Nature seemed more adorned and lovely. That Garden, where I had just learned I was beloved, appeared to me the Abode of some benevolent Being, who had withdrawn the Veil which had so long hid my Happiness from me.

Seized with Astonishment and Joy, how could I hide those rapid Emotions; Emotions to which I had been then a Stranger! And why should I have restrained them? I suffered him to see the Pleasure his Confession had carried into my Soul; he enjoyed it, and augmented it by his Transports, and by the Gratitude with which he received the Vows I made, never to cease loving him.

From that Instant Lord *Offory* has engrossed all the Tendernefs of my Soul, and I have only breathed to love him.

Six Months passed in this agreeable Situation: Towards the Middle of Autumn Lord *Offory* was obliged to return to *London*, to be present at the Marriage of Lord *Newport* with Lady *Mortimer*. He shewed an extreme Repugnance, to leaving us, and quitted me with an unaffected and lively Sorrow. He wrote to me two or three Times a Day; his Letter breathed the Soul of Tendernefs; he spoke only of the ardent Desire he had to return, to see me again, and of the Hopes he had of soon being united to me in those
soft

soft Bonds, he came from seeing tied. My Replies expressed the Grief his Absence gave me; and which nothing was able to dissipate. He returned, and the Joy of seeing him again effaced the Remembrance of those tedious Hours I had passed without him.

L E T T E R VII.

Lord Ossory to Lady Henrietta Belmont.

YOU write, lovely *Henrietta*, to Lady *Catesby*: Your Hand, your Arms, were known: But to whom were they to give your Letter? Is there such a Person in the World as Lady *Catesby*? If there is, it is not, however, at *Hertford* you must seek her. If, instead of that Friend, so deservedly dear to you, your Heart will admit a new Object of its Esteem, Lady *Ossory* is ready to answer your tender Congratulations: She has opened your Letter, with a Freedom which will, perhaps, surprize you: But what Rights has not this charming Woman, this *Juliet*?—She is mine, for ever mine: No longer Lady *Catesby*, she is my Wife, my Friend, my Mistress; the good Genius, who has restored to me all those Blessings, of which I have been so long deprived. Permit me, Madam, to thank you for the generous Warmth with which you have always interceded with your lovely Friend for my Pardon: She has condescended to grant it, and has shewn, in this Act of Goodness, all the Nobleness of Sentiment of which you know her capable. Yesterday was the Day for ever happy.—

Lady OSSORY.

This impertinent Creature! He will leave me nothing to say to you. O, my dear *Henrietta*! they are all united against me: I was only invited hither to be drawn into a Snare: My Cousin managed the Conspiracy; they did not give me Time to breathe. A repenting Lover at my Feet, Relations so dear to me, soliciting for him, a tender Heart, the Minister present—Upon my Word, they married me so hastily, I do not believe the Marriage is valid. Lady *Osmond* is so urgent—so very absolute—

Lady OSMOND.

I come just in Time to vindicate myself; a Snare, a Conspiracy, a Marriage which is not valid! What would you think

think of me, my dear *Henrietta*, if you were less acquainted with my Sentiments in Regard to our fair Friend? Yes, my Dear, I have married her to the most amiable Nobleman in *England*. The Marriage is valid, I assure you: None of the Parties concerned have the least Desire to break it. *Juliet* has certainly great Reason to complain of me: Her Happiness has always been one of my most ardent Wishes: I believe it now perfect, and I expect your Compliments on this Occasion.

Lady OSSORY.

You are expected here with Impatience.—No Feasts, no Balls, without my dear *Henrietta*; I should have said, no Happiness, if the Person whose Eyes follow my Pen was not already a little jealous of my tender Friendship.

L E T T E R VIII.

H. Mandeville to George Mordaunt, *Esq*;

MORDAUNT, the Die is cast, and the whole Happiness of my Life hangs on the present Moment. After having kept the Letter, confessing my Passion, two Days, without having Resolution to deliver it, this Morning in the Garden, being a Moment alone with Lady *Julia* in a Summer-House, the Company at some Distance, I assumed Courage to lay it on a Table whilst she was looking out at a Window which had a Prospect that engaged all her Attention: When I laid it down, I trembled; a Chillness seized my whole Frame; my Heart died within me; I withdrew instantly, without even staying to see whether she took it up: I waited at a little Distance, hid in a close Arbour of Woodbines, my Heart throbbing with Apprehension, and by the Time she staid in the Summer-House, had no Doubt of her having seen the Letter: When she appeared, I was still more convinced; she came out with a timid Air, and looked round as if fearful of Surprise: The lively Crimson flushed her Cheek, and was succeeded by a dying Paleness; I attempted to follow, but had not Courage to approach her. I suffered her to pass the Arbour where I was, and advance slowly towards the House: When she was out of Sight I went back to the Summer-House, and found the Letter was gone. I have not seen her. I am called to
Dinner:

Dinner: My Limbs will scarce support me: How shall I bear the first Sight of Lady *Julia*! how be able to meet her Eyes!

I have seen her, but my Fate is yet undetermined; she has avoided my Eyes, which I have scarce dared to raise from the Ground. I once looked at her when she did not observe me, and saw a Melancholy on her Countenance which stabbed me to the Soul. I have given Sorrow to the Heart of her, whom I would wish to be ever most Happy; and to whose Good I would sacrifice the dearest Hope of my Soul. Yes, *Mordaunt*, let me be wretched, but let every Blessing Heaven can bestow, be the Portion of the loveliest of her Sex.

Oft have I, during the Sallies of Youth, laid Siege to Beauty, and pretended Love with no other Design than to satiate my own selfish Wishes, at the Expence of the Fair; but now, I think, I am arrived at Years of Maturity, and view Things in a better Light. My Tenderneſs for Lady *Julia* is more warm, more animated, more violent, and has a Delicacy of which those only who love like me can form any Idea: Independent of the Charms of her Person, it can never cease but with Life; nor even then, if in another State we have any Sense of what has passed in this; it is eternal, and incorporated with the Soul; above every selfish Desire. The first Object of my Thoughts and Wishes is her Happiness, which I would die, or live wretched to secure: Every Action of my Life is directed to the sole Purpose of pleasing her: My noblest Ambition is to be worthy her Esteem. My Dreams are full of her; and when I wake, the first Idea which rises in my Mind is the Hope of seeing her, and of seeing her well and happy: My most ardent Prayer to the Supreme Giver of all Good is for her Welfare.

In true Love, my dear *Mordaunt*, there is a Pleasure abstracted from all Hope of Return; and were I certain she would never be mine, nay, certain I should never behold her more, I would not, for all the Kingdoms of the World, give up the dear Delight of loving her.

Those who never felt this enlivening Power, this Divinity of the Soul, may find a poor insipid Pleasure in Tranquillity, or plunge into vicious Excesses to animate their tedious Hours; but those who have, can never give up so
sweet

sweet, so divine a Transport, but with their Existence, or taste any other Joy but in Subordination.

O *Mordaunt* ! when I behold her, read the soft Language of those sparkling Eyes, hear those harmonious Sounds—who that has a Soul can be insensible !—Yet there are Men dead to all Sense of Perfection, who can regard that Angel Form without Rapture, can hear the Music of that Voice without Emotion ! I have myself, with Astonishment, seen them, inanimate as the Trees around them, listen coldly to those melting Accents—There is a Sweetness in her Voice, *Mordaunt*, a melodious Softness, which Fancy cannot paint : The Enchantment of her Conversation is inexpressible.

Four o'Clock.

I am the most wretched of Mankind, and wretched without the Right of complaining : The Baseness of my Attempt deserves even the Pangs I suffer. I have attempted to seduce the Heiress of him on Earth to whom I am most obliged. O *Mordaunt* ! have we indeed two Souls ? Can I see so strongly what is right, yet want Power to act up to my own Sentiments ? The Torrent of Passion bears down all before it. I abhor myself for this Weakness. I would give Worlds to recall that fatal Letter : Her Coldness, her Reserve, are more than I can support. My Madness has undone me.—My Assiduity is importunate, I might have preserved her Friendship. I have thrown away the first Happiness of my Life. Her Eyes averted, shun me as an Object of Hatred. I shall not long offend her by my Presence. I will leave her for ever. I am eager to be gone, that I may carry far from her—O *Mordaunt* ! who could have thought that Cruelty dwelt in such a Form ? She hates me, and all my Hopes are destroyed for ever.

Monday Evening.

This Day, the first of my Life ; what a Change has this Day produced ! These few flying Hours have raised me above Mortality. Yes, I am most happy ; she loves me, *Mordaunt* : Her conscious Blushes, her downcast Eyes, her heaving Bosom, her sweet Confession, have told me what her Tongue could not utter : She loves me, and all else is below my Care : She loves me, and I will pursue her. What are the mean Considerations of Fortune to the tender Union of Hearts ? Can Wealth or Titles deserve her ?

No,

No, *Mordaunt*, Love alone.—She is mine by the strongest Ties, by the sacred Bond of Affection. The Delicacy of her Soul is my certain Pledge of Happiness: I can leave her without Fear; she cannot now be another's.

I told you my Despair this Morning; my Lord proposed an Airing; Chance placed me in Lady *Julia's* Chaise. I entered it with a bleeding Heart: A tender Fear of having offended, inseparable from real Love, kept me some Time silent; at length, with some Hesitation, I begged her to pardon the Effect of Passion and Despair, vowed I would rather die than displease her; that I did not hope for her Love, but could not support her Hate.

I then ventured to look up to the loveliest of Women; her Cheeks were suffused with the deepest Blush; her Eyes, in which was the most dying Langour, were cast timidly on the Ground; her whole Frame trembled, and with a Voice broken and interrupted, she exclaimed, “Hate you, Mr. *Mandeville*, O Heaven!” She could say no more; nor did she need, the dear Truth broke like a sudden Flash of Light on my Soul.

Yet think not I will take Advantage of this dear Prepossession in my Favour, to seduce her from her Duty to the best of Parents; from Lord *Belmont* only will I receive her: I will propose no Engagements contrary to the Rights of an indulgent Father, to whom she is bound by every Tie of Gratitude and filial Tendernefs: I will pursue my Purpose, and leave the Event to Heaven, to that Heaven which knows the Integrity, the disinterested Purity of my Intentions: I will evince the Reality of my Passion, by endeavouring to be worthy of her. The Love of such a Woman, is the Love of Virtue itself: It raises, it refines, it ennobles every Sentiment of the Heart; how different from that Fever of selfish Desire I felt for the amiable Countess!

O *Mordaunt*! had you beheld those Blushes of reluctant Sensibility, seen those charming Eyes softened with a Tendernefs as refined as that of Angels—She loves me—let me repeat the dear Sounds.—She loves me, and I am happier than a God! Adieu.

*All the Time is thrown away
That is not spent in Love.*

LETTER

L E T T E R IX.

Lord Ossory to Lady Henrietta Belmont.

WE are now, my dear *Henrietta*, at a most delightful Seat; during two Months, Gaiety has presided here: It belongs to a Widow, scarce Twenty. Enchanted with her new State, she comes to pass the Year of her Mourning here, only to meditate in Peace on her future Choice, when Decency will permit her to make herself Amends for what she suffered with an old Husband, whom she hated with all her Heart. She has the most beautiful Face you can conceive, a fine Height, an Air of Dignity, and a most engaging Sincerity. In giving an Account of ~~our~~ ^{her} Sufferings, she can scarce smother her Laughter. *The old Lord was jealous, and she could have over-reached him; she could—* This agreeably silly Creature has just as much Sense as is necessary to amuse herself, and to please.

Miss *Annabella*, her Sister, is a very different Creature: Was never out of this magnificent Seat, where she has always lived with her Father only. Her Figure is noble and interesting; her Air is sweet and delicate; she has a great deal of Breeding and more Sentiment. She wants nothing, in short, but Knowledge of the World; but if she has not all the Graces which that bestows, she is free from the Vices to which it leads; Vices, which it is so difficult to avoid in polite Circles, where they have found the contemptible Art of forgiving mutually every Defect of the Heart. I am always enraged, when I hear this criminal Indulgence honoured with the Name of Softness of Manners, Knowledge of Human Nature, and a Condescension indispensable in Society. O! this Sir *Harry*; he is insupportable; every Thing displeases him.—I thought him of a more equal Temper: People must be very amiable to appear so to those who see them every Day; I am out of Patience with him: He advises me to throw away a Nosegay that Sir *James* has gathered himself, and has just given me; Sir *Harry* has not breathed since I have had it; he brings me twenty Examples of Illness, occasioned by the too strong Perfume of Jonquils; he assures me they are very bad for the Head. As I see his impertinent Jealousy, I shall keep the Nosegay; I would keep it, if it gave me a thousand

and Head-achs. I shall be at *Winchester* To-morrow; I shall find your Letters there; it is the only Pleasure I promise myself. Adieu! My tenderest Respects to my Lord *Castle-Cary*.

L E T T E R X.

From a Gentleman to his Daughter on Marriage.

YOU are now, *Sophy*, grown up to Woman's Estate, and you are not to remain always single. Your Mother and I would have you happy, because our Happiness depends on yours. The Happiness of a virtuous young Woman is to make an honest Man happy; we must therefore think of marrying you. We must think of this sometimes; for your Fate through Life depends on your Marriage; and we cannot think too much on it.

Nothing, perhaps, is more difficult than the Choice of a good Husband, except perhaps the choosing of a good Wife. You, *Sophy*, will be this rare Woman; you will be the Pride of our Lives, and our Happiness in old Age. But however great Merit you may have, there are Men who have still more. There is no Man who ought not to think it an Honour to obtain you; there are many whom it would do you Honour to obtain. Among this Number, the Business is to find one suitable to you, to get acquainted with him, and to make him acquainted with you.

The greatest Happiness of Marriage depends on so many Points of Agreement, that it would be a Folly to think to find them all. The most important must be made sure of preferably to the rest; if the others can be procured too, so much the better; if they cannot, they must be overlooked. Perfect Happiness is not to be found in this World; but the greatest of Misfortunes, and that which may always be avoided, is to be unhappy by one's own Fault.

There is a Suitableness which may be called natural; there is also a Suitableness arising from the Institutions of Men, and a Suitableness that depends wholly on Opinion. Of the two last, Parents are the proper Judges: Of the first, the Children alone can judge. In Marriages made by the Authority of Parents, those Suitablenesses that arise from civil Institutions and Opinion are alone minded: The Matches are not between the Persons, but their Rank and Fortunes:

Fortunes : But both these are subject to change : The Persons alone remain the same in all Places, and at all Times : The Happiness or Unhappiness of the Marriage State depends, in spite of Fortune, on personal Suitableness.

Your Mother was a Woman of Family ; I had a large Fortune : These were the sole Considerations that influenced our Parents to join us together. I have lost my Fortune ; she has lost her Rank : Forgot by her Family, what doth it signify to her that she was born a Lady ? In the midst of our Distress, the Union of our Hearts made up for every thing : The Conformity of our Taste made us chuse this Retirement : We live happy in our Poverty ; each is to the other instead of all. *Sophy* is our common Treasure : We thank the Almighty for giving her, and taking away every thing else. You see, Child, whither Providence hath brought us. Those Considerations which occasioned our Marriage are vanished, and that which was counted as nothing, makes all our Happiness.

It is for Man and Wife to suit themselves. Mutual Inclination ought to be their first Tye ; their Eyes, their Hearts, ought to be their first Guides : For as their primary Duty, after they are joined together, is to love one another ; and as to love, or not to love, doth not depend on us, this Duty necessarily implies another, namely, to begin with loving one another before Marriage : This is a Law of Nature, which cannot be abrogated : Those who have restricted it by many Civil Laws, have had more Regard to the Appearance of Order, than to the Happiness or the Morals of the People. You see, my Dear, that the Morality we preach to you, is not difficult : It tends only to make you your own Mistress, and to make us refer ourselves entirely to you for the Choice of your Husband.

After giving you our Reasons for leaving you at full Liberty to make your own Choice, it is proper to mention those which ought to induce you to use it with Prudence. *Sophy*, you have Good Nature and Good Sense ; much Integrity, and Piety ; and those Qualifications which a Woman ought to have ; and you are not disagreeable : But you have no Fortune : You have the best Riches, indeed ; but you want those which are most valued by the World. Do not aspire, therefore, to what you cannot attain to ; and regulate your Ambition, not by your own
Judgement,

Judgement, or by your Mother's and mine, but by the Opinion of Men. If nothing were to be considered but Merit equal to your own, I know not where I should set Limits to Hopes: But never raise them above your Fortune, which you are to remember is very small. You never saw our Prosperity; you were born after we failed in the World: You have made our Poverty pleasing to us, and you have shared in it without Pain. Never, Child, seek for that Wealth which we thank Heaven for taking from us: We never tasted Happiness till we lost our Riches.

You are too agreeable, *Sophy*, not to please Somebody; and you are not so poor as to render you a Burden to an honest Man. You will be courted, and perhaps by Persons who are not worthy of you. If they shew themselves what they really are, you will form a just Estimate of them: Their Outside will not impose on you long: But though you have a good Judgement, and can discern Men, you want Experience, and know not how far Men can dissemble. An artful Cheat may study your Taste, in order to seduce you, and counterfeit before you, the Virtues to which he is an absolute Stranger. Such a one, Child, would ruin you before you perceived it, and you would not see your Error till it was past Recovery. The most dangerous of all Snares, and the only one from which Reason cannot restrain you, is that into which the Passions hurry one: If ever you have the Misfortune to fall into it, you will see nothing but Illusions and Chimæras; your Eyes will be fascinated, your Judgement will be confused, your Mind will be corrupted, you will cherish your very Error; and when you come to see it, will have no Desire to leave it. It is to *Sophy's* Reason, not to the Bias of her Heart, that we commit her: While Passion hath no Ascendency over you, judge for yourself: But whenever you fall in Love, commit the Care of yourself to your Mother.

This Argument which I propose to you, shews our Esteem for you, and restores the natural Order. It is usual for Parents to choose a Husband for their Daughters, and to consult her only for Form's sake. We shall do just the contrary: You shall choose, and we shall be consulted. Make use of this Right, *Sophy*, freely and wisely. The Husband that is suitable for you ought to be your own Choice, and not ours; but it is we must judge whether you
are

are not mistaken in his Suitableness for you, and whether you are not doing, without knowing it, what you have no Mind to. Birth, Fortune, Rank, or Opinion of the World, will have no Weight with us. Take an honest Man, whose Person you like, and whose Temper is suitable to you; whatever he be in other Respects, we shall receive him for our Son-in-law. His Income will always be large enough, if he hath Hands, and good Morals, and loves his Family. His Rank will always be high, if he ennobles it by Virtue. If every Body should blame us, what doth it signify? We seek not the Approbation of the Public: Your Happiness suffices to us.

L E T T E R XI.

From a young Person in Business to a Gentleman, desiring Leave to wait on his Daughter.

S I R,

I Hope the Justness of my Intentions will excuse the Freedom of this Letter, whereby I am to acquaint you of the Affection and Esteem I have for your Daughter. I would not, Sir, offer at any indirect Address, that should have the least Appearance of Inconsistency with her Duty to you, and my honourable Views to her; choosing, by your Influence, if I may approve myself to you worthy of that Honour, to commend myself to her Approbation. You are not insensible, Sir, by the Credit I have hitherto preserved in the World, of my Ability, by God's Blessing, to make her happy; and this the rather emboldens me to request the Favour of an Evening's Conversation with you, at your first Convenience, when I will more fully explain myself, as I earnestly hope, to your Satisfaction, and take my Encouragement, or Discouragement, from your own Mouth. I am, Sir, in the mean Time, with great Respect,
Your most obedient humble Servant.

L E T T E R XII.

From a Gentleman to a Lady, whom he accuses of Inconstancy.

MADAM,

YOU must not be surprized at a Letter in the Place of a Visit, from one who cannot but have Reason to believe it may easily be as welcome as his Company.

You

You should not suppose, if Lovers have lost their Sight, that their Senses are all banished: And if I refuse to believe my Eyes, when they shew me your Inconstancy, you must not wonder that I cannot stop my Ears against the Accounts of it. Pray let us understand one another properly; for I am afraid we are deceiving ourselves all this while: Am I a Person whom you esteem, whose Fortune you do not despise, and whose Pretensions you encourage; or am I a troublesome Coxcomb, who fancies myself particularly received by a Woman who only laughs at me? If I am the latter, you treat me as I deserve; and I ought to join with you in saying I deserve it: But if it be otherwise, and you receive me, as I think you do, as a Person you intend to marry, for it is best to be plain on these Occasions, for Heaven's Sake, what is the Meaning of that universal Coquetry in public, where every Fool flatters you, and you are pleased with the meanest of them? And what can be the Meaning that I am told, you last Night in particular was an Hour with Mr. Marlow; and are so wherever you meet him, if I am not in Company? Both of us, Madam, you cannot think of; and I should be sorry to imagine, that when I had given you my Heart so entirely, I shared yours with any Body.

I have said a great deal too much to you, and yet I am tempted to say more; but I shall be silent. I beg you will answer this, and, I think, I have a Right to expect that you do it generously and fairly. Do not mistake what is the Effect of the Distraction of my Heart, for Want of Respect to you. While I write this, I doat upon you, but I cannot bear to be deceived where all my Happiness is centered.

Your most unhappy.

L E T T E R XIII.

From a Lady to her Lover, who suspected her of receiving the Addresses of another. In answer to the above.

S I R,

IF I did not make all the Allowances you desire in the End of your Letter, I should not answer you at all. But although I am really unhappy to find you are so, and the more to find myself to be the Occasion, I can hardly impute the Unkindness and Incivility of your Letter to the single Cause you would have me. However, as I would
not

not be suspected of any thing that should justify such 'Treatment from you, I think it necessary to inform you, that what you have heard has no more Foundation than what you have seen : However I wonder that other Eyes should be as easily alarmed as yours ; for, instead of being blind, believe me, Sir, you see more than there is. Perhaps, however, their Sight may be as much sharpened by unprovoked Malice, as yours by undeserved Suspicion.

Whatever may be the End of this Dispute, for I do not think so lightly of Lovers Quarrels as many do, I think it proper to inform you, that I never have thought favourably of any one but yourself ; and I shall add, that if the Fault of your Temper, which I once little suspected, should make me fear you too much to marry, you will not see me in that State with any other ; nor courted by any Man in the World.

I did not know that the Gaiety of my Temper gave you Uneasiness ; and you ought to have told me of it with less Severity. If I am particular in it, I am afraid it is a Fault in my natural Disposition ; but I would have taken some Pains to get the better of that, if I had known it was disagreeable to you. I ought to resent this Treatment more than I do, but do not insult my Weakness on that Head ; for a Fault of that Kind would want the Excuse this has for my Pardon, and might not be so easily overlooked, though I should wish to do it. I should say, I will not see you To-day, but you have an Advocate that pleads for you much better than you do for yourself. I desire you will first look carefully over this Letter, for my whole Heart is in it, and then come to me. Yours, &c.

L E T T E R XIV.

From a young Tradesman to a Lady he had seen in public.

MADAM,

PERHAPS you will not be surprized to receive a Letter from a Person who is unknown to you, when you reflect how likely so charming a Face may be to create Impertinence ; and I persuade myself that when you remember where you sat last Night at the Playhouse, you will not need to be told this comes from the Person who was just before you.

In

In the first Place, Madam, I ask Pardon for the Liberty I then took in looking at you, and for the greater Liberty I now take in writing to you: But, after this, I beg leave to say that my Thoughts are honourable, and to inform you who I am; I shall not pretend to be any better. I keep a Shop, Madam, in *Henrietta-street*, and though but two Years in Trade, I have tolerable Custom. I do not doubt but it will increafe, and I shall be able to do something for a Family. If your Inclinations are not engaged, I should be very proud of the Honour of waiting on you; and in the mean Time, if you please to desire any Friend to ask my Character in the Neighbourhood, I believe it will not prejudice you against,

Madam, your most humble Servant.

L E T T E R XV.

A modest Lover desiring an Aunt's Favour to him for her Niece.

Good M A D A M,

I Have several Times, when I have been happy in the Company of your good Niece, thought to have spoken my Mind, and to declare to her the true Value and Affection I have for her: But just as I have been about to speak, my Fears have vanquished my Hopes, and I have been obliged to suspend my Design. I have thrown out several Hints, that I thought would have led the Way to a fuller disclosing of the Secret that is too big for my Breast; and yet, when I am near her, it is too important for Utterance. Will you be so good, Madam, to break Way for me, if I am not wholly disapproved of by you, and prepare her for a Declaration that I must make, and yet know not how to begin. My Fortune and Expectations make me hope that I may not, on those Accounts, be deemed unworthy: And could I, by half a Line from your Hand, be informed that there is no other Bar, I should be enabled to build on so desirable a Foundation, and to let your Niece know how much my Happiness depends upon her Favour. Excuse, good Madam, this Trouble, from

Your obliged humble Servant.

H LETTER

L E T T E R XVI.

The Aunt's Answer.

S I R,

I Cannot say I have any Dislike, as to my own Part, to your Proposal, or your Manner of making it, whatever my Niece may have; because Diffidence is generally the Companion of Merit, and a Token of Respect. She is a Person of Prudence, and all her Friends are so thoroughly convinced of it, that her Choice will have the Weight it deserves with us all: So I cannot say what will be the Event of your Declaration to her. Yet so far as I may take upon myself to do, I will not deny your Request; but on her Return To-morrow will break the Ice, as you desire, not doubting your Honour, and the Sincerity of your Professions; and I shall tell her moreover what I think of the Advances you make. I believe she has had the Prudence to keep her Heart entirely disengaged, because she would otherwise have told me; and is not so mean-spirited as to be able to return Tyranny and Insult for true Value, when she is properly convinced of it. Whoever has the Happiness (permit me, though her Relation, to call it so) to meet with her Favour, will find this her Character; and that it is not owing to the fond Partiality of, Sir,

Your Friend and Servant.

L E T T E R XVII.

From a respectful Lover to his Mistress.

Dear MADAM,

I Have long struggled with the most honourable and respectful Passion that ever filled the Heart of Man; I have often tried to reveal it personally, as often in this Way; but never till now could prevail upon my Fears and Doubts. I can no longer struggle with a Secret that has given me so much Torture to keep, and yet hitherto more when I have endeavoured to reveal it. I never entertain the Hope to see you without Rapture; but when I have that Pleasure, instead of being animated, as I ought, I am utterly confounded. What can this be owing to, but a Diffidence in myself, and an exalted Opinion of your Worthiness? And is not this a strong Token of ardent Love? Yet if it
be,

be, how various is the tormenting Passion in its Operations? Since some it inspires with Courage, while others it deprives of all necessary Confidence. I can only assure you, Madam, that the Heart of Man never conceived a stronger or sincerer Passion than mine for you. If my Reverence for you is my Crime, I am sure it has been my sufficient Punishment. I need not to say my Designs and Motives are honourable: Who dare approach so much virtuous Excellence, with a Supposition, that such an Assurance is necessary? What my Fortune is, is well known, and I am ready to stand the Test of the strictest Enquiry. Condescend, Madam, to embolden my respectful Passion by one favourable Line, that if what I here profess, and hope further to have an Opportunity to assure you of, be found to be unquestionably true, then, I hope, my humble Address will not be quite unacceptable to you: and thus you will for ever oblige, dear Madam,

Your affectionate Admirer, and devoted Servant.

L E T T E R XVIII.

The Answer.

S I R,

IF Modesty be the greatest Glory in our Sex, surely it cannot be blameworthy in yours. For my own Part, I must think it the most amiable Quality either Man or Woman can possess. Nor can there be, in my Opinion, a true Respect where there is not a Diffidence of one's own Merit, and an high Opinion of the Person's we Esteem.

To say more on this Occasion, would little become me: To say less, would look as if I knew not how to pay that Regard to modest Merit, which modest Merit only deserves.

You, Sir, best know your own Heart; and if you are sincere and generous, will receive, as you ought, this Frankness from, Sir, your humble Servant.

L E T T E R XIX.

To CLEORA.

THOUGH it is but a few Hours since I parted from my *Cleora*, yet I have already, you see, taken up my Pen to write to her. You must not expect, however, in this, or in any of my future Letters, that I say fine Things

to you, since I only intend to tell you true ones. My Heart is too full to be regular, and too sincere to be ceremonious. I have changed the Manner, not the Style, of my former Conversations; and I write to you as I used to talk to you, without Form or Art. Tell me then, with the same undissembled Sincerity, what Effect this Absence has upon your usual Chearfulness? As I will honestly confess, on my own Part, that I am too interested to wish a Circumstance, so little consistent with my own Repose, should be altogether reconcileable to yours. I have attempted, however, to pursue your Advice, and divert myself by the Subject you recommend to my Thoughts: But it is impossible, I perceive, to turn off the Mind at once from an Object, which it has long dwelt upon with Pleasure. My Heart, like a poor Bird which is hunted from her Nest, is still returning to the Place of its Affections; and, after some vain Efforts to fly off, settles again where all its Cares and all its Tendernefs are centered. Adieu.

L E T T E R XX.

Mr. Otway's Love Epistle.

SINCE you are going to quit the World, I think myself obliged, as a Member of the World, to use the best of my Endeavours to divert you from so ill-natured an Inclination: Therefore, by reason your Visits will take up so much of this Day, I have debarred myself the Opportunity of waiting on you this Afternoon, that I may take a Time you are more Mistress of, and when you shall have more Leisure to hear, if it be possible for any Arguments of mine to take Place in a Heart, I am afraid, too much hardened against me. I must confess it may look a little extraordinary, for one, under my Circumstances, to endeavour the confirming your good Opinion of the World, when it had been much better for me if one of us had never seen it. For Nature disposed me from my Creation to Love, and my ill Fortune has condemned me to doat on one, who certainly could never have been deaf so long to so faithful a Passion, had Nature disposed her, from her Creation, to hate any thing but me. I beg you to forgive this Trifling, for I have so many Thoughts of this Nature, that it is impossible for me to take Pen and Ink in my Hand,

Hand, and keep them quiet, especially when I have the least Pretence to let you know, you are the Cause of the severest Disquiets that ever touched the Heart of OTWAY.

L E T T E R XXI.

Another of Mr. Otway's.

COULD I see you without Passion, or be absent from you without Pain, I need not beg your Pardon for this renewing my Vows, that I love you more than Health, or any Happiness here, or hereafter. Every thing you do is a new Charm to me; and though I have languished for seven long tedious Years of Desire, jealously despairing; yet every Minute I see you, I still discover something more new and bewitching. Consider how I love you; what would not I renounce, or enterprize for you? I must have you mine, or I am miserable; and nothing but knowing which shall be the happy Hour, can make the rest of my Life that is to come tolerable. Give me a Word or two of Comfort, or resolve never to look with common Goodness on me more, for I cannot bear a kind Look, and after it a cruel Denial. This Minute my Heart aches for you: And, if I cannot have a Right in yours, I wish it would ach till I could complain to you no longer.

Remember poor OTWAY.

L E T T E R XXII.

A comical Letter, by the famous Monsr. Collitier.

MADAM,

DID you ever see an Almanack in your Life? You will say this is an odd Question. I will give the Reason, then, why I ask it: There is an odd Sort of a Fellow usually pictured in it, Madam, with the Devil knows how many Darts in his Body. And what of him? cry you. Why, Madam, he is only a Type of your humble Servant; for that Son of a Whore, *Cupid*, has pinked me all over with his confounded Arrows, that, by my Troth, I look like—let me think,—like what? like your Ladyship's Pincushion. But this is not all: Your Eyes had like to have proved more fatal to me than *Cupid* and all his Roguery: For, Madam, while I was Star-gazing the other

Night at your Window, full of Fire and Flame (as we Lovers use to be) I dropt plump into your Fish-pond; by the same Token, that I hissed like a red hot Horse-shoe flung into a Smith's Trough, it was a hundred Pound to a Penny but I had been drowned; for those that came to my Assistance, left me to shift for myself, while they scrambled for boiled Fish that were as plenty as Herrings at *Rotterdam*. Some of my Fellow-sufferers I caught, of which I intend to make an Offering to your Ladyship, as well as of,
 Madam, your most devoted Slave, COLLITIER.

L E T T E R XXIII.

The History of Love.

YOU desire to know what Progress our Friend *Damon* has made in the Affections of his Mistress, whom he hath so long besieged, and I am sorry I cannot send you so good News as I could wish. He threw himself down at her Feet; and, in the common Strain of Lovers, Will you not, says he, take Compassion on my Youth? Will you not pity one that dies every Moment for you? Shew at least some Tenderneſs to the Man, who never was conquered by any Beauty but yours? But she returned him a Compliment, as cold as if it had come out of the midst of *Tartary*: Leave persecuting me, says she, with idle Stories of your Passion, with your pretended Darts, and your romantic Flames, for you do but lose your Time and Labour. The Youth was reduced to the last Despair, when he found himself thus slighted; and as Anger, on these Occasions, generally succeeds to Love, he said the most reproachful bitter Things against her, that his Indignation could inspire him with. When his Fury had spent itself, looking upon him with a scornful Air, I know, says she, how to punish the Insolence of your Tongue: All your Sex are perfidious and false: You devour us, nay, you devour one another: The savage Beasts in the Woods, unless compelled by Hunger, seldom attack Travellers; but when they are taken by you, and have been debauched with a domestic Education, they prove arranter Brutes than any in the Forest; to be short with you, your Perjury and Inconstancy teach us to lay aside all Pity, and treat you as you deserve; For, in the first Ardors of your Love, you can
 lie

lie all Night at our Thresholds on the bare Ground; you can say the most sublime Things in the World; you can whine and cry, make Goddeses of us; you have Oaths perpetually at Command, and with those Counters you deceive us: But no sooner have we granted the last Favours to you, but you grow insolent and haughty; you make us the Subject of your ill-mannered Mirth, and you disdainfully reject her, whom the Hour before you adored like a Divinity. You are all Atheists as to Love, and pretend that *Jupiter* has other Business on his Hands, than to trouble himself with the Oaths of Lovers.

Thus the Lady discarded the unfortunate *Damon*; and, as partial as I am to my Friend, I cannot but own there is a great Deal of Truth in her Invective.

L E T T E R XXIV.

A Rhapsody, by Mr. Otway.

Dear MADAM,

NOT believe that I love you! You cannot pretend to be so incredulous. If you do not believe my Tongue, consult my Eyes, consult your own. You will find by yours, that they have Charms; by mine, that I have a Heart which feels them. Recall to Mind what happened last Night: That at least was a Lover's Kiss. Its Eagerness, its Fierceness, its Warmth, expressed the God its Parent. But oh! its Sweetness, and its melting Softness, expressed him more. With trembling in my Limbs, and Fevers in my Soul, I ravished it: Convulsions, Pantings, Murmurings, shewed the mighty Disorder within me: The mighty Disorder encreased by it. For those dear Lips shot through my Heart, and through my bleeding Vitals, delicious Poison, and an avoidless, but yet a charming Ruin. What cannot a Day produce? The Night before, I thought myself a happy Man. In want of nothing, and in fairest Expectation of Fortune; approved of by Men of Wit, and applauded by others; pleased, nay, charmed with my Friends, my then dearest Friends; sensible of every delicate Pleasure, and in their Turns possessing all. But Love, almighty Love; seems, in a Moment, to have removed me to a prodigious Distance from every Object but you alone: In the Midst of Crowds I remain in Solitude. Nothing but

you can lay hold of my Mind, and that can lay hold of nothing but you. I appear transported to some foreign Desart with you, (oh that I were really thus transported!) where, abundantly supplied with every thing in thee, I might live out an Age of uninterrupted Extasy. The Scene of the World's great Stage seems suddenly and sadly changed. Unlovely Objects are all around me, excepting thee. The Charms of all the World appear to be translated to thee. Thus, in this sad, but, oh! too pleasing State! my Soul can fix upon nothing but thee: Thee it contemplates, admires, adores, nay, depends on; trusts in you alone. If you and Hope forsake it, Despair and endless Misery attend it.

L E T T E R XXV.

Another of Mr. Otway's Love Tales.

Dear MADAM,

MY Friend's Stratagem gave me an Opportunity of seeing you, by finding Fault with you. It must proceed from Design, or Madness, if I find Fault with thee: Thy lovely Face is the very same that set all my Blood in a Flame; and I am sure my Heart can never be altered. How it trembled in my Breast when I saw you last, and by its Trouble confessed its Conqueror! How it has burnt ever since with redoubled Fury! When I shall be free from this Flame, Heaven only knows; for the Hour of my Death, Heaven only knows. It is a Flame that has incorporated with that of my Life, and both will go out together. In vain I invoke my Reason to resist my Senses. My Reason finds you more lovely than my Eyes did before; shews me all the Graces of thy beauteous Mind, and grows pleased and prides itself in its own Captivity: You accuse me, they say, of some extraordinary Crime: A Crime against whom? Against you whom I loved! Against you for whom I could die! Strange Accusation! Yet, at the same Time you refuse to see me, you refuse to receive my Letters? And must I be condemned unheard? Robbers are allowed to speak before they are sentenced; Murderers have the Privilege to plead for their Lives; and shall the tenderest Love be denied the Privilege which is granted to the blackest Malice? I have been guilty of nothing but too much Love, if too
much

much Love be a Fault. Why have you given Credit to my Enemies, before you have heard me? I may indeed be convinced of an Error, but I can never be convicted of a Crime against you. The Man must be mad, nay, desperately mad, who can design to injure himself; and thou art, by much, the better, the dearer Part of me. Give me Leave to see you once more before I depart: Let me see, once more, that Face which has undone me, yet charms me even in Ruin:

*O Face, industriously contriv'd by Heav'n,
To fix my Eyes, and captivate my Soul!*

Nay, I will see you, if it be but to upbraid you with your barbarous Wish. If at the Time that you made it, you had struck a Dagger in my Heart, you had given it a gentler Wound.

The only Wish that I have to make, is to be happy in thee; if that succeeds not, I have another, and that is, to lie at Rest in my Grave.

L E T T E R XXVI.

From a young Gentleman to a Lady of superior Fortune.

MADAM,

NONE, surely, can labour under greater Disadvantages than he who presumes to write to a Lady to whom he is entirely unknown: But a Man who has been so long condemned to Silence as I have, has some Plea for taking a Liberty to write, that would be otherwise unpardonable. This, Madam, I beg you would see as my Apology for giving you this Trouble, and for presuming to ask, whether the Person who had the Happiness of sitting by you at the Opera last Night, and who has, in vain, long waited for an Opportunity of speaking to you, might, if all Things were favourable to his Wishes, be admitted to the Honour of your Acquaintance. Another Favour, Madam, I humbly request: It is, that you will find a Way, (for I protest I know of none) by which I may be honoured with your Determinations.

I am sensible, Madam, that I have gone too far in presuming to take this Liberty; but I beg to be forgiven. No Words can describe what I feel, while I write this to you,

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and

and which I shall continue to suffer, at least 'till I have the Happiness of receiving your Answer. I am, MADAM, your most obedient, and most humble Servant.

L E T T E R XXVII.

The Answer, by a Friend of the Lady.

SIR,

I Am, perhaps, taking as strange a Liberty as you took Yesterday; but if you hope for Pardon from one Woman, you must be ready to grant it to another. I have seen your Letter to Miss *Trenchard*, and as I think it impossible for that Lady to answer it, my Regard for her makes me take the Task upon myself. I am surprized, Sir, and doubtless she is more so, that an absolute Stranger should take the Liberty to write to her, especially as Miss *Trenchard* has so universal an Acquaintance, that I cannot think it very difficult for a Man of Fashion to get himself introduced to her, without his taking this extraordinary Method; however, you must permit me to say, that there are few People, to whom Miss *Trenchard* would wish to be known as an Acquaintance, beyond the Number of those who have at present that Honour. We are not more ignorant of you than we are of your Meaning; but if you have any further Thoughts, I do assure you there will require a great deal to support such an Application. I am sincerely the Lady's Friend, and in this Instance I am persuaded that I am acting the Part of a Friend to you. I have only observed what I think you ought to have done, and in what Manner, and I leave the rest to your Discretion.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant, ELIZ. MODELY.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

To Mrs. Arabella Fermor on her Marriage.

YOU are by this Time satisfied how much the Tenderness of one Man of Merit is to be preferred to the Addresses of a thousand. And by this Time the Gentleman you have made Choice of is sensible, how great is the Joy of having all those Charms and good Qualities, which have pleased so many, now applied to please one only. It was but just, that the same Virtues which gave you Reputation,

tation, should give you Happiness; and I can wish you no greater, than that you may receive in as high a Degree yourself, as so much good Humour must infallibly give it to your Husband.

It may be expected, perhaps, that one who has the Title of Poet should say something more polite on this Occasion: But I am really more a Well-wisher to your Felicity, than a Celebrater of your Beauty. Besides, you are now a married Woman, and in a Way to be a great many better Things than a fine Lady; such as, an excellent Wife, a faithful Friend, a tender Parent, and, at last, as the Consequence of them all, a Saint in Heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that, which was all you ever desired to hear (whatever others may have spoken to you) I mean Truth: And it is with the utmost that I assure you, no Friend you have can more rejoice in any good that befalls you, is more sincerely delighted with the Prospect of your future Happiness, or more unfeignedly desires a long Continuance of it.

I hope you will think it but just, that a Man who will certainly be spoken of as your Admirer, after he is dead, may have the Happiness to be esteemed, while he is living,

Yours &c.

L E T T E R XXIX.

A facetious young Lady to her Aunt, ridiculing her serious Lover.

Dear Aunt,

I Am much obliged to you for the Kindness you intended me, in recommending Mr. Richards to me for a Husband: But I must be so free to tell you he is a Man no Ways suited to my Inclination. I despise, it is true, the idle Rants of Romance; but I am inclinable to think there may be an Extreme on the other Side of the Question.

The first Time the honest Man came to see me, in the Way you was pleased to put into his Head, was one Sunday after Sermon Time. He began with telling me, what I found at my Fingers Ends, that it was very cold; and politely blowed upon his. I immediately perceived that his Passion for me could not keep him warm; and in Complaisance to your Recommendation, conducted him to the Fire Side. After he had pretty well rubbed Heat into his

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Hands,

Hands, he stood up with his Back to the Fire, and, with his Hands behind him, held up his Coat, that he might be warm all over ; and looking about him, asked, with the Tranquillity of a Man a Twelvemonth married, and just come off a Journey, how all Friends did in the Country ? I said, I hoped very well ; but would be glad to warm my Fingers. Cry Mercy, Madam !—And then he shuffled a little further from the Fire ; and after two or three Hems, and a long Pause——

I have heard, says he, a most excellent Sermon just now : Dr. *Thomas* is a fine Man, truly : Did you ever hear him, Madam ? No, Sir, I generally go to my own Parish-Church. That is right, Madam, to be sure : What was your Subject To-day ? The Pharisee and the Publican, Sir. A very good one, truly : Dr. *Thomas* would have made fine Work upon that Subject. His Text To-day was, *Evil Communications corrupt good Manners*. A good Subject, Sir, I doubt not but the Doctor made a fine Discourse upon it. O, ay, Madam, he cannot make a bad one upon any Subject. I rung for the Tea-Kettle ; for, thought I, we shall have all the Heads of the Sermon immediately.

At Tea he gave me an Account of all the Religious Societies unasked ; and how many Boys they had put out Apprentices, and Girls they had taught to knit and sing Psalms. To all which I gave a Nod of Approbation, and was just able to say, (for I began to be most horribly in the Vapours) It was a very excellent Charity. O, ay, Madam, said he again, (for that is his Word, I find) a very excellent one, truly ; it is snatching so many Brands out of the Fire. You are a Contributor, Sir, I doubt not. O, ay, Madam, to be sure, every good Man would contribute to such a worthy Charity to be sure. No Doubt, Sir, a Blessing attends upon all who promote so worthy a Design. O, ay, Madam, no Doubt as you say : I am sure I have found it ; blessed be God ! And then he twanged his Nose, and lifted up his Eyes, as if in an Ejaculation.

O, my good Aunt, what a Man is here for a Husband ! At last came the happy Moment of his taking Leave ; for I would not ask him to stay Supper : And, moreover, he talked of going to a Lecture at St. *Helen's*. And then, (though I had an Opportunity of saying little more than Yes, or No, all the Time ; for he took the Vapours he had put

put me into, for Devotion, or Gravity; at least, I believe so) he pressed my Hand, looked frightfully kind, and gave me to understand, as a Mark of his Favour, that if, upon further Conversation, and Enquiry into my Character, he should happen to like me as well as he did from my Behaviour and Person, why, truly, I need not fear, in Time, being blessed with him for my Husband!

This, my good Aunt, may be a mighty safe Way of travelling towards the Land of Matrimony, as far as I know; but I cannot help wishing for a little more Entertainment on our Journey. I am willing to believe Mr. *Richards* an honest Man; but am, at the same Time, afraid his religious Turn of Temper, however in itself commendable, would better suit with a Woman who centers all Desert in a solemn Appearance, than with,

Dear Aunt, your greatly obliged Kinswoman.

L E T T E R XXX.

Her Aunt's Answer, rebuking her ludicrous Turn of Mind.

Cousin *Jenny*,

I Am sorry you think Mr. *Richards* so unsuitable a Lover. He is a serious, sober, good Man: And surely when Seriousness and Sobriety make a necessary Part of the Duty of a good Husband, a good Father, and a good Master of a Family, those Characters should not be the Subject of Ridicule, in Persons of our Sex especially, who would reap the Advantages from them. But he talks of the Weather when he first sees you, it seems; and you would have had him directly fall upon the Subject of Love the Moment he beheld you?

He visited you just after the Sermon on a *Sunday*; and was it so unsuitable for him to let you see, that the Duty of the Day had made proper Impressions upon him?

His Turn for promoting the religious Societies, which you speak so slightly of, deserves more Regard from every good Person; for that same Turn is a Kind of Security to a Woman, that he who had a benevolent and religious Heart, could not make a bad Man, or a bad Husband. To put out poor Boys to 'Prentice, to teach Girls to sing Psalms, would be with very few a Subject of Ridicule; for

for he that was so willing to provide for the Children of others, would take still greater Care of his own.

He gave you to understand, that if he liked your Character on Enquiry, as well as your Person and Behaviour, he should think himself very happy in such a Wife; for that, I dare say, was more like his Language, than what you put in his Mouth: And, let me tell you, it would have been a much stranger Speech, had so cautious and serious a Man said, without a thorough Knowledge of your Character, that, at the first Sight, he was over Head and Ears in Love with you.

I think, allowing for the ridiculous Turn your airy Wit gives to this first Visit, that, by your own Account, he acted like a prudent, serious, and worthy Man, as he is, and like one who thought flashy Compliments beneath him in so serious an Affair as this.

I think, Cousin *Jenny*, this is not only a mighty safe Way, as you call it, of travelling towards the Land of Matrimony, but to the Land of Happiness, with Respect as well to the next World as this. And it is to be hoped, that the better Entertainment you so much wish for on your Journey, may not lead you too much out of your Way, and divert your Mind from the principal View which you ought to have at your Journey's End.

In short, I should rather have wished that you could bring your Mind nearer to his Standard, than that he should bring down his to your Level. And you would have found more Satisfaction in it than you imagine, could you have brought yourself to a little more of that solemn Appearance, which you treat so lightly, and which, I think, in him is much more than mere Appearance.

Upon the whole, Cousin *Jenny*, I am sorry, that a Woman of Virtue and Morals, as you are, should treat so ludicrously, a serious and pious Frame of Mind, in an Age wherein good Examples are so rare, and so much wanted; though, at the same Time, I am far from offering to prescribe to you in so arduous an Affair as a Husband; and wish you and Mr. *Richards* too, since you are so differently disposed, matched more suitable to each other's Mind than you are likely to be together: For I am your truly affectionate Aunt.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXXI.

*A Sailor to his Sweetheart.*My dear *Peggy*,

IF you think of me half so often as I do of you, it will be every Hour; for you are never out of my Thoughts; and when I am asleep, I constantly dream of my dear *Peggy*. I wear my Half-bit of Gold always at my Heart tied to a blue Ribbon round my Neck; for true Blue, my dearest Love, is a Colour of Colours to me. Where, my Dearest, do you put yours? I hope you are careful of it: For it would be a bad Omen to lose it.

I hope you hold in the same Mind still, my dearest Dear: For God will never bless you if you break the Vows you have made to me. As to your ever faithful *William*, I would sooner have my Heart torn from my Breast, than it should harbour a Wish for any other Woman besides my *Peggy*. O, my dearest Love! you are the Joy of my Life! my Thoughts are all of you; you are with me in all I do; and my Hopes and my Wishes are only to be yours. God send it may be so!

Our Captain talks of sailing soon for *England*; and then, and then, my dearest *Peggy*!—O, how I rejoice, how my Heart beats with Delight that makes me I cannot tell how, when I think of arriving in *England*, and joining Hands with my *Peggy*, as we have our Hearts before, I hope! I am sure I speak for one.

John Arthur, in the good Ship *Elizabeth*, Captain *Winterton*, which is returning to *England*, as I hope we shall soon, promises to deliver this into your own dear Hand; and he will bring you too, six Bottles of Citron Water, as a Token of my Love. It is fit for the finest Lady's Taste, it is so good; and is, what they say, Ladies drink, when they can get it.

John says, he will have one sweet Kiss of my dearest *Peggy* for his Care and Pains. So let him, my best Love, for I am not of a jealous Temper. I have a better Opinion of my dearest than so—But oh! that I was in his Place!—One Kiss should not serve my Turn, though I hope it may his!—Yet if he takes two, I will forgive him; one for me and one for himself. For I love *John* dearly; and so you
may

may well think. Well what shall I say more?—or rather what shall I say next? For I have an hundred Things crowding in upon me, when I write to my dearest; and alas! one has so few Opportunities! but yet I must leave off; for I have written to the Bottom of my Paper. Love then to all Friends, and Duty to both our Mothers, conclude me, your faithful Lover till Death.

L E T T E R XXXII.

Her Answer.

Dear *William*,

FOR so I may call you now we are sure; and so my Mother says: This is to let you know, that nothing shall prevail upon me to alter my Promise made to you when we parted: With heavy Hearts enough, that's true: And yet I had a little Inkling given me, that Mr. *Alford's* Son, the Carpenter, would be glad to make Love to me: But, do you think I would suffer it? No, indeed! For I doubt not your Loyalty to me; and do you think I will not be as loyal to you?—To be sure I will. These Sailors run such sad Chances, said one that both you and I know. They may return, and they may not. Well, I will trust in God for that, who has returned safe to his Friends, their dear *Billy* so many a Time, and often. They will have a Mistress in every Land they come to, said they. All are not such naughty Men, said I; and I will trust *Billy Oliver* all the World over. For why cannot Men be as faithful as Women, tro? And for me, I am sure no Love shall ever touch my Heart but yours.

God sends us a happy Meeting! Let who will speak against Sailors, they are the Glory and the Safeguard of the Land. And what would become of *Old England* long ago but for them? I am sure the lazy, good-for-nothing Land-lubbers would never have protected us from our cruel Foes. So Sailors are, and ever shall be, esteemed by me: And of all Sailors, my dear *Billy Oliver*. Believe this Truth from your faithful, &c.

P. S. I had this Letter writ in Readiness to send you as I had Opportunity. And the Captain's Lady undertakes to send it with her's. That's very kind and condescending: Is it not?

L E T T E R

L E T T E R XXXIII.

Miss Jenkins to her Friend, inviting her to be present at her Marriage.

Dear MADAM,

YOUR Absence, and your long Friendship, have obliged me to trouble you with this Epistle. You know that for some Time I have permitted the Addressee of Mr. *Townsend*, a Gentleman of Merit, who has my Father's Approbation. As I am but young, I should be glad to continue single a little longer; but as I can have no Objection to the Gentleman, for whom I have the highest Esteem, this will not be allowed; and next *Tuesday* is the Day when he is to enter into a nearer Relation to us. O Madam! I dread the awful Ceremony that is to produce so great a Change; that must render my Happiness dependent on another's; and my now free Actions censurable by another's Judgement; and though I shall be surrounded with the nearest Relations, who are very dear to me, cannot help wishing for the Presence of a much-loved Friend, who has so lately entered into that important State, and whose Looks and present Happiness, I imagine will remove my Diffidence, and inspire me with Courage. I will not injure your Friendship so much as to make an Apology for my desiring this Favour, since it is what Friendship has surely a Right to ask. Come, then, and let me see you. Mr. *Turner* will be an agreeable Guest to my Father; and my Mamma has told me, that his and your Company will be a Favour which she will always gratefully acknowledge. Present my Service to him, and believe that no Situation in Life will ever prevent my being most sincerely yours.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

Lady Stanhope to a Lady newly married.

My dear *Sophia*,

IF thou art she, but oh, how fallen, how changed, what an Apostate! How lost to all that's gay and agreeable! To be married, I find is to be buried alive; I cannot conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a Vault to converse with the Shades of my Ancestors, than to be carried down
to

to an old Manor-house in the Country, and confined to the Conversation of a sober Husband and an aukward Chambermaid. For Variety, I suppose you may entertain yourself with Madam in the Grogram Gown, the Spouse of your Parish Vicar, who has by this Time, I am sure, well furnished you with Receipts for making Salves and Possets, distilling cordial Waters, making Syrups, and applying Poultices.

Blest Solitude ! I wish thee Joy, my Dear, of thy loved Retirement, which indeed you would persuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here described : But, Child, I am afraid thy Brains are a little disordered with Romances and Novels. After six Months Marriage to hear thee talk of Love, and paint the Country Scenes so softly, is a little extravagant ; one would think you lived the Lives of the Sylvan Deities, or roved among the Walks of Paradise, like the first happy Pair. But Prith thee leave these Whimfies and come to Town, in order to live and talk like other Mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your Reputation, I would willingly give you a little good Advice at your first Appearance under the Character of a married Woman : It is a little insolent in me, perhaps, to advise a Matron ; but I am so afraid you will make so silly a Figure as a fond Wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any public Place with your Husband, and never to saunter about *St. James's Park* together. If you presume to enter the Ring at *Hyde-Park* together, you are ruined for ever ; nor must you take the least Notice of one another at the Play-house, or Opera, unless you would be laughed at as a very loving Couple, most happily paired in the Yoke of Wedlock. I would recommend the Example of an Acquaintance of ours to your Imitation ; she is the most negligent and fashionable Wife in the World ; she is hardly ever seen in the same Place with her Husband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect Strangers. She never was heard to name him in his Absence, and takes Care he shall not be the Subject of any Discourse that she has a Share in. I hope you will propose this Lady as a Pattern, though I am very much afraid you will be so silly to think *Porcia, Sabine, &c. Roman Wives*, much brighter Examples. I wish it may never come into your Head to imitate those antiquated
Creatures

Creatures so far, as to come into Public in the Habit, as well as Air, of a *Roman* Matron. You make already the Entertainment at Mrs. *Modish's* Tea-Table; she says, she always thought you a discreet Person, and qualified to manage a Family with admirable Prudence. She dies to see what demure and serious Airs Wedlock has given to you; but she says she shall never forgive your Choice of so gallant a Man as *Bellmour*, to transform him to a mere sober Husband; it was unpardonable: You see, my Dear, we all envy your Happiness, and no Person more than your humble Servant,

STANHOPE.

L E T T E R XXXV.

The Answer from the Bride.

My LADY,

I Would not have you in Pain for my Appearance in Town; I shall frequent no public Places, nor make any Visits where the Character of a modest Wife is ridiculous. As for your wild Raillery on Matrimony, it is all Hypocrisy; you, and all the handsome young Women of your Acquaintance, shew themselves to no other Purpose, than to gain a Conquest over some Man of Worth, in order to bestow your Charms and Fortune on him. There is no Indecency in the Confession, the Design is modest and honourable, and all your Affectation cannot disguise it.

I am married, and have no other Concern but to please the Man I love; he is the End of every Care I have; if I dress, it is for him; if I read a Poem or a Play, it is to qualify myself for a Conversation agreeable to his Taste: He is almost the End of my Devotion: Half my Prayers are for his Happiness—I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with Pleasure and Emotion. I am your Friend, and wish your Happiness; but am sorry to see, by the Air of your Letter, that there is a Sett of Women who are got into the Common-place Raillery of every thing that is sober, decent, and proper. Matrimony and the Clergy, are the Topics of People of little Wit, and no Understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the Vicar's Wife all you tax me with: She is a discreet, ingenious, pleasing, pious Woman; I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. *Modish*; you would find, if you were too free
with

with her, she would make you blush as much as if you had never been fine Ladies. The Vicar, Madam, is so kind as to visit my Husband, and his agreeable Conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy Hours when even I am shut out, and my dear Husband is entertained only with his own Thoughts. These Things, dear Madam, will be lasting Satisfaction, when the fine Ladies and the Coxcombs, by whom they form themselves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous even in old Age.

I am, MADAM, your most humble Servant,

SOPHIA WATSON.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

The Poet Waller's entertaining Letter to Lady Sidney.

MADAM,

IN the common Joy at *Penshurst* I know none to whom Compliments may come less unseasonable than to your Ladyship; the Loss of a Bedfellow being almost equal to that of a Mistress; and, therefore, you ought, at least, to pardon, if you consent not to the Imprecations of the deserted; which just Heaven, no Doubt, will hear!

May my Lady *Dorothy*, (if we may yet call her so) suffer as much, and have the like Passion for this young Lord, whom she has preferred to the rest of Mankind, as others have had for her: And may this Love, before the Year goes about, make her taste of the first Curse imposed on Womankind, the Pains of becoming a Mother! May her First-born be none of her own Sex! Nor so like her, but that he may resemble her Lord as much as herself!

May she, that always affected Silence and Retiredness, have the House filled with the Noise and Number of her Children; and hereafter of her Grandchildren! And then may she arrive at that great Curse, so much declined by fair Ladies,—Old Age! May she live to be very old, and yet seem young; be told so by her Glass, and have no Achs to inform her of the Truth! And when she shall appear to be mortal, may her Lord not mourn for her, but go Hand in Hand with her to that Place, where, we are told, there is neither marrying, nor giving in Marriage; that being there divorced, we may have all an equal Interest in her again! My Revenge being immortal, I wish
all

all this may also befall their Posterity to the World's End, and afterwards!

To you, Madam, I wish all good Things; and that this Loss may, in good Time, be happily supplied with a more constant Bedfellow of the other Sex.

Madam, I humbly kiss your Hand, and beg Pardon for this Trouble, from your Ladyship's most humble,

EDMUND WALLER.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

From a young Lady, to congratulate a Friend on her Marriage.

Dear MADAM,

THOUGH from your last, I had Reason to think you approached the indissoluble Bond, I could not apprehend the Change would have been so sudden. I pleased myself with the Thought of being your Companion and Confident in the agreeable Task of choosing Silks, Laces, and Ribbons; and imagined, that my being consulted on Affairs of such Importance, by so fine a young Lady, would have made me appear in a more favourable Light to the Companions of my Sister *Jenny*, than I could expect from my being a Girl just come from School; but you have disconcerted all my Schemes. However, as I have no Doubt of your Happiness, I sincerely rejoice in the Event. May your Felicity be long, and uninterrupted, and every thing conspire to render it complete. My Papa gives Mr. *Turner* just such a Character, as I wish the Man may deserve, who shall make a Wife of my Sister *Jenny*; and may I not add, since it is to my dearest Friend, that shall make a Wife of my Sister's Sister? May he live long, and always deserve so fair a Character, and so deserving a Bride; and may that Bride live long, to reward his Merit, and delight her Friends. And to conclude, in one Word, may you be the happiest Pair in *England*.

I am, dear MADAM, yours, &c.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Description of an Italian Wedding, by S. Sharp, Esq;

SIR,

Venice, Sept. 1765.

WE have this Day seen a Wedding, at *La Madona della Pesta*, of two of the greatest Families in *Venice*:

I say Families ; for all Matches are rather Alliances of Families, than Attachments of the Parties married. These Marriages are generally public, and the Relations are desirous to have as many Assistants and Witnesses at Church, as they can collect : It is usual upon this Occasion to send an Invitation to Foreigners. All the Women who are admitted, have likewise a formal Invitation ; but no Gentleman is denied Entrance. The Ladies who are the Acquaintance of the Parties, appear as gaudy as their sumptuary Laws will suffer them ; but these Laws oblige them to wear black, so that their laced Ruffles and Head-dress, with their Diamonds, are the chief Ornament ; and, to say the Truth, though their Diamonds be numerous, they appear to great Disadvantage by being ill set in a large Quantity of Silver. The Number of the well-dressed Ladies was only Fifteen ; the rest of the Women in the Church were of low Rank. The Bride alone was dressed in white, with a long Train ; the Bridegroom, in the usual black Dress of a *Venetian* Noble, not unlike one of our Counsellors in *England*, with a Judge's Wig. She was led up to the Altar by a *Venetian* Noble, where she knelt, with her Husband on her Right Hand. They both continued on their Knees till the Ceremony was finished, which, with the Mass, was above half an Hour. She was then handed out of the Church by the same Noble, and, as is the Custom, she curtsied and paid her Compliments, in her Return, to all her's and her Husband's Friends. Upon this Occasion there are Epithalamiums printed, and made Presents of to certain Spectators and Acquaintance. I should suppose that the Poems I received, were of a Size to sell for eight or nine Shillings in *England*. It must happen, now and then, that a rich *Venetian* has no Son ; in which Case, a Daughter may be a great Fortune ; but, in general, a young Lady with six or seven Thousand Pounds, is esteemed a good Fortune ; for the Ambition of the noble Families is to unite, as much as possible, their Riches with their Name. The Ladies here, as also at *Turin* and *Milan*, are generally very fair : The Men are not so handsome, but, I think, remarkably tall. Look at any Class amongst them which cannot be selected, the Nobles for Example, and you will find very few short Men amongst them.

I am, Sir, &c.

S. SHARP.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXXIX.

Unhappy Consequences from Italian Matches.

S I R,

Naples, Nov. 1765.

YOU tell me, two or three Husbands are lately separated from their Wives, and bemoan the Degeneracy of the Age in these Instances. You suppose the Manners of our People corrupted, because two or three married Couple, either on the Account of Gallantry or Aversion, have parted: With us here, it is an Argument of national Virtue. We read with Astonishment that the Examples are only two or three in so large a Kingdom. Were *Italians* to separate either on the Account of Indifference or Gallantry, there would be almost as many Divorces as Marriages. It appears to us, that, because some separate where there is no Affection, others may remain together, because there is Affection; a Passion in a Manner almost unknown betwixt Husbands and Wives in this Climate. When I pass so severe a Censure on the State of Matrimony in these Kingdoms, do not believe that I speak from a Spirit of Detraction, or without good Grounds: I believe I can much more satisfactorily solve this Phænomenon, than the ingenious *Montesquieu* does that of the different Characters of different Nations, from the various Latitudes in which they are situated, &c. How is it probable that Husbands and Wives should have any Esteem, much less Love, for each other, when they are always brought together without the least Participation of their own? The Fathers never consult the Liking of the young People, but look forwards to the Endowments of the next Generation, which are comprized in two Words, Fortune and Family. All that I have here said is so literally true, that it very seldom happens the Parties know one another before the Marriage Articles are drawing up, and, perhaps, do not visit twice before the Day of Consummation; she, to that Moment, is locked up in a Convent.

Bad as the above System is, it would not be sufficient to diffuse universal Happiness through the Domains of *Hymen*: Chance and good Sense would now and then render this Sort of Union agreeable, and even friendly; but that abominable and infernal Fashion of taking a
Cicelbeo

Cicesbeo ſo ſoon after they have quitted the Altar, is a never failing Meaſure to eſtrange whatever Affection might otherwiſe have ſprung up. Many People in *England* imagine the Majority of Cicesbeos to be an innocent Kind of dangling Fribble; but they are utterly miſtaken in the Character; nor do I find that it is underſtood here that the Ladies live in greater Purity with their Cicesbeos than with their Huſbands; and, generally ſpeaking, with much leſs: If only one Half of the Ladies practiſed this Cuſtom, the other Half would deſpiſe them; but, in Fact, very few have any Pretence to upbraid the reſt with bad Conduct, either from having no Cicesbeo, or living innocently with him: If there be any of the latter Sort, their Reward muſt be in Heaven, or Virtue muſt be its own Reward; as nobody gives them the leaſt Credit here for their Continence, or ſuppoſes it practicable; nay, perhaps, they may laugh at it as ridiculous; ſo pardonable, and ſo polite do they eſteem this Species of Immorality; and, to ſay the Truth, I myſelf have ſeen Princeſſes, Duchesses, and their Cicesbeos, viſiting with the ſame Unconcernedneſs, as an honeſt Citizen and his Wife do; nor, after a little Habit and Uſe, do they afford me more Matter of Speculation. To give you an Idea in one Word, how much the Mode of Inſeparableneſs betwixt them is eſtabliſhed, ſuffice it to ſay, that if you invite five Ladies to Dinner, you, of Courſe, lay ten Plates, as each for a Certainty brings her Cicesbeo with her. You are not to imagine, when I ſpeak of an Invitation of Ladies, that a ſingle Woman is ever thought of; that Charm in Society, that Innocence and Sprightlineſs attendant upon Youth, and the Ignorance of a deceitful World, is utterly unknown in *Italy*, nor are there more than two unmarried Ladies in this Metropolis, who viſit; all the others are locked up in Monaſteries.

Children here have very little Tendency to ſupport the Friendſhip and Harmony of the married State; with us, the joint Inter-eſt of both Father and Mother in their little Ones, with, perhaps, the blended Features they each diſcover in their Progeny, do not contribute in a ſmall Degree, to heal any accidental Breaches, or at leaſt, to make them live ſeemingly on good Terms, for the Sake of their Poſterity. In *Italy*, a certain Knowledge of every Wife's Attachment to a Lover, extinguishes all ſocial Affection,

Affection, and all Fondness for the Offspring; and it is only the eldest born, which the Husband is sure belongs to him; and for that Security, it is generally requisite, the Birth should take Place the first Year, as the Women seldom hold out longer without a Cicesbeo; indeed, how should they? For a Husband will not wait on his Wife to a public Place, and it is not the Fashion for Women to go, as in *England*, without Men. I have been told, by a grave *Neapolitan* old Gentleman, the Fault is entirely on the Side of the Husbands, who are fickle from the Nature of the Climate, and cannot continue constant to their Wives many Months, so that the poor Women are driven into this Measure; but, whether the Practice arises from Levity or Compulsion, the Consequence is dreadful to Society, if there be any real Delight, and Charms in Virtue and mutual Love.

L E T T E R XL.

From a Lady newly married, to an Intimate.

Dear *Bid*,

DO not stare at a strange Name at the Bottom of this Letter. It was Miss *Newell* that writes to you, but the barbarous Man has overturned all that. What cannot these Men do when they persuade us out of our very Names? My Servant brings you a Dozen of *French* Gloves; you will remember that you, and the poor Girl I have just been talking of, entered into a Bargain, that which ever married first, should send this present to the other: If you are married too, send it back again; if not, take a Friend's Advice, dear *Biddy*, and marry as soon as you can. I believe you will find it has not taken away my Spirits yet; and by what I see of it, I do not think it ever will. One may have occasion to be *grave* sometimes, but I do not see that *that* need make one unhappy. My Dear, you will excuse me for not writing you a longer Letter: You will guess that a Woman, who has not been married above twelve Hours, has enough to do with herself. I have only told Mr. *Williams* I must have a Moment to write to the Person in the World I love next himself. My Dear, good b'ye. I suppose I shall see you. Your most affectionate humble Servant.

I

LETTER

L E T T E R XLI.

*To a new-married Lady; in Answer.*My dear *Charlotte*,

THERE is not one among all your Acquaintance that congratulates with you, with more Pleasure or Sincerity, than I do on the present Occasion. I hope you will write to me twenty Years hence to confirm all your happy Expectations; for I shall preserve your Letter to compare with it. My Dear, God send you may be long as happy as you seem to be this Moment. But take a Friend's Advice: Do not say so much about it to any body else. Your Friends will banter you about it; and those who are not so, will compare it with your Gravity by-and-by; and suspect, that because you do not laugh so much, you are not so happy; for depend upon it, though you may be much happier a Twelvemonth hence, you will not be so merry.

I expected the Gloves, so your new Name did not surprise me. You could not imagine all the People in Town did not know of your Match. The Day alone was a Secret. I thank you for your friendly Advice; but, my Dear, I shall stay and hear what you say of the married Life when you are a little better acquainted with it, before I am at all in the more Haste to enter upon it for your Recommendation; But I do not doubt you will always continue in the same Opinion. That you may be so as long as you live, is, my dear *Charlotte*, the most sincere Wish of your very faithful Servant.

L E T T E R XLII.

From a Gentleman of some Fortune, who had seen a Lady in Public, to her Mother.

MADAM,

I Shall be very happy if you are not altogether unacquainted with the Name which is at the Bottom of this Letter, since that will prevent me the Necessity of saying for e things concerning myself, which had better be heard from others. Hoping that it may be so, I shall not trouble you on that Head; but only say, that I have the Honour to be of a Family not mean, and not wholly without Fortune.

I was

I was Yesterday, Madam, at the *Rehearsal* at St. Paul's, and have been informed, that a Lady, who commanded my Attention there, has the Happiness to be your Daughter. It is on Account of that Lady that I now write to you ; but I am aware you will say this is a rash, and an idle Manner of attempting an Acquaintance. I have always been of Opinion, that nothing deserves Censure which is honourable and undisguised. I take the Freedom to tell you, Madam, that I believe your Daughter worthy a much better Offer ; but I am assured my Happiness will depend upon her accepting or refusing this. In the first Place, I request to know whether the Lady be engaged, for I am an entire Stranger ; and, if she be not, I beg, that after you have informed yourself who it is that requests the Honour of being introduced to her, you will do me the singular Favour of letting me be answered. I am very much an Enemy, Madam, to the usual Nonsense upon these Occasions ; but it would be Injustice to myself to conclude, without saying, that my Mind will be very little at Ease until I know how this Address is received. I have the Honour to be, with the greatest Respect, MADAM, your most obedient humble Servant.

L E T T E R XLIII.

To a young Lady who asked Advice in a Matrimonial Affair

My dear Friend,

I Was uneasy at your long Silence, and, without Loss of Time, answer yours, lest you should blame me for following your late Example. It gives me no small Pleasure to find that your Health is restored ; and that you may be happy in that, and every other Blessing this World affords, is the earnest Wish of your present Correspondent ; and to give you a Proof of it, I begin to chat about a certain *Londoner*, who I hope is possessed of all the Merit a Friend of mine deserves, and then I shall expect a deal of Satisfaction in his Acquaintance. And now I must take the Liberty, in a free but friendly Manner, to answer your Letter, and this chiefly out of Regard to yourself ; and if the Gentleman be a Man of Honour, he will readily forgive your well-meaning humble Servant. As to his Person, you are the only Judge to be consulted, for the finest Face looks plain by being often viewed, and the most indif-

ferent Persons appear well by being much acquainted; but, my Dear, is he a Man well-grounded in the Principles of our Religion, and of a good and agreeable Temper? For without Good-humour on the Man's Side, how must Women bear the many Hardships that attend our Sex in the married State? We then give ourselves, our Fortunes, and every thing dear to us, to the Man we give our Hand to; therefore our Happiness, after the Knot is tied, must depend upon the Person we engage with. It is a Contract for Life, which makes me again repeat, that he should be good-humoured, and of a sound and clear Judgement; the last he has given some Proof of, by desiring the Hand of the most agreeable Miss *Jackson*. But, my Dear, tho' I am so old fashioned, as to esteem it the meanest of Motives to marry for Money, and put it the last Article; yet Fortune is a necessary Ingredient. and the yearly Income that will genteely keep a single Person, will but smally contribute towards the Expences of a Family. Now your Fortune is above two thousand Pounds a Year; and Estates never bring in so much as they are given in at; and are you sure he has no debts upon that Estate? You say he is a *London* Tradesman, but I hope his Estate is not there, as *London* is a vast Way off *Nottingham*; but I flatter myself you know some Persons of Honour and Integrity, who have a thorough Knowledge of our Gentleman, his Estate and his Stock in Trade; for though I have a great Opinion of your Judgement, I fear it may be biassed and prejudiced in the Case before us, and Lovers Tales are not always to be depended on. I beg quickly to hear from you, for at present I shall stop my Pen, lest you should have given your Consent before this comes to Hand.

Yours ever.

L E T T E R XLIV.

From a Lady, accusing her Admirer of Indifference towards her.

I Parted from you with a Heart filled at once with the warmest Resentment, and most tender Regret; cruel Sentiments to lodge in one Breast together, for the same Object! Yet were they, for the Time, of mutual Service to me, by keeping each other within Bounds. My Pride moderated

moderated my Concern for having left you, and was, at the same Time, restrained by the Sorrow I felt, at being separated from you.

Possessed with Thoughts so injurious to my Repose, my Mind has been the Seat of Anarchy and Confusion. At length, the Rebel Pride was forced to yield; as he but furnished new Strength to his more powerful Rival; for I found, upon Examination, that my chief Cause of Resentment, was owing to your want of Tendernefs towards me; which had, at first, piqued my Spirit, but was now softened into a Mortification of another Kind, for not having been able to inspire you with it. I no longer accused you—I only pitied myself. I lamented our having ever met, and wished earnestly for the instant Dissolution of that Being, which had lost its Value with your Love.

*But Death
Comes not at Call, nor mends its slowest Pace
For Complaints, or Cries.*

In this Situation I arrived in Town, where I found a Letter from you, which had come to my Lodgings just after I had left them. How am I to reconcile the Warmth of your Expressions, with the Coolness of your Manners towards me! Is it possible you can think of me as you speak, and yet treat me with Indifference? Do you, indeed, love me, and yet take Pains to make me think you do not? Can you approve that Converse, in Absence, which, when present, you seem to disregard? What am I to conclude from such apparent Contradictions? I cannot, will not, doubt your Sincerity—No, let me rather think, that the *Extravagance* of my Love has too hastily accused the *Oeconomy* of yours; and that, notwithstanding all my Faults and Foibles, you still love me for the only Merit, which your own renders scarce one, I ever was possessed of, that of esteeming and admiring you.

I have now given you an exact Description, both of the Sentiments and Sensations of my Heart. Do not cruelly charge it with Caprice, but remember that it is your own equivocal Behaviour which has induced my Suspicions, Adieu!

FRANCES.

L E T T E R XLV.

A frank Declaration of Love.

THE kind Concern my dear *Harry* expressed in his late Letter for my Health, would, I think, render me unpardonable, if I did not feel as much Pleasure in acquainting him with my Recovery, as, I flatter myself, he will receive from the Account. I am indeed much better, Thanks to my Regard for you: for, were I not persuaded that my Life is of Moment to your Happiness, how earnestly should I wish to abandon it! The Love of Life, which is, I believe implanted in the Heart of every Creature, renders Death formidable to us while we are in perfect Health; but when the animal Spirits are weakened by Pain, when we only live to Misery, our Sentiments are wholly changed, and we wish for Death, as a Relief from Torment. Think then, if my every Thought, Hope, and Wish, were not centered in you, how earnestly should I have desired a Deliverance from Pain? But what I have said, the Voice of Nature, more powerful than even that of Love, made me wish to live—perhaps my Life is of no Consequence to you—"I will, however, endeavour to banish the cruel Reason that would inform me; and preserve my Illusion, that I may preserve my Life."

As my first Wish is to be beloved by you, my second is to be approved; let me then, my dear *Harry*, giving full Force to your Protestations, account for that you unjustly call Caprice. I own, I love you enough to be guilty of the very folly you charge me with; imbittering the present Happiness, by the Fear of losing it. But is it not from this Motive that I have mentioned our parting. I know and feel that my Affection and Friendship for you increase daily; therefore cannot suspect that yours for me are lessened; but whenever I dare venture to ask myself, what will be the End of our mutual Attachment, I tremble at the Reply my Reason makes, and almost wish we hated one another. For the present, my Regard for you renders every Pleasure in Life insipid to me; and every Accident indifferent, that has not some Relation to you;—my whole Time and Thoughts are devoted to you; and
Business,

Business, or Pleasure, are alike hateful to me. For this Indifference to the Objects that surround me, I think myself amply rewarded, by the Pleasure I receive from your Letters; and wish for no other Recompence for all my Love and Tenderneſs, but a Continuation of yours. But tell me, my dearest *Harry*, what will this end in? The little Circle of my Acquaintance speak of my Attachment to you with seeming Pity, from a Belief, that you have none to me. The World in general, treat me in the severest Manner, on your Account. Answer me now, my Heart's dear *Harry*, with Truth and Justice, for Reason prompts the Question, and Honour will not dally longer; can you indeed lay your Hand on that dear Breast, where *Fanny's* Heart inhabits, and tell me you have Love, Honour, and Constancy enough to repay all her past, present, and future Sufferings, by seriously intending, whenever it is in your Power, to make her your Wife?—Consider well this Point, for it is of the highest Moment to us both; and on your Answer entirely depends my continuing those pleasing Ideas, which have hitherto supported me, through the various Scenes of Distress I have suffered for you; or, by a proper Resolution, erasing them, and you, for ever from my Heart. Let not a false Delicacy to yourself, or an affected tenderness for me, prevent your speaking your Sentiments with that Frankness, which, I think, I ever merited from you; and be assured, your speaking candidly, should it even acquaint me with the most unwelcome Truths, will raise you higher in my Esteem, than your attempting to amuse me with unmeaning expressions of Regard. I do not indeed suspect, that you have hitherto said any thing to me, which you did not think; but, as the Matter in Question is of the nicest Nature, I would guard against every thing, which could possibly aggravate the Misfortune I am taught to apprehend.

Your reproaching me with Want of Tenderneſs I can readily forgive: First, as my Heart is armed so strong with Truth that it repels the Dart, nor suffers it to wound your Image, which is lodged in its inmost Recesses;—next, as my so often mentioning our parting, without having Courage to assign the Cause, might well warrant your seeming Suspicion of my Affection; though I dare venture to affirm, you never yet injured me so far, as in Reality to doubt it.

Let me now, my dear and best beloved *Harry*, conjure you by all the Love and Tenderneſs you ever vowed to me, to reſt aſſured, that the Words which I have wrote, on the melancholy Subject of our Parting, have been ſo many Daggers to my Heart; and that no light Suſpicion of your Love, or idle Caprice of my own, has occaſioned my reducing you to an Explanation, which I would part with a Limb to avoid; for though I cannot, will not doubt your Love, I tremble at the Trial.—No, my own Heart bears Witneſs to your Truth; it is filled with you, and you alone; why then ſhould I not, in Contradiſtion to the World, believe this faithful Evidence?—Alas! I fear, it is too much your Friend!—

Deliver me, I intreat you, my Heart's dear *Harry*, from the painful Situation I am in: Raiſe me, at once, to a higher Senſe of Happineſs than I have yet known, or plunge me into ſuch a State of Miſery, as can only be relieved by the ſad Cure of all our Ills.

You have commanded me not to apologize for my Writing—I obey—though conſcious that, as all my Letters are wrote from the Heart, they have nothing to atone for their Folly, but their Sincerity; which will ever impel me, through every Seaſon, Change, and Chance of Life, to ſubſcribe myſelf, yours, and only yours, FRANCES.

Heury received the foregoing Letter, and answered it in Perſon, on which enſued a Marriage.

L E T T E R XLVI.

To a Lady on the Choice of a Husband.

MADAM,

YOU do me great Honour in your Application to me on this important Occaſion; I ſhall therefore talk to you with the Tenderneſs of a Father, in Gratitude for your giving me the Authority of one. You do not ſeem to make any great Diſtinction between your two Lovers, as to their Perſons; the Whole Queſtion lies upon their Circumſtances and Behaviour: If the one is leſs reſpectful becauſe he is rich, and the other more obſequious becauſe he is not ſo, they are in that Point moved by the ſame Principle, the Conſideration of Fortune; and you muſt place them in each other's Circumſtances, before you can judge of their Inclination. To avoid Confuſion in diſcuſſing

cussing this Point, I will call the richer Man *Strephon*, and the other *Florio*. If you believe *Florio* with *Strephon's* Estate would behave himself as he does now, *Florio* is certainly your Man: But if you think *Strephon*, were he in *Florio's* Condition, would be as obsequious as *Florio* is now, you ought for your own Sake to chuse *Strephon*; for where the Men are equal, there is no doubt Riches ought to be a Reason for Preference. After this Manner, I would have you abstract them from their Circumstances; for you are to take it for granted, that he who is very humble only because he is poor, is the very same Man in Nature with him who is haughty because he is rich.

When you have gone thus far, as to consider the Figure they make towards you; you will please, Madam, next to consider the Appearance you make towards them. If they are Men of Discernment, they can observe the Motives of your Heart? and *Florio* can see when he is disregarded only upon Account of Fortune, which makes you to him a mercenary Creature: And you are still the same Thing to *Strephon*, in taking him for his Wealth only: You are therefore to consider whether you had rather confer than receive an Obligation.

The Marriage Life is always an insipid, a vexatious, or an happy Condition. The first is, when two People of no Genius or Taste for themselves, meet together, upon such a Settlement as has been thought reasonable by Parents and Conveyancers, from an exact Valuation of the Land and Cash of both Parties: In this Case the young Lady's Person is no more regarded than the House and Improvements in Purchase of an Estate; but she goes with her Fortune, rather than her Fortune with her. These make up the Crowd or Vulgar of the Rich, and fill up the Lumber of human Race, without Benificence to those below them, or Respect towards those above them; and lead a despicable, independent, and useless Life, without Sense of the Laws of Kindness, Good-Nature, mutual Offices, and the elegant Satisfaction which flow from Reason and Virtue.

The vexatious Life arises from a Conjunction of two People of quick Taste and Resentment, put together for Reasons well known to their Friends, in which especial Care is taken to avoid (what they think the Chief of Evils) Poverty, and ensure to them Riches, with every Evil be-

sides. These good People live in a Constant Restraint before Company, and too great Familiarity alone: When they are within Observation they fret at each other's Carriage and Behaviour; when alone they revile each other's Person and Conduct: In Company they are in a Purgatory, when only together in a Hell.

The happy Marriage is where two Persons meet and voluntarily make Choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the Circumstances of Fortune or Beauty. These may still love in Spite of Adversity or Sickness; the former we may in some Measure defend ourselves from; the other is the Portion of our very Make. When you have a true Notion of this Sort of Passion, your Humour of living great will vanish out of your Imagination, and you will find Love has nothing to do with State. Solitude, with the Person beloved, has a Pleasure beyond Show or Pomp. You are therefore to consider which of your Lovers will like you best undressed, which will bear with you most when out of Humour; and your Way to this is to ask yourself; which you value most for his own Sake; and by that judge which gives the greater Instances of his valuing you for yourself only.

After you have expressed some Sense of the humble Approach of *Florio*, and a little Disdain at *Strephon's* Assurance in his Address, you cry out, "What an unexceptionable Husband could I make out of both!" It would therefore, methinks, be a good Way to determine yourself: Take him in whom what you like is not transferable to another; for if you choose otherwise, there is no Hopes your Husband will ever have what you liked in his Rival: But intrinsic Qualities in one Man may very probably purchase every thing that is adventitious in another. In plainer Terms: He whom you take for his personal Perfections, will sooner arrive at the Gifts of Fortune, than he whom you take for the Sake of his Fortune attain to personal Perfections. If *Strephon* is not as accomplished and agreeable as *Florio*, Marriage to you will never make him so; but Marriage to you may make *Florio* as rich as *Strephon*: Therefore, to make a sure Purchase, employ Fortune upon Certainties, but do not sacrifice Certainties to Fortune.

I am your most obedient humble Servant.

END of the THIRD PART.

The

The COMPLETE
ART of WRITING LETTERS.

PART IV.

Historical LETTERS *to improve the* STYLE, *and*
entertain the MIND.

L E T T E R I.

Bishop Atterbury to Mr. Pope, about two Months before
his Banishment.

Dear SIR,

Thank you for all the Instances of your Friend-
ship, both before, and since my Misfortunes.
A little Time will complete them, and sepa-
rate you and me for ever. But in what Part
of the World soever I am, I will live mind-
ful of your sincere Kindness to me; and will
please myself with the Thought, that I still live in your
Esteem and Affection, as much as ever I did; and that no
Accidents of Life, no Distance of Time, or Place, will
alter you in that Respect. It never can me, who have
loved and valued you ever since I knew you, and shall not
fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so; as the
Case will soon be. Give my faithful Services to Dr. Ar-
butnot, and Thanks for what he sent me, which was much
to the Purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the Pur-
pose, in a Case that is already determined. Let him know
my Defence will be such, that neither my Friends need
blush for me, nor will my Enemies have great Occasion of
Triumph, though sure of the Victory. I shall want his
Advice before I go abroad, in many Things. But I que-
stion whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any Body,

but such as are absolutely necessary towards the Dispatch of my private Affairs. If so, God blefs you both! and may no Part of the ill Fortune which attends me, ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my Hearing, to say somewhat about my Way of spending my Time at the Deanry, which did not seem calculated towards managing Plots and Conspiracies. But of that I shall consider—You and I have spent many Hours together upon much pleasanter Subjects; and that I may preserve the old Custom, I shall not part with you nowtill I have closed this Letter with three Lines of *Milton*, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some Degree of Concern, apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

*Some natural Tears be dropt, but wip'd them soon :
The World was all before him, where to chuse
His Place of Rest, and Providence his Guide.*

L E T T E R II.

The Answer.

April 20, 1723

IT is not possible to express what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for some Time past; and shall think of nothing so long for the Time to come. The greatest Comfort I had, was an Intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your Journey, to which I had brought that Person to consent, who only could have hindered me, by a Tie which, though it may be more tender, I do not think more strong than that of Friendship. But I fear there will be no Way left me to tell you, this great Truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely esteem and value you; no Way but that one, which needs no open Warrant to authorize it, nor secret Conveyance to secure it; which no Bills can preclude, and no Kings prevent; a Way that can reach to any Part of the World where you may be, where the very Whisper, or even the Wish of a Friend, must not be heard, or even suspected. By this Way, I dare tell my Esteem and Affection of you, to your Enemies

Enemies in the Gates ; and you, and they, and their Sons, may hear of it.

You prove yourself, my Lord, to know me for the Friend I am ; in judging that the Manner of your Defence and your Reputation by it, is a Point of the highest Concern to me ; and assuring me it shall be such, that none of your Friends shall blush for you. Let me further Prompt you to do yourself the best and most lasting Justice ; the Instruments of your Fame to Posterity will be in your own Hands. May it not be, that Providence has appointed you to some great and useful Work, and calls you to it the severe Way ? You may more eminently and more effectually serve the Public even now, than in the Stations you have so honourably filled. Think of *Tully*, *Bacon*, and *Clarendon* ; is not the latter, the disgraced Part of their Lives, which you most envy, and which you would chuse to have lived ?

I am tenderly sensible of the Wish you express, that no Part of your Misfortunes may pursue me. But God knows I am every Day less and less fond of my native Country (so torn as it is by Party-Rage) and begin to consider the Friend in Exile, as a Friend in Death : one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after ; and where (however various or uncertain the Roads and Voyages of another World may be) I cannot but entertain a pleasing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully assure you, that in the mean Time, there is no one, living or dead, of whom I shall think oftener or better than of you. I shall look upon you as in a State between both, in which you will have from me all the Passions and warm Wishes that can attend the Living, and all the Respect and tender Sense of Loss, that we feel for the Dead. And I shall ever depend upon your Constant Friendship, kind Memory and good Offices, though I were never to see or hear the Effects of them ; like the Trust we have in benevolent Spirits, who, though we never see or hear them, we think are constantly serving us and praying for us.

Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude you are intentionally doing so to me. And every Time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never shall suffer to be forgotten (nay to be but faintly

faintly remembered) the Honour, the Pleasure, the Pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguished me, how cordially you have advised me! In Conversation, in Study, I shall always want you, and wish for you: In my most lively, and in my most thoughtful Hours, I shall equally bear about me, the Impressions of you. And Perhaps it will not be in this Life only, that I shall have Cause to remember and acknowledge the Friendship of the Bishop of Rochester.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R III.

By Mr. Gay, giving an Account of two Lovers who were struck dead by the same Flash of Lightning.

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only News that you can expect from me here, is News from Heaven, for I am quite out of the World; and there is scarce any Thing that can reach me, except the Noise of Thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read, in old Authors, of high Towers levelled by it to the Ground, while the humble Valleys have escaped: The only thing that is Proof against it is the Laurel, which however I take to be no great Security to the Brains of modern Authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant Heap of Towers in the Universe, which is in this Neighbourhood, stand still undamaged, while a Cock of Barley in our next Field has been consumed to Ashes. Would to God that this Heap of Barley had been all that had perished! for unhappily beneath this little Shelter sat two, much more constant Lovers than ever were found in Romance, under the Shade of a Beech Tree. *John Hewit* was a well set Man, of about five-and-twenty; *Sarah Drew* might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same Age. They had passed through the various Labours of the Year together, with the greatest Satisfaction. If she milked, it was his Morning and Evening Care to bring the Cows to her Hand. It was but last Fair that he bought her a Present of green Silk for her Straw Hat, and the Posy on her Silver Ring was of his chusing. Their Love was the Talk of the whole Neighbourhood; for Scandal never affirmed, that he had any other

other Views than the lawful Possession of her in Marriage. It was that very Morning that he had obtained the Consent of her Parents, and it was but till the next Week that they were to wait to be happy: Perhaps in the Intervals of their Work they were now talking of their Wedding-Cloaths, and *John* was suiting several Sorts of Popies and Field Flowers to her Complexion, to chuse her a Knot for her Wedding-Day. While they were thus busied, (it was on the last of *July*, between two and three in the Afternoon) the Clouds grew black, and such a Storm of Lightening and Thunder ensued, that all the Labourers made the best of their Way to what Shelter the Trees and Hedges afforded.

Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a Swoon on a Heap of Barley. *John*, who never separated from her, sat down by her Side, having raked together two or three Heaps, the better to secure her from the Storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a Crack, as if Heaven had split asunder; every one was now solicitous for the Safety of his Neighbour, and called for one another throughout the Field: No Answer being returned to those who called to our Lovers, they stept to the Place where they lay; they perceived the Barley all in a Smoke, and spied this faithful Pair, *John* with one Arm about *Sarah's* Neck, and the other held over, as to screen her from the Lightening. They were struck dead, and stiffened in this tender Posture. *Sarah's* left Eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black Spot on her Breast: Her Lover was all over black; but not the least Signs of Life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy Companions, they were conveyed to the Town, and the next Day were interred in *Stanton-Harcourt* Church-yard. My Lord *Harcourt*, at Mr. *Pope's* and my Request, has caused a Stone to be placed over them, upon Condition that we furnish the Epitaph, which is as follows:

*When Eastern Lovers feed the fun'ral Fire,
On the same Pile the faithful Pair expire:
Here pitying Heaven that Virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own Lightening, and the Victims seized.*

But

But my Lord is apprehensive that the Country People will not understand this; and Mr. *Pope* says he will make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little of Poetry as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* *. Yours, &c.

L E T T E R IV.

Upon the Subject of the foregoing, relative to the two unfortunate Lovers, John Hewet and Sarah Drew. By Lady Wortley Montague. To Mr. Pope.

Diver, Nov. 1718.

I Have this Minute received a Letter of yours sent me from *Paris*. I believe and hope I shall very soon see both you and Mr. *Congreve*; but as I am here in an Inn, where we stay to regulate our March to *London*, Bag and Baggage, I shall employ some of my leisure Time in answering that Part of yours that seems to require an Answer.

I must applaud your Good-nature in supposing that your Pastoral Lovers (vulgarly called Hay-makers) would have lived in everlasting Joy and Harmony, if the Lightning had not interrupted their Scheme of Happiness. I see no Reason to imagine that *John Hewet and Sarah Drew* were either wiser or more virtuous than their Neighbours. That a well-set Man of twenty-five should have a Fancy to marry

* *The Epitaph was this:*

Near this Place lie the Bodies of
JOHN HEWET and SARAH DREW,
an industrious young Man
and virtuous Maiden of this Parish;
who, being at Harvest work,
(with several others,)
were, in one Instant, killed by Lightning,
the last Day of July, 1718.

Think not, by rig'rous Judgement seiz'd,
A Pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in celestial Fire.
Live well, and fear no sudden Fate;
When God calls Virtue to the Grave,
A like 'tis Justice, soon or late,
Mercy a like to kill or save.
Virtue, unmov'd, can hear the Call,
And face the Flash that Melts the Ball.

a brown

a brown Woman of eighteen, is nothing marvellous; and I cannot help thinking, that had they married, their Lives would have passed in the common Track with their Fellow-Parishioners. His endeavouring to shield her from a Storm, was a natural Action, and what he would have certainly done for his Horse, if he had been in the same Situation. Neither am I of Opinion that their sudden Death was a Reward of their mutual Virtue. You know the *Jews* were reprov'd for thinking a Village destroyed by Fire, more wicked than those that had escaped the Thunder. Time and Chance happen to all Men. Since you desire me to try my Skill in an Epitaph, I think the following Lines perhaps more just, though not so poetical as yours.

*Here lie John Hewet and Sarah Drew;
Perhaps you'll say, What's that you?
Believe me, Friend, much may be said
On that poor Couple that are dead.
On Sunday next they should have married;
But see how oddly Things are carried!
On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd:
These tender Lovers, sadly frighten'd,
Shelter'd beneath the cocking Hay
In hopes to pass the Time away.
But the bold Thunder found them out,
(Commission'd for that End no Doubt)
And seizing on that trembling Breath,
Consign'd them to the Shades of Death,
Who knows if 'twas not kindly done.
For had they seen the next Year's Sun,
A beaten Wife and cuckold Swain
Had jointly curs'd the Marriage Chain:
Now they are happy in their Doom,
For—Pope has wrote upon their Tomb.*

I confess, these Sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours; but I hope you will forgive them in Favour of the two last Lines. You see how much I esteem the Honour you have done them, though I am not very impatient to have the same, and had rather continue to be your stupid, living, humble Servant, than be celebrated by all the Pens in Europe.

LETTER

L E T T E R V.

Pliny to Tacitus, giving him an Account of the great
Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

YOUR Request, that I would send you an Account of my Uncle's Death, in order to transmit a more exact Relation of it to Posterity, deserves my Acknowledgements; for if this Accident should be celebrated by your Pen, the Glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered for ever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a Misfortune, which, as it involved at the same Time a most beautiful Country in Ruins, and destroyed so many populous Cities, seems to promise him an everlasting Remembrance; and although he has himself composed many and lasting Works, yet, I am persuaded, the mentioning him in your immortal Writings, will greatly contribute to eternize his Name. Happy I esteem those to be, whom Providence has distinguished with the Abilities either of doing such Actions as are worthy of being read; but doubly happy are those who are blest with both these uncommon Talents; in the Number of which my Uncle, as his own Writings and your History will evidently prove, may be justly ranked. It is with extreme Willingness, therefore, I execute your Commands; and should indeed have claimed the Task, if you had not enjoined it. He was at that Time with the Fleet under his Command at *Misenum*. On the 23d of *August*, about one in the Afternoon, my Mother desired him to observe a Cloud, which appeared of a very unusual Size and Shape: He had just returned from taking the Benefit of the Sun, and after bathing himself in cold Water, and taking a slight Repast, was retired to his Study: He immediately arose and went out upon an Eminence, from whence he might more distinctly view this uncommon Appearance. It was not at that Distance, discernable from what Mountain this Cloud issued; but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount *Vesuvius*. I cannot give you a more exact Description of its Figure, than by resembling it to that of a Pine-Tree, for it shot up a great Height in the Form of a Trunk, which extended itself at the Top, into a Sort of Branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden Gust
of

of Air that impelled it, the Force of which decreased as it advanced upwards ; or the Cloud itself, being pressed back again by its own Weight, expanded in this Manner. It appeared sometimes bright, and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was more or less impregnated with Earth and Cinders. This extraordinary Phænomenon excited my Uncle's philosophical Curiosity to take a nearer View of it. He ordered a light Vessel to be got ready, and gave me the Liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my Studies ; for as it happened, he had given me an Employment of that Kind. As he was coming out of the House, he received a Note from *Rectina*, the Wife of *Bassus*, who was in the uttermost Alarm, at the imminent Danger which threatened her ; for her Villa being situated at the Foot of Mount *Vesuvius*, there was no Way to escape but by Sea ; She earnestly intreated him, therefore, to come to her Assistance. He accordingly changed his first Design ; and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroical Turn of Mind. He ordered the Gallies to put to Sea, and went himself on board with an Intention of assisting, not only *Rectina*, but several others (for the Villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful Coast ;) when hastening to the Place from whence others fled with the utmost Terror, he steered his direct Course to the point of Danger, and with so much Calmness and Presence of Mind, as to be able to make and dictate his Observations upon the Motion and Figure of that dreadful Scene. He was now so near the Mountain, that the Cinders which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the Ships, together with the Pumice Stones and black Pieces of burning Rock : They were likewise in Danger not only of being aground by the sudden Retreat of the Sea, but also from the vast Fragments which rolled down from the Mountain, and obstructed all the Shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return Back again, to which the Pilot advised him : " Fortune says he befriends the Brave ; carry me to *Pomponianus*." *Pomponianus* was then at *Stabiæ*, separated by a Gulph, which the Sea, after several insensible Windings, forms upon that Shore. He had already sent his Baggage on board ; for though he was not at that Time in actual Danger, yet being within the View of it, and indeed extremely near, if
it

it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the Wind should change, It was favourable, however, for carrying my Uncle to *Pomponianus*, whom he found in the greatest Consternation. He embraced him with Tendernefs, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his Spirits; and, the more to dissipate his Fears, he ordered, with an Air of Unconcern, the Baths to be got ready; when, after having bathed, he sat down to Supper with great Chearfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the Appearance of it. In the mean while, the Eruption from Mount *Vesuvius* flamed out from several Places with much Violence, which the Darknefs of the Night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my Uncle, in order to soothe the Apprehensions of his Friend, assured him it was only the Burning of the Villages, which the Country People had abandoned to the Flames. After this he retired to Rest; and it is most certain, he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep Sleep; for, being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The Coeri which led to his Apartment being now almost full of Stones and Ashes, if he had continued there any Time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his Way out; it was thought proper therefore to awaken him. He got up, and went to *Pomponianus* and the rest of his Company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to Bed. They consulted together, whether it would be most prudent to trust to their Houses, which now shook from Side to Side with frequent and violent Concussions, or flee to the open Fields, where the calcined Stones and Cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened Destruction. In this Distress they resolved for the Fields, as the less dangerous Situation of the two: A Resolution, which, whilst the rest of the Company were hurried in, by their Fears, my Uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate Considerations. They went out then, having Pillows tied upon their Heads with Napkins; and this was their whole Defence against the Storm of Stones that fell round them. Though it was now Day every where else, with them it was darker than the most obscure Night, excepting only what Light proceeded from the Fire and Flames. They thought proper to go down farther upon the Shore, to observe

serve if they might safely put out to Sea, but they found the Waves still run extreemly high and boisterous. There my Uncle, having drank a Draught of cold Water, threw himself down upon a Cloth which was spread for him; when immediately the Flames, and a strong Smell of Sulphur, which was the Forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the Company, and obliged him to arise. He raised himself up, with the Assistance of two of his Servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious Vapour, having always had weak Lungs, and frequently subject to a Difficulty of Breathing. As soon as it was light again which was not till the third Day after the Melancholly Accident, his Body was found entire, and without any Marks of Violence upon it, exactly in the same Posture that he fell, and looking more like a Man asleep than dead. During all this Time my Mother and I were at *Misenum*. But as this has no Connexion with your History, so your Enquiry went no farther than concerning my Uncle's Death; with that therefore I will put an End to my Letter. Suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an Eye-witness of myself, or received immediately after the Accident happened, and before there was Time to vary from the Truth. You will chuse out of this Narrative, such Circumstances as shall be most suitable to your Purpose; for there is a great Difference between what is proper for a Letter and an History, between writing to a Friend, and writing to the Public. Farewell.

L E T T E R VI.

Queen Ann Boleyn's last Letter to King Henry VIII.

S I R,

YOUR Grace's Displeasure and my Imprisonment are Things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant: Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a Truth, and so obtain your Favour) by such a one, whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this Message by him, than I rightly conceived your Meaning; and if as you say, confessing a Truth indeed may procure my Safety, I shall, with all Willingness and Duty, perform your Command.

mand. But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor Wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a Fault, where not so much as a Thought thereof proceeded, And to speak a Truth, never Prince had Wife more loyal in all Duty, and in all true Affection, than you have ever found in *Ann Boleyn*; with which Name and Place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's Pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any Time so far forget myself in my Exaltation, or received Queenship, but that I always looked for such an Alteration as I now find; for the Ground of my preferment being on no surer Foundation than your Grace's Fancy, the least Alteration, I knew, was fit and sufficient to draw that Fancy to some other Object. You have chosen me, from a low Estate, to be your Queen and Companion, far beyond my Desert or Desire. If then you found me worthy of such Honour, good your Grace, let not any light Fancy, or bad Counsel of mine Enemies, withdraw your princely Favour from me; neither let that Stain, that unworthy Stain, of a disloyal Heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a Blot on your most dutiful Wife, and the Infant Princess your Daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful Trial, for my Truth shall fear no open Shame; then shall you see either mine Innocence cleared, your Suspicion and Conscience satisfied, the Ignominy and Slander of the World stopped, or my Guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open Censure, and mine Offences being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at Liberty, both before God and Man, not only to execute worthy Punishment on me as an unlawful Wife, but to follow your Affection, already settled on that Party, for whose Sake I am now as I am; whose Name I could, some good while since, have pointed unto, your Grace not being ignorant of my Suspicion therein.

But you have already determined of me, and that not only my Death, but an infamous Slander, must bring you the enjoining of your desired Happiness; then I desire of God, that he will pardon your great Sin therein, and likewise mine Enemies, the Instruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a strict Account for your unprincely and cruel Usage of me, at his general Judgement-seat where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose

whose Judgement I doubt not, (whatsoever the World may think of me) mine Innocence shall be openly know, and sufficiently cleared.

My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the Burthen of your Grace's Displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent Souls of those poor Gentlemen, who (as I understand) are likewise in straight Imprisonment for my Sake. If ever I have found Favour in your Sight, if ever the Name of *Ann Boleyn* hath been pleasing in your Ears, then let me obtain the Request: And I will so leave to trouble your Grace any farther, with mine earnest Prayer to the Trinity to have your Grace in his good Keeping, and to direct you in all your Actions.

From my doleful Prison
in the *Tower*, this 6th
of *May*.

Your loyal, and
ever faithful Wife,
ANN BOLEYN.

L E T T E R VII.

Marquis De Montesquieu, to a young Gentleman, on reading History.

S I R,

I Have learnt, with much Pleasure, that you have resolved to exercise a regular Course of Study in the Country, and to continue it even at *Paris*, and with the Army, in Proportion as you shall have Time. But you do me too much Honour to consult me about the Reading you shall make choice of, being so capable of making that Choice yourself. Nevertheless, since you absolutely require that I should explain myself thereupon, I shall not hesitate to tell you, that I should prefer Reading of History to all other. It is an Opinion of which I have given a public Testimony, and that I shall never change. Instead of quoting the Passage where I speak advantageously of History, I had rather write it in this Letter, for your Ease and my own. You will not have the Trouble to look for the Book, and I shall not have that of recollecting the Arguments I then advanced. That History instructs us in an engaging and agreeable Manner; that the greater Part of the other Sciences give Precepts which our Mind usually flights, because it loves Freedom, and because it takes Pleasure in opposing every thing that favours of Command.

I added,

I added, that instead of those imperious Maxims, History gives us only Reflections to make upon the Events that she displays before our Eyes, and that those Events are so many Examples which we have to follow or avoid. She makes us attend the Councils of Sovereigns, enables us to distinguish Flattery from good Advice. She describes Sieges and Battles to us, and makes us take Notice of the Faults or good Conduct of the Generals. In a Word, she gives us, in a few Years, an Experience that many Years cannot give without her Assistance. Will you permit me, Sir, to improve upon what I have said, and to take from a better Fund than my own? A most eloquent Prelate will supply me with two or three Periods which you will be very glad to know. He speaks of a great and ingenious Princess which we have just lost, and, “ That the Resolution of
 “ prosecuting the Study of Wisdom, kept her engaged to
 “ Reading of which we speak. That History is rightly
 “ called the wise Councillor of Princes. It is there, con-
 “ tinued he, the greatest Kings have no more Rank than
 “ by their Virtues; and that degraded for ever, by the
 “ Hands of Death, they undergo, without Court and with-
 “ out Retinue, the Judgement of all People and of all
 “ Ages. It is there we discover, that the Gloss of Flat-
 “ tery is superficial, and that false Colours will not last,
 “ how ingeniously soever they be laid on. There our ad-
 “ mirable Princes studied the Duties of those whose Lives
 “ compose History,” &c. You see, Sir, that I have kept my Word; what I have borrowed is better than what is my own; and that I have thought of nothing, but satisfying you, without considering that I was going to destroy the good Opinion you might have of my Writings. I will even tell you what Historian I should prefer for Pleasure and for Instruction. It is *Plutarch*, whom the too severe Critics will hardly acknowledge to be an Historian. I must allow, indeed, that he has not made any Body of History, and that he has left none but particular and unconnected Lives. But what Histories can be found which please and instruct like these Lives? At least, what Person can read them without relishing a thousand Beauties, and remarking, every Moment, Maxims of Morality and Politics? *Plutarch* introduces them naturally; he gathers none but Flowers that grow under his Feet, and does not go out of his Way
 to

to gather others. He paints the Man whose Life he relates: he makes him known such as he was at the Head of the Armies, in the Government of the People, in his own Family, and in his Pleasures. In fine, Sir, I should be of the Opinion of an Author, who said, "That if he was constrained to fling all the Books of the Ancients into the Sea, *Plutarch* should be the last drowned." We will say more of this when we go to **** with the M. of M****. If you would entertain your Friends with less Ceremony, we should already have made you this Visit; but you treat at your House as sumptuously as if the Superintendency was still in your Family. I am most absolutely, Sir,

Your most humble, and most obedient Servant.

L E T T E R VIII.

Dean Berkeley to Mr. Pope, describing Italy.

Naples, Oct. 1717.

I Have long had it in my Thoughts to trouble you with a Letter, but was discouraged for want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred Miles. *Italy* is such an exhausted Subject, that I dare say you would easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the Imagination of a Poet is a Thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy Matter to find out Images capable of giving Pleasure to one of the few who (in any Age) have come up to that Character. I am, nevertheless, lately returned from an Island, where I passed three or four Months; which, were it set out in its true Colours, might, methinks, amuse you agreeably enough for a Minute or two. The Island *Inarime* is an Epitome of the whole Earth, containing, within the Compass of eighteen Miles, a wonderful Variety of Hills, Vales, ragged Rocks, fruitful Plains, and barren Mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic Confusion. The Air is, in the hottest Season, constantly refreshed by cool Breezes from the Sea. The Vales produce excellent Wheat and *Indian* Corn, but are mostly covered with Vineyards, intermixed with Fruit-trees. Besides the common Kinds, as Cherries, Apricots, Peaches, &c. they produce Oranges, Limes, Almonds, Pomegranates, Figs, Water-melons, and many other Fruits unknown to our Climate, which lie every where open to the Passenger. The Hills are the greater

Part covered to the Top with Vines, some with Chesnut-groves, and others with Thickets of Myrtle and Lentiscus. The Fields on the Northern Side are divided by Hedge-rows of Myrtle. Several Fountains and Rivulets add to the Beauty of this Landscape, which is likewise set off by the Variety of some barren Spots and naked Rocks. But that which crowns the Scene, is a large Mountain, rising out of the Middle of the Island, (once a terrible Volcano, by the Ancients called *Mons Epomeus*.) Its lower Parts are adorned with Vines and other Fruits; the Middle affords Pasture to Flocks of Goats and Sheep; and the Top is a sandy-pointed Rock, from which you have the finest Prospect in the World, surveying at one View, besides several pleasant Islands lying at your Feet, a Tract of *Italy*, about three hundred Miles in Length, from the Promontory of *Antium* to the Cape of *Palinurus*; the greater Part of which has been sung by *Homer* and *Virgil*, as making a considerable Part of the Travels and Adventures of their two Heroes. The Islands *Cyprea*, *Prochyta*, and *Parthenope*, together with *Cajeta*, *Cuma*, *Monte Miseno*, the Inhabitants of *Circe*, the *Syrens*, and the *Læstrygones*, the Bay of *Naples*, the Promontory of *Minerva*, and the whole *Campania Felice*, make but a Part of this noble Landscape; which would demand an Imagination as warm, and Numbers as flowing as your own, to describe it. The Inhabitants of this delicious Isle, as they are without Riches and Honours, so are they without the Vices and Follies that attend them; and were they but as much Strangers to Revenge as they are to Avarice and Ambition, they might, in Fact, answer the poetical Notions of the Golden Age. But they have got, as an Alloy to their Happiness, an ill Habit of murdering one another on slight Offences. We had an Instance of this the second Night after our Arrival; a Youth of eighteen being shot dead by our Door: And yet, by the sole Secret of minding our own Business, we found a Means of living securely among these dangerous People. Would you know how we pass the Time at *Naples*? Our chief Entertainment is the Devotion of our Neighbours: Besides the Gaiety of their Churches, (where Folks go to see what they call *una bella Devotione*, i. e. a Sort of religious Opera) they make Fireworks almost every Week out of Devotion; the Streets are oftentimes hung with Arras out of Devotion; and

(what is still more strange) the Ladies invite Gentlemen to their Houses, and treat them with Music and Sweetmeats, out of Devotion. In a Word, were it not for this Devotion of its Inhabitants, *Naples* would have little else to recommend it, besides the Air and Situation. Learning is in no very thriving State here, nor indeed any where else in *Italy*; however, among many Pretenders, some Men of Taste are to be met with. A Friend of mine told me, not long since, that being to visit *Salvini* at *Florence*, he found him reading your *Homer*; he liked the Notes extremely, and could find no other Fault with the Version, but that he thought it approached too near a Paraphrase; which shews him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our Language. I wish you Health to go on with that noble Work, and when you have that, I need not wish you Success. You will do me the Justice to believe, that whatever relates to your Welfare, is sincerely wished by your, &c.

L E T T E R IX.

From a Gentleman at Lisbon, to his Son in London.

My dear Son,

ER E you receive this from your unhappy Father, you will have heard of the Destruction of this Place, and of the calamitous Situation of its few remaining miserable Inhabitants. God, in his infinite Mercy, protect us! All that you have heard will fall short of what I have seen; for no Words have Energy sufficient to convey an Idea of a Scene so amazingly dreadful—Your poor Mother is no more!—ask me not for your Sisters!—and as for myself, I am a Vagabond, and condemned to seek my Bread from those who can ill afford to feed me.—But *the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away*—I am satisfied—All may be for the best, and our Friends are, I doubt not, removed to a more permanent City, whose Foundations are not to be shaken, and where Sorrow is no more. Let us, my dear Child, prepare to follow them; and that we may do so, let us live here that we may fear no Dissolution, nor dread what may happen hereafter. Let us always be prepared for the worst, and not depend on a Death-bed Repentance; for you see we have not a Moment that we can call our own. *St. Austin* says, *We read of one Man who was*

saved at the last Hour, that none may despair; and of but one, that none may presume. How unsafe, how foolish, therefore, is it, to put off that until To-morrow, which is so essentially necessary to be done To-day? To-morrow may never come!—Oh think of that! You may be snatched away in an Instant, as Thousands here have been, for there is no withstanding the Arms of the Almighty: No! the Attempt would be vain, would be presumptuous, would be impious; and you will find, my dear Son, (I hope not too late) that the only Security against Accidents of this Sort, is the leading a religious and good Life.

I am your truly affectionate Father.

L E T T E R X.

King Charles I. to the Earl of Strafford.

Strafford,

THE Misfortune that is fallen upon you, by the strange Mistaking and Conjunction of these Times, being such, that I must lay by the Thought of employing you hereafter in my Affairs; yet I cannot satisfy myself in Honour or Conscience, without assuring you, (now in the Midst of your Troubles) that, upon the Word of a King, you shall not suffer in Life, Honour, or Fortune. This is but Justice; and, therefore, a very mean Reward from a Master to so faithful and able a Servant, as you have shewed yourself to be; yet it is as much as I conceive the present Times will permit, though none shall hinder me from being

Your constant faithful Friend, CHARLES R.

L E T T E R XI.

The Earl of Strafford to his Son.

My dearest *Will,*

THESE are the last Lines that you are to receive from a Father that tenderly loves you. I wish there were a greater Leisure to impart my Mind unto you; but our merciful God will supply all Things by his Grace, and guide and protect you in all your Ways; to whose infinite Goodness I bequeath you; and, therefore, be not discouraged, but serve him, and trust in him, and he will preserve and prosper you in all Things. Be sure you give all Re-

spects

spects to my Wife, that hath ever had a great Love unto you, and, therefore, will be well becoming you. Never be wanting in your Love and Care to your Sisters, but let them ever be most dear unto you: For this will give others Cause to esteem and respect you for it, and it is a Duty that you owe them in the Memory of your excellent Mother and myself: Therefore, your Care and Affection to them must be the very same that you are to have of yourself; and the like Regard must you have to your younger Sister; for, indeed, you owe it her also, both for her Father and Mother's Sake. Sweet *Will*, be careful to take the Advice of those Friends, which are, by me, desired to advise you for your Education. Serve God diligently Morning and Evening, and recommend yourself unto him, and have him before your Eyes in all your Ways. With Patience hear the Instructions of those Friends, I leave with you, and diligently follow their Counsel. For, till you come by Time to have experience in the World, it will be far more safe to trust to their Judgement than your own. Lose not the Time of your Youth, but gather those Seeds of Virtue and Knowledge which may be of Use to yourself, and Comfort to your Friends, for the rest of your Life. And that this may the better be effected, attend thereto with Patience, and be sure to correct and refrain yourself from Anger. Suffer not Sorrow to cast you down, but with Cheerfulness and good Courage go on the Race you have to run in all Sobriety and Truth. Be sure with an hallowed Care to have Respect to all the Commandments of God, and give not yourself to neglect them in the least Things, lest, by Degrees, you come to forget them in the greatest; for the Heart of Man is deceitful in all Things. And in all your Duties and Devotions towards God, rather perform them joyfully than pensively; for God loves a cheerful Giver. For your Religion, let it be directed according to that which shall be taught by those which are in God's Church, the proper Teachers thereof, rather than that you either fancy one to yourself, or be led by Men that are singular in their own Opinion, and delight to go Ways of their own finding out: For you will certainly find Soberness and Truth in the one, and much Unsteadiness and Vanity in the other. The King, I trust, will deal graciously with you; restore you those Honours, and that Fortune, which a

distempered Time hath deprived you of, together with the Life of your Father; which I rather advise might be by a new Gift and Creation from himself, than by any other Means, to the End you may pay the Thanks to him, without having Obligations to any other. Be sure to avoid, as much as you can, to enquire after those that have been sharp in their Judgements towards me, and I charge you never to suffer Thoughts of Revenge to enter into your Heart; but be careful to be informed who were my Friends in this Prosecution, and to them apply yourself to make them your Friends also; and on such you may rely, and bestow much of your Conversation amongst them. And God Almighty, of his infinite Goodness, bless you and your Childrens Children; and his same Goodness bless your Sisters in like Manner; perfect you in every good Work, and give you right Understanding in all Things. *Amen.*

Your most loving Father, T. WENTWORTH.

L E T T E R XII.

From Mr. Farquhar, in Holland, to 'Squire Scrope in England.

Dear S A M,

THE usual Excuse of Gentlemen Abroad for neglecting their Friends at Home, is, that new Sets of different Objects continually entertaining us with Changes of Admiration, the Ideas of our old Acquaintance are by Degrees worn out by the Accession of the new: But this Kind of Forgetfulness were too severe a Charge upon the Merit of my Friends and my own Gratitude, both which I will chuse to maintain; and I leave it to your Charity to make me an Excuse for my Silence. The Truth is, I have had a very tedious Fit of Sicknes, which had almost sent your Friend a longer Journey than he was willing to undertake at present; but now being pretty well recovered, I can only inform you in general, that every Day surprizes me with some agreeable Object or other; and I find, very much to my Wonder, that the Accounts I have had of this Country are very different from the Observations that may be made upon the Place. Some general Remarks there are indisputably certain, as that nothing can parallel the *Dutch* Industry, but the Luxury of *England*; and that the Money
laid

laid out in the Taverns in *London*, in purchasing Diseases, would victual the whole United Provinces very plentifully with their wholesome Course of Diet; that the Standing Army maintained by the *Dutch* for their Security against a foreign Force, are not half so expensive as the Fifty Thousand Lawyers kept up by our Civil Factions in *England*, for no other Use but to set us continually by the Ears; People, like the *Jews*, that are tolerated in all Governments for the Interest of the Public, while their main Drift is to enrich themselves, and who, by their Gettings and Cunning, have brought their Riches and Practice into a Proverb. The Lawyers here put the Question only, whether the Thing be lawful? and upon Application to the Statutes, the Controversy is immediately determined. But our Casuists at *Westminster* dispute not so much upon the Legality of the Cause, as upon the Letter of the Law, and make more Cavils on the Meaning of the Words that should determine Justice, than upon the Equity of the Allegations contended for by the Parties; and the Bulk of our Laws have loaded Justice so heavily, that it becomes a Burthen to the People, who, in Regard of their Sufferings of this Kind, should borrow an Appellation from Physic, and be called Patients rather than Clients.

Another Thing worth Consideration in Respect of the Laws in *Holland*, is this: None but honest Men make Estates by their Practice; for the siding with the wrong Party brings the Lawyer into Contempt, and lays him under a severe Reprehension, either of Ignorance in his Business, or Knavery to the People: Hence it comes to pass, that Injustice, not finding a Patron to support its Cause, is forced to remove to a neighbouring Country, where the wrong Side was never known to make its Assertor blush; where the Eloquence of *S—re*, and the Impudence of *S—n*, are plausible Pretences for patronizing Justice, and abusing the Client: But there are Bravos in all Parts of the World, that will take Money for cutting of Throats, whether there be Grounds or not for the Resentment.

So much for the Law, now for the Gospel, *Sam*. I think *Holland* may contend for the Catholic Church with any Part in *Europe*, because it is more universal in its Religion, than any Country in the Universe. It is a pleasant Thing to see *Christians*, *Mahometans*, *Jews*, *Protestants*, *Papists*,
K 4
Armenians,

Armenians, and *Greeks*, swarming together like a Hive of Bees, without one Sting of Devotion to hurt one another; they all agree about the Business of this Life, because a Community in Trade is the Interest they drive at; and they never jostle in the Way to the Life to come, because every one takes a different Road. One great Cause of this so amiable a Correspondence and Agreement is, that only the Laity of these Professions compose the Mixture; here are no Ingredients of Priest-craft to sour the Compositions; Pulpits, indeed, they have, and not like *Hudibras's* Ecclesiastic Drums that are continually beating up for Volunteers, to the alarming the whole Nation. Here is no Interest of Sect to be managed under the Cloak of gaining Profelytes to the Truth; nor strengthening of Parties by Pretence of reclaiming of Souls; every Shepherd is content with his own Flock, and Mufti, Levite, Pope, and Presbyter, are all *Christians* in this, that they live in Unity and Concord.

We have a Notion in *England* that the *Dutch* are very great Drunkards; whether this Aspersion rises from some People confounding the *High Dutch* with the *Low*, or that there is a Sottishness in their Mien and Complexions, I cannot determine; but this I can assure you, that the Report is as false, as should I aver, that the People in *London* are the most chaste and sober Gentlemen in the World. It is true, indeed, they will take off a topping Glass of Brandy, but that is only what is absolutely necessary to moderate the Moisture and Coldness of their Constitution, and is used in such Quantity by the meaner Sort only, who, lying continually in the Water, must require an Allowance to fortify themselves against the Chillness of their Habitations; for you must know that their whole Families, Men, Women, and Children, live continually in Boats, and have no more Tenement on dry Land than a *Thames* Salmon; but notwithstanding this incumbent Necessity of their taking a Cup of the Creature, I never have seen, since I came in this Country, but one *Dutchman* drunk; and although his Impertinence was no more than is naturally incident to any Body in his Condition, yet the whole Boat full of People, to the Number of sixty Persons, shewed the greatest Aversion imaginable to his Circumstances, except two or three jolly *Englishmen*, that
made

made very good Sport with his Humour; and had not we, with some *French* Gentlemen, protected his Carcase, his Countrymen would have foused him in the Canal very heartily for his Debauch.

As the laborious Life of the inferior Sort requires an exhilarating Glass, so the same Necessity, both as to Time and Charges, secures them from Excess: And for their Gentry, they are, indeed, sociable in their own Houses; but were it not for Strangers, all Places of Public Entertainment must consequently fall, which is the greatest Argument imaginable for the Sobriety and Temperance of a People; whereas it is very well known, that if the very Taverns in *London*, with seven or eight handsome Churches, and one or two of our Inns of Courts, (all which we could well enough spare) were but handsomely seated on the Banks of a River, they would make a Figure with some of the most remarkable Cities in *Europe*. This, indeed, is a noble Argument of the Riches of *England*; but whether our Luxury, which sprang from Plenty, or the Temperance of *Holland*, the Effect of Necessity, be the happier State, is a Question that I want Leisure now to determine.

Another Account we have current among us, that there are no Beggars in *Holland*; and that they are very careful in employing the Poor. That their Manufactures require a great many Hands is most certain, but ocular Demonstration is too strong a Proof against their Industry; I am apt to believe, that the Order of the Mendicants is of a very late Institution, else so visible a Falsity could never have put this Trick upon Travellers. Whether their late expensive Wars have ruined more People than their Manufactures can employ, or that the Poverty of the *Spaniards* in the neighbouring *Netherlands*, have by Degrees infected the meaner Sort, I cannot be positive; but nothing is more certain than that a well-disposed Christian may find as many Objects of Charity here as in any Part of *England*, if we may judge of their Wants by the Fervency of their Cries.

I do believe that the Charity of the *Dutch* is no great Encouragement to Beggars; which is the Reason (I conceive) why the Poor flock to all the Highways and Trachskouts, where the Opportunity is good for Application to Strangers.

From these, and some other such like Particulars, I found it a Matter of Speculation, how the Generality of the *English* Nation, being so near Neighbours to this State, should be so very short in the Knowledge of the Manners and Constitution of this People; but this I may presume to proceed upon the following Accounts.

Most of our *English* that visit this Place, are either young Gentlemen that come Abroad to travel, or Merchants that make a short Trip upon their own private Concerns.

It is the usual Way with the first of those to take *Holland en passant*, either going or coming; and being youthful Sparks, are so fond of the Finery of *Paris*, and Delicacy of *Rome*, that they have not Leisure, forsooth, to dwell upon the Solidity of this Place. *France* and *Italy* are their Provinces, and *Holland* their Inn upon the Road; they lie for a Night, and away the next Morning.

They can tell you, perhaps, that the *Dutch* Manner of Travelling is very commodious; that the *Hague* is a pretty Village, *Amsterdam* a fine City, and that the People are a Parcel of heavy, dull, unconvertible Creatures, and so they leave them. Nothing can relish more of *Old England* than this peremptory Declaration. I would willingly understand how Gentlemen can make a true Estimate of the Wit and Ingenuity of a People, when they do not stay to make one Acquaintance in the Country, nor can speak one Syllable of their Language.

Most of our young Nobility and Gentry travel under the Tuition of *French* Governors, who, however honest in their Intentions of serving their Pupils, are nevertheless full of their *moi-même*; and from the Prejudice of Birth and Education, like all other People, are most inclinable to the Manners, Language, Dress, and Behaviour of their own Nation; and though perfectly skilled, perhaps, in the Accomplishments that compose what we call a fine Gentleman, yet it is probable they may fall short in those Qualifications that are absolutely necessary to an *Englishman*, in respect of the Interest of his Country, and of these I take the *Dutch* Language to be none of the most trivial. For at the present Juncture, which renders it not only ours, but the Interest of *Europe*, that we should be well with these People, it were not unnecessary that our Amity should be linked with private Friendships and Correspondence, as well

well as by public Leagues and Alliances. An Instance of which is very visible to our Prejudice in the Habitudes and Familiarity contracted by our young Gentlemen at *Paris*, which, without all Dispute, is one great Reason for the Influence retained by that Court, not only over our Fashions and Behaviour, but which is extensive also to Matters of more weighty Consequence, including even our Councils, Laws, and Government.

The second Sort of People that make a Turn into this Country, are our Merchants, whose Speculations are limited by a few Particulars: their Affairs not extending to the Policies of State, nor the Humours of the People, they are satisfied to mind their Business only, and to understand the Encouragement of Trade, the Prices and Customs upon Goods, the Value of Stock, and the Rates of Exchange. Their Conversation lies chiefly between the Storehouse and the Broadside, and that in one or two Cities at most, where their Correspondents are resident. So that all the Account we can expect from these Persons, must only relate to their Trade in general, or to some particular Branch of it, which is universally understood already through the Intercourse of our Dealing, and neither so improving to our Polity, nor satisfactory to the Curious. But even among their Encouragements of Trade, so universally known and admired, as the advantageous Situation of their Country, their natural Propensity to Navigation, the Lowness of their Imposts, &c. yet by an odd Accident I came to understand one Policy in their trading Constitution, which I have never hitherto met with in any verbal or written Account whatsoever. The Matter was thus in all its Circumstances: One Day upon the Exchange at *Rotterdam*, I casually met a Gentleman, who some Time ago lived one of the most considerable Merchants in *Ireland*, and about some four Years since, by his great Losses at Sea, was forced to fly his Country in a very mean Condition. I put him in Mind of his Misfortunes, by a Favour he once conferred upon me of a Bottle of Claret and a Neat's Tongue, at launching of a new Ship that he had built in *Dublin*; which Vessel (Bottom and Goods all his own) was unfortunately lost the very first Voyage. The Gentleman seemed very sensible of his Misfortunes, but withal told me, that he had still a Glass of Wine and a Tongue at my Service, if I would come and

see him at his House that Evening. I made him a Visit, and found, to my no small Surprize, a handsome House neatly furnished, excellent Meat, and as good *Burgundy* as ever joyed the Heart of Man. I took the Freedom to ask my Merchant how a Bankrupt should come by all this; in Answer to which he gave me the following Account of his Affairs.

The *Dutch*, Sir, (said he) have a Law, that whatever Merchant in any Part of *Europe*, who has had any considerable Traffic with this Country, whose Honesty is apparent by his former Accounts, and can prove, by a sufficient Testimony, that his Losses and Misfortunes are not chargeable upon his Ignorance nor Extravagance, but purely those of unfortunate Chance, above the Reach of human Prevention; that then such a Merchant may repair to them, have the Freedom of any Sea-port in the State, have a Supply of whatever Money he is willing to take up out of the public Revenue, upon the bare Security of his Industry and Integrity: And all this upon the current Interest, which is seldom above Four *per Cent*.

Pursuant to this (continued the Gentleman) my Qualifications for this Credit being sufficiently testified, I took up here Two Thousand Pounds Sterling, and in two Years have gained Fifty *per Cent*. So that by God's Assistance, and my own diligent Endeavours, I question not but in a few Years I shall be able to shew my Face to my Creditors, return to my Country, and there live in *statu quo*.

Here are two Points remarkable enough: A charitable Action to relieve distressed Strangers, and a Policy of State for the Interest of the Republic, which you may soon discover by repeating the Conditions. His Honesty must be manifest from his former Accounts, his Sufficiency in Business apparent from his precedent Manner of Dealing, his Misfortunes such as were above human Prevention, as by Storms, Pirates, or the like; but above all, he must have some considerable Traffic with this Country; there is the Clincher, the Utile, the greatest Encouragement imaginable for all Foreigners to traffic with this Nation, and for the most ingenious Traders, who are not always the most fortunate, to seek a Residence among them: And what Life and Vigour these two Circumstances may add to the Trade

Trade of a Nation, the flourishing Condition of this People is the most sufficient Witness.

Now, *Sam*, I have tired you most certainly, for I am weary myself, and we are seldom the soonest weary with our own: The Gravity of my Stile you must impute to the Air of the Country, and the Length of my Letter to a very rainy Day, that has kept me within; and to excuse the Matter, it shall cost you nothing, for I send it by a Gentleman, who can assure you that what I have said is true. I shall at least conclude with a Truth, that I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

L E T T E R XIII.

Earl of Rochester to the Hon. Henry Saville.

Harry,

YOU cannot shake off the Statesman entirely; for I perceive you have no Opinion of a Letter, that is not almost a Gazette: Now to me, who think the World as giddy as myself, I care not which way it runs, and am fond of no News, but the Prosperity of my Friends, and the Continuance of their Kindness to me, which is the only Error I wish to continue in them: For my own Part, I am not at all stung with Lord *M*——'s mean Ambition, but I aspire to my Lord *L*——'s generous Philosophy: They who would be great in our little Government seem as ridiculous to me as School-Boys, who with much endeavour, and some Danger, climb a Crab-Tree, and venture their Necks for Fruit, which sordid Pigs would disdain, if they were not starving. These Reflexions, how idle soever they seem to the Busy, if taken into Consideration, would save you many a weary Step in the Day, and help *G*——y to many an Hour's Sleep, which he wants in the Night: But *G*——y would be rich; and, by my Troth, there is some Sense in that: Pray remember me to him, and tell him I wish him many Millions, that his Soul may find Rest. You write me Word, that I am out of Favour with a certain Poet, whom I have ever admired, for the Disproportion of him and his Attributes; He is a Rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a Hog that could fiddle, or a singing Owl. If he falls upon me at the Blunt, which is his very good Weapon in Wit, I will forgive him, if

if you please, and leave the Repartee to Black *Will*, with a Cudgel. And now, my dear *Harry*, if it may agree with your Affairs to show yourself in the Country this Summer, contrive such a Crew together as may not be ashamed of passing by *Woodstock*, and if you can debauch Alderman *G—y*, we will make a Shift to delight his Gravity. I am sorry for the declining *D—s*, and would have you be generous to her at this Time; for that is true Pride, and I delight in it. ROCHESTER.

L E T T E R XIV.

From Ariflus, giving his Friend a Relation of the sudden Death of his Bride, who was seized in the Chapel while the sacred Rites were performing.

MY Fate will furnish you with a full Evidence of the Vanity of human Happiness: My last Letter was written in the Height of Success, with the most arrogant Expectations, and Boast of a lasting Felicity; now it is all changed, and the Shadows of Night come over me.

The lovely *Ermina*, whom I had so long pursued, and, at last, persuaded to crown my Wishes, the very Morning she gave me her Hand, before the sacred Ceremony was finished, was surprized with the fatal Message of Death, and carried in a Swoon from the Chapel to her Chamber, where she soon expired in her Mother's Arms. One Hour she appeared with all the Cost and Splendor of a youthful Bride; the next she was pale and senseless, muffled in a ghastly Shroud: Those Charms, that in the Morning promised an eternal Bloom, before the Evening have dropped their smiling Pride; the sparkling Eyes are sunk in Darkness; the soft, the tuneful Voice, is for ever silent; while a livid Hue sits on the late rosy Lips.

*Thus airy Pleasure dances in our Eyes,
And spreads false Images in fair Disguise,
T' allure our Souls; till just within thy Arms
The Vision dies, and all the painted Charms
Flee quick away from the pursuing Sight,
Till they are lost in Shades, and mingle with the Night.*

O Death! how cruel was thy Triumph! Youth and Beauty, Joy and blooming Hope, lie here a Victim to thy Rage:

Rage: The darksome Prison of the Grave must now confine the gentle Captive; instead of the Pomp of a Bridal Bed, the cold Earth must be her Lodging, Dust and Corruption her Covering.

You will now expect I should practise the Principles I have so often asserted, in exercising my boasted Reason and Moderation; or leave you to insult me, with the Arguments I lately produced, to allay your Grief, under the Pressure of an uncommon Misfortune: This Reproach would be but just, at a Period when Heaven has given me a full Evidence of the Truths I confessed; and set the Vanity of human Hopes in the clearest Demonstration before me. One would think I should now, if ever, find it easy to moralize on these Subjects, and act the Philosopher from mere Necessity, if not from Virtue.

Were the Case your's, or any Body's but my own, how many wise Things should I repeat! How fluently could I talk! So much more easy is it to dictate than to practise: And yet I am reasonable by Intervals; I am in more than Name a *Christian*; in some bright Periods, I feel the Force of that Profession, and pay Homage to its sacred Rules: A heavenly Ray scatters my Grief, and cheers my Soul with divine Consolations: The gay and the gloomy Appearances of mortal Things vanish before the Gleams of celestial Light: Immortal Pleasures, with gentle Invitations, call me to the Skies, and all my Thoughts ascend.

But how short my Triumph! how easy the Transition from Reason to Madness! Of what surprizing Variety is a human Mind capable! Light and Darkness, Heaven and Hell, seem blended within; it is all Chaos, and wild Disorder: That Reason, which one Moment relieves me, the next seems with a just Train of Ideas to torment me.

See there, all pale and dead she lies;

For ever flow my streaming Eyes:

Fly Hymen, with extinguish'd Fires;

Fly nuptial Bliss, and chaste Desires:

Ermina's fled, the loveliest Mind,

Faith, Sweetness, Wit, together join'd.

Dwelt Faith, and Wit, and Sweetness there?

Oh! view the Change, and drop a Tear.

Adieu.

LETTER

L E T T E R XV.

Description of Rome, by S. Sharp, Esq;

S I R,

Rome, Oct. 1765.

IT would be idle, and contrary to my declared Plan of Writing, should I attempt any Description of the celebrated Pictures, or Statues at *Rome*; I shall therefore only beg Leave to observe, from my own Feeling, that, in the Midst of all this Excellence, the dying Gladiator affects me most. The *Farnese Hercules* is in the highest Reputation, as an exquisite Performance, and would indeed have been a fine Piece of Sculpture, had there been such an Original in Nature; but, as I happen to know, from my particular Studies, that the Muscles of a Man's Body, however much inflated, would not assume the Shape they do here, I cannot be pleased, as some Men are, with the *Farnese Hercules*; on the contrary, all is Nature in the dying Gladiator, and, indeed, the Expression is so strong, a Man may walk round and round the Statue till he almost forgets it is Stone.

The Magnificence of the *Roman* Emperors, in embellishing the City, rose to such a Height, that they ransacked all the Quarries of *Egypt*, for Alabaster, Granite, Porphyry, and every Kind of Marble that Country afforded; and, though Time and Gothic Rage must have destroyed great Quantities, yet such was the Profusion brought to *Rome*, that, besides the infinite Numbers of Columns, Statues, Vases, and Tables, still preserved intire, you see the very Posts in the Streets, all of them without Exception, made of Granite, Alabaster, or Marble; but the most stupendous Sights of all, are the monstrous Obelisks, consisting of only one Piece of Stone. I meditate on these Objects till I am lost in Wonder and Confusion. We have no Idea of the mechanical Powers by which they have been brought from *Egypt*: We are astonished at the enormous Size of the Stones at *Stonehenge*, and cannot comprehend by what Contrivance they were carried and laid in that form; but the largest of them is small, compared with the largest Obelisk at *Rome*, which I think is a hundred and one Feet long, and proportionably thick.

The

The Ruin of the Triumphal Bridge near St. *Angelo*, is an Object that cannot but strike a Man of Letters: This was the Bridge over which every General marched into the City, to whom a Triumph was decreed, either for the Conquest of a Province, or any other signal Victory. From the Time of *Romulus*, to that of the Emperor *Probus*, there were about three hundred and twenty of these Triumphs. There are now only a few Remains of the Piers. Who can behold this Scene, without ruminating on the Nature of the human Heart, and recollecting to what Trials it must have been exposed in the Course of so proud and so flattering a Procession?

Many of the Churches in this City, and above all St. *Peter's*, are so very magnificent, that they vie with ancient *Rome* in every Article but that of Durableness, much of their Beauty being derived from Pictures, Stucco, and Gilding, the transitory Ornaments of two or three Ages. I cannot forbear remarking, in this Place, that the Pride of modern *Rome* is one of the Causes of her Wretchedness: She boasts of her Gold and Silver lying dead in her Churches; but had that Gold and Silver a free Circulation through the Country, it would enliven Trade, and furnish Property to Thousands who are now starving in the most pressing Indigence.

St. *Peter's* never fails to please both the learned and the unlearned Eye; the wonderful Regularity and Adjustment of its Parts, like the Beauty of a fine Face, demand no Skill in Drawing to taste its Charms: Then its Colonades, Fountains, and Obelisk, give it an inimitable Eclat. It must be confessed, however, that the Approach to this noble Edifice, is confined and shabby; but they now talk of demolishing the narrow mean Street leading from St. *Angelo*; and should this Design take Place, the Avenue will be answerable to the Building; though, to render St. *Peter's* Church still more perfect, the *Vatican*, with its Eleven Thousand Chambers, should be removed, which, like an ugly Excrescence, protuberates on one Side, and destroys the Symmetry of the Elevation.

In the *Vatican*, besides an amazing Number of *Raphael's* Paintings, are the excellent and celebrated Statues of the *Belvedere Apollo*, the *Laocoon*, and the *Antinous*. The *Laocoon* wants an Arm: There lies on the Ground one of
Marble,

Marble, which, it is said, *Michael Angelo* had begun, in order to perfect the Statue, but, perceiving how uninspired his Work would appear, compared with the Original, he left the Limb in the State we see it, not half executed, a Monument of his Modesty and Self-knowledge. It may be imagined, that no one since has been so presumptuous to make an Attempt after him, and therefore the Deficiency is supplied by an Arm of *Terra Cotta*. I am, Sir, &c.
S. SHARP.

L E T T E R XVI.

Dr. Arbuthnot to Dr. Swift, on the Death of Queen Anne.

My dear Friend,

August, 1714.

I Thank you for your kind Letter, which is very comfortable upon such a melancholy Occasion. My dear Mistress's Days were numbered even in my Imagination, and could not exceed such certain Limits; but of that small Number a great deal was cut off by the last troublesome Scene of this Contention among her Servants. I believe Sleep was never more welcome to a weary Traveller than Death was to her; only it surprized her too suddenly before she had signed her Will; which no Doubt her being involved in so much Business, hindered her from finishing. It is unfortunate, that she had been persuaded, as is supposed, by *Lowndes*, that it was necessary to have it under the Great Seal. I have figured to myself all this melancholy Scene; and even, if it be possible, worse than it has happened twenty Times; so that I was prepared for it. My Case is not half so deplorable as poor Lady *Masbam's*, and several of the Queen's Servants; some of whom have no Chance for their Bread but the Generosity of his present Majesty, which several People, that know him, very much commend. So far is plain from what has happened in public Affairs, that what one Party affirmed of the Settlement has proved true, that it was firm: That it was in some Measure an Advantage to the Successor not to have been here, and so obliged to declare himself in several Things, in which he is now at Liberty. And indeed, never any Prince in this Respect came to the Crown with greater Advantage. I can assure you the peaceable
Scene,

Scene, that now appears, is a Disappointment to more than one Set of People.

I have an Opportunity calmly and philosophically to consider that Treasure of Vileness and Baseness that I always believed to be in the Heart of Man; and to behold them exert their Insolence and Baseness: Every new Instance, instead of surprizing and grieving me, as it does some of my Friends, really diverts me, and in a Manner improves my Theory. Though I think I have not met with it in my own Case, except from one Man: And he was very far mistaken, for to him I would not abate one Grain of my proud Spirit. Dear Friend, the last Sentence of your Letter quite kills me. Never repeat that melancholy tender Word, that you will endeavour to forget me. I am sure I never can forget you, till I meet with (what is impossible) another, whose Conversation I can delight so much in as Dr. Swift's: and yet that is the smallest Thing I ought to value you for. That hearty sincere Friendship, that plain and open Ingenuity in all your Commerce, is what I am sure I never can find in another Man. I shall want often a faithful Monitor, one that would vindicate me behind my Back, and tell me my Faults to my Face. God knows I write this with Tears in my Eyes. Yet do not be obstinate, but come up for a little Time to *London*, and if you must needs go, we may concert a Manner of Correspondence wherever we are. I have a Letter from *Gay* just before the Queen's Death. Is he not a true Poet, who had not one of his own Books to give to the Princess, that asked for one?

L E T T E R XVII.

Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.

April, 1731.

I Never designed to have wrote to you any more, because you bantered and abused me so grossly in your last. To flatter a Man, from whom you can get nothing, nor expect any thing, is doing Mischief for Mischief sake, and consequently highly immoral. However, I will not carry my Resentment so far, as to stand by and see you undone, without giving you both Notice and Advice. Could any Man but you think of trusting *John Gay* with his Money?

None

None of his Friends would ever trust him with his own, whenever they could avoid it. He has called in the two Hundred Pounds I had of yours; I paid him both Principal and Interest. I suppose by this Time he has lost it. I give you Notice, you must look upon it as annihilated.

Now, as I have considered, your Deanry brings you in little or nothing, and that you keep Servants and Horses, and frequently give little neat Dinners, which are more expensive than a few splendid Entertainments; besides which, you may be said to water your Flock with *French* Wine, which altogether much consume your Substance in a little while; I have thought of putting you in a Method that may retrieve your Affairs. In the first Place, you must turn off all your Servants, and sell your Horses (I will find Exercise for you.) Your whole Family must consist of only one sound wholesome Wench. She will make your Bed, and warm it; besides washing your Linen, and mending it, darning your Stockings, &c. But to save all Expence in House-keeping, you must contrive some Way or other, that she should have Milk; and I can assure you, it is the Opinion of some of the best Physicians, that Womens Milk is the wholesomest Food in the World.

Besides, this Regimen, take it altogether, will certainly temper and cool your Blood. You will not be such a *Boutefeu*, as you have been, and be ready, upon every trifling Occasion, to set a whole Kingdom in a Flame. Had the *Drapier* been a Milk-sop, poor *Wood* had not suffered so much in his Reputation and Fortune. It will allay that Fervour of Blood, and quiet that Hurry of Spirits, which breaks out every now and then into Poetry, and seems to communicate itself to others of the Chapter. You would not then encourage *Delany* and *Stopford* in their Idleness, but let them be as grave as most of their Order are with us. I am convinced they will sooner get Preferment then, than in the Way they now are. And I shall not be out of Hopes of seeing you a Bishop in Time, when you live in that regular Way, which I propose. In short, in a few Years, you may lay up Money enough to buy even the Bishoprick of *Durham*. For if you keep Cows, instead of Horses, in that high-walled Orchard, and cultivate by your own Industry a few Potatoes in your Garden, the Maid will live well, and be able to sell more Butter
and

and Cheese than will answer her Wages. You may preach then upon your Temperance with a better Grace, than now that you are known to consume five or six Hogsheads of Wine every Year of your Life. You will be mild and meek in your Conversation, and not frighten Parliament-men, and keep even Lords-lieutenants in Awe. You will then be qualified for that Slavery, which the Country you live in, and the Order you profess, seem to be designed for. It will take off that Giddiness in your Head, which has disturbed yourself and others. The Disputes between Sir *Arthur* * and my Lady, will, for the future, be confined to Prose, and an old Thorn may be cut down in Peace, and warm the Parlour Chimney, without heating the Heads of poor innocent People, and turning their Brains.

You ought to remember what St. *Austin* says, *Poesis est vinum dæmonum*. Consider the Life you now lead; you warm all that come near you with your Wine and Conversation; and the rest of the World, with your Pen dipped deep in St. *Austin's vinum dæmonum*.

So far for your Soul's Health. Now as to the Health of the Body; I must inform you, that Part of what I prescribe to you is the same which our great Friar *Bacon* prescribed to the Pope, who lived in his Days. Read his *Cure of Old Age, and Preservation of Youth*, Chap. the 12th. You used to say, that you found Benefit from Riding. The *French*, an ingenious People, use the Word *chevaucher*, instead of *monter à Cheval*, and they look upon it as the same Thing in Effect.

Now, if you will go on after this in your old Ways, and ruin your Health, your Fortune, and your Reputation, it is no Fault of mine. I have pointed out the Road which will lead you to Riches and Preferment; and that you may have no Excuse from entering into this new Course of Life, upon Pretence of doubting, whether you can get a Person properly qualified to feed you, and compose your new Fa-

* Sir *Arthur Acheson*, at whose Seat, in a Village called *Market-Hill* in *Ireland*, the Dean sometimes made a long Visit. The Dispute between Sir *Arthur* and my Lady, here alluded to, is whether *Hamilton's* Baun should be turned into a Barrack, or a Malt-house? The *Old Thorn*, is that cut down at *Market-Hill*, the Subject of a little Poem written by *Swift*, Vol. VII. P. 121. 141, Edit. 1754.

mily,

mily, I will recommend you to *John Gay*, who is much better qualified to bring Increase from a Woman, than from a Sum of Money. But if he should be lazy, (he is so fat, that there is some Reason to doubt him) I will, without fail, supply you myself, that you may be under no Disappointments. *Bracton* says, *Conjunctio maris & feminae est jure naturae*. Vide *Coke* upon *Littleton*. *Calvin's Case*, 1st Vol. *Reports*.

This I send you from my Closet at *Richkings* *, where I am at Leisure to attend serious Affairs; but when one is in Town, there are so many Things to laugh at, that it is very difficult to compose one's Thoughts, even long enough to write a Letter of Advice to a Friend. If I see any Man serious in that Crowd, I look upon him for a very dull or designing Fellow. By the bye, I am of Opinion, that Folly and Cunning are nearer allied than People are aware of. If a Fool runs out his Fortune, and is undone, we say, the poor Man has been outwitted. Is it not as reasonable to say of a cunning Rascal, who has lived miserably, and died hated and despised, to leave a great Fortune behind him, that he has outwitted himself? In short, to be serious about those Trifles which the Majority of Mankind think of Consequence, seems to me to denote Folly; and to trifle with those Things which they generally treat ludicrously, may denote Knavery. I have observed that, in Comedy, the best Actor plays the Part of the Droll, whilst some Scrub Rogue is made the Hero, or fine Gentleman. So in this Farce of Life, wise Men pass their Time in Mirth, whilst Fools are only serious. Adieu.

Continue to be merry and wise; but never turn serious or cunning.

L E T T E R XVIII.

Anthony Henley, *Esq*; to *Dr. Swift*.

Grange, Sept. 1708.

YESTERDAY the Weather-glass was at twenty-eight Inches, which is lower than ever I saw it; the Wind was at East, a very dull Quarter; the Garden so wet, there was no looking into it; and I myself, by Consequence, in

* Seat of his Lordship's, in *Buckinghamshire*.

the Spleen. Before Night, the Glass rose, the Wind changed, the Garden dried, I received your Letter, and was as well as ever I was in my Life, to my thinking, though perhaps you may think otherwise. The Reason why your Letter was so long a coming to my Hands was, its being directed to me near *Winchester*, and *Alresford* is the Post-town nearest to me. If the Officers should come to you, Doctor, if you want a Security, that your Children shall not be troublesome to the Parish, pray make use of me. I will stand them all, though you were to have as many as the *Holland* Countess. We have had a tedious Expectation of the Success of the Siege of *Lisle*: The Country People begin to think there is no such Thing, and say the News-Papers talk of it to make People bear paying Taxes a Year longer. I do not know how *Steele* * will get off of it; his Veracity is at Stake in *Hampshire*. Pray desire him to take the Town, though he should leave the Citadel for a Nest-egg. I have not the Honour to know Colonel *Hunter*; but I never saw him in so good Company as you have put him, Lord *Halifax*, Mr. *Addison*, Mr. *Congreve*, and the *Gazetteer*. Since he is there, let him stay there. Pray, Doctor, let me know whether writing Letters be talking to one's self, or talking to other Folks; for I think the World has settled it, that talking to one's self, which offends no Body, is Madness; and talking to other People, which generally is not quite so harmless, is Wit, or good Breeding, or Religion, or—I will not write a Word more till you have satisfied me what I have been doing all this while. I am sure one need not have writ two Pages to introduce my assuring you, that I am your most affectionate humble Servant,

A. HENLEY.

L E T T E R XIX.

Dr. Arbuthnot to Dr. Swift.

London, March, 1728.

THIS is the second or third Time, dear Sir, that I have wrote to you, without hearing a Word of you, or from you; only, in general, that you are very much out of Order; sometimes of your two old Complaints, the Vertigo and Deafness, which I am very sorry for. The

* Who was Writer of the *Gazette*.

Gentle-

Gentleman, who carries this, had come better off than I did imagine: I used my little Interest as far as it would go, in his Affair. He will be able to give you some Account of your Friends, many of whom have been in great Distress this Winter for *John Gay*. I may say, without Vanity, his Life, under God, is due to the unwearied Endeavours and Care of your humble Servant: For a Physician, who had not been passionately his Friend, could not have saved him. I had, besides, my personal Concern for him, other Motives of my Care. He is now become a public Person, a little *Sacheverell*; and I took the same Pleasure in saving him, as *Radcliffe* did in preserving my Lord Chief Justice *Holt's* Wife, whom he attended out of Spite to the Husband, who wished her dead.

The inoffensive *John Gay* is now become one of the Obstructions to the Peace of *Europe*, the Terror of the Ministers, the chief Author of the *Craftsman*, and all the seditious Pamphlets, which have been published against the Government. He has got several turned out of their Places; the greatest Ornament of the Court banished from it for his Sake; another great Lady in Danger of being *chassé* likewise; about seven or eight Dutcheffes pushing forward, like the ancient *Circumcelliones* in the Church, who shall suffer Martyrdom upon his Account first. He is the Darling of the City. If he should travel about the Country, he would have Hecatombs of roasted Oxen sacrificed to him, since he became so conspicuous. *Will. Pulteney* hangs his Head, to see himself so much outdone in the Career of Glory. I hope he will get a good deal of Money by printing his Play; but I really believe, he would get more by shewing his Person; and I can assure you, this is the very identical *John Gay*, whom you formerly knew, and lodged with in *Whitehall* two Years ago, I have been diverting myself with making an Extract out of a History which will be printed in the Year 1948. I wish I had your Assistance to go through with it; for I can assure you, it riseth to a very solemn Piece of Burlesque.

As to the Condition of your little Club, it is not quite so desperate as you might imagine; for Mr. *Pope* is as high in Favour, as I am afraid the rest are out of it. The King, upon the Perusal of the last Edition of his *Dunciad*, declared he was a very honest Man. I did not know this till this
Moment,

Moment, that I had so good an Opportunity to send you a Letter, and now I know it, am called away, and am obliged to end with my best Wishes and Respects, being most sincerely yours, &c.

L E T T E R XX.

Lady Betty Germain to Dr. Swift.

Jan. 1731.

IT is well for Mr. Pope, your Letter came as it did, or else I had called for my Coach, and was going to make a thorough Search at his House; for that I was most positively assured that you were there in private, the Duke of Dorset can tell you. *Non credo* is all the Latin I know, and the most useful Word upon all Occasions to me. However, like most other People, I can give it up for what I wish; so for once I believed, or, at least, went half Way in what I hoped was true, and then, for the only Time, your Letter was unwelcome. You tell me you have a Request, which is purely personal to me: *Non credo* for that; for I am sure you would not be so disagreeable as not to have made it, when you know it is a Pleasure and Satisfaction to me to do any thing you desire, by which you may find you are not *sans Consequence* to me.

I met with your Friend Mr. Pope the other Day. He complains of not being well, and indeed looked ill. I fear that neither his Wit nor Sense do arm him enough against being hurt by Malice; and that he is too sensible of what Fools say: The Run is much against him on the Duke of Chandos's* Account; but I believe their Rage is not Kindness to the Duke, but they are glad to give it Vent with some tolerable Pretence. I wish your Presence would have such a miraculous Effect as your Design on Mrs. Biddy's† Speech: You know formerly her Tongue was not apt to run much by Inclination; but now every Winter is kept still *per Force*, for she constantly gets a violent Cold that lasts her all the Winter. But as to that quarrelsome Friend of the Duke of Dorset's, I will let her loose at you, and see

* It was said that Mr. Pope intended the Character of *Timon* in his Epistle on the Use of Riches in Works of Taste, addressed to the Earl of Burlington, for the Duke of Chandos.

† Mrs. Biddy Floyd.

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which

which can get the better. Miss *Kelly* was a very pretty Girl when she went from hence, and the Beaux shew their good taste by liking her. I hear her Father is now kind to her; but if she is not mightily altered, she would give up some of her Airs and Equipage to live in *England*.

Since you are so good as to enquire after my Health, I ought to inform you I never was better in my Life than this Winter. I have escaped both Head-achs and Gout; And that yours may not be endangered by reading such a long Letter, I will add no more, but bid adieu to my dear Dean.

ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

L E T T E R XXI.

Dr. Arbuthnot to Dr. Swift.

My dear and worthy Friend, *Hampstead, Oct. 1734*

YOU have no Reason to put me amongst the rest of your forgetful Friends; for I wrote two long Letters to you, to which I never received one Word of Answer. The first was about your Health; the last I sent a great while ago, by one *De La Mar*. I can assure you, with great Truth, that none of your Friends or Acquaintance has a more warm Heart towards you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome World, and you, among the rest of my Friends, shall have my last Prayers and good Wishes.

The young Man whom you recommended, came to this Place, and I promised to do him what Service my ill State of Health would permit. I came out to this Place so reduced by a Dropsy, and an Asthma, that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, nor move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God, that he would take me. Contrary to my Expectation, upon venturing to ride, (which I had forborn for some Years, because of bloody Water) I recovered my Strength to a pretty considerable Degree, slept, and had my Stomach again; but I expect the Return of my Symptoms upon my return to *London*, and the Return of the Winter. I am not in Circumstances to live an idle Country Life; and no Man, at my Age, ever recovered of such a Disease, further than by an Abatement of the Symptoms. What I did, I can assure you, was not for Life, but Ease: For I am, at present, in the Case of a Man that was almost in Harbour, and then blown back to Sea; who has a reasonable

able Hope of going to a good Place, and an absolute Certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular Disgust at the World; for I have as great Comfort in my own Family, and from the Kindness of my Friends, as any Man; but the World, in the main, displeaseth me; and I have too true a Presentiment of Calamities that are like to befall my Country. However, if I should have the Happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the Comforts of Life with my usual Cheerfulness. I cannot imagine why you are so frightened from a Journey to *England*. The Reasons you assign, I am sure, are not sufficient; the Journey, I am sure, will do you good. In general, I recommend Riding, of which I have always a good Opinion, and can now confirm it from my own Experience.

My Family give you their Love and Service. The great Loss I sustained in one of them, gave me my first Shock; and the Trouble I have with the rest, to bring them to a good Temper, to bear the Loss of a Father, who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible Affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear Friend, we shall never see one another more in this World. I shall, to the last Moment*, preserve my Love and Esteem for you, being well assured, you will never leave the Paths of Virtue and Honour for all that is in the World. This World is not worth the least Deviation from that Way. It will be great Pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes; for none can be, with more Sincerity than I am, my dear Friend, your most faithful Friend, and humble Servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

L E T T E R XXII.

Lady Wortley Montague's Account of Inoculation.

Adrianople, April, 1717.

I N my Opinion, dear S. I ought rather to quarrel with you, for not answering my *Nimeguen* Letter of *August*, till *December*, than to excuse my not writing again till now. I am sure there is on my Side a very good Excuse for Silence, having gone some tiresome Land Journeys, though I do not find the Conclusion of them so bad as you seem to imagine. I am very easy here, and not in the Solitude you fancy me.

* Dr. Arbuthnot died in *March*, 1734-5.

The Great Number of *Greeks, French, English, and Italians*, that are under our Protection, make their Court to me from Morning till Night; and, I will assure you, are, many of them, very fine Ladies; for there is no Possibility for a *Christian* to live easily under this Government, but by the Protection of an Ambassador—and the richer they are, the greater is their Danger.

Those dreadful Stories you have heard of the Plague, have very little Foundation in Truth. I own, I have much ado to reconcile myself to the Sound of the Word, which has always given me such terrible Ideas; though I am convinced there is little more in it, than a Fever. As a Proof of this, let me tell you, that we passed through two or three Towns most violently infected. In the very next House, where we lay, in one of those Places) two Persons died of it. Luckily for me, I was so well received, that I knew nothing of the Matter; and I was made believe, that our Second Cook had only a great Cold. However, we left our Doctor to take care of him, and Yesterday they both arrived here in good Health; and I am now let into the Secret, that he has had the Plague. There are many that escape it, neither is the Air ever infected. I am persuaded that it would be as easy a Matter to root it out here, as out of *Italy and France*; but it does so little Mischief, they are not very solicitous about it, and are content to suffer this Distemper, instead of our Variety, which they are utterly unacquainted with.

A-propos of Distempers, I am going to tell you a Thing that will make you wish yourself here. The Small-pox, so fatal, and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless, by the Invention of *Engrafting*, which is the Term they give it. There is a Sett of old Women, who make it their Business to perform the Operation, every Autumn, in the Month of *September*, when the great Heat is abated. People send to one another, to know if any of their family has a Mind to have the Small-pox; they make Parties for this Purpose, and when they are met, (commonly fifteen or sixteen together) the old Woman comes with a Nut-shell full of the Matter of the best Sort of Small-pox, and asks what Veins you please to have opened? She immediately rips open that you offer to her, with a large Needle, (which gives you no more Pain than a common Scratch) and puts
into

into the Vein, as much Matter as can lie upon the Head of her Needle, and after that, binds up the little Wound with a hollow Bit of Shell, and, in this Manner, opens four or five Veins. The *Grecians* have commonly the Superstition of opening one in the Middle of the Forehead, one in each Arm, and one on the Breast, to mark the Sign of the Cross; but this has a very ill Effect, all these Wounds leaving little Scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who chuse to have them in the Legs, or that Part of the Arm which is concealed. The Children or young Patients play together all the rest of the Day, and are in perfect Health to the eighth. Then the Fever begins to seize them, and they keep their Beds two Days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their Faces, which never mark, and in eight Days Time they are as well as before their Illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running Sores during the Distemper, which I do not doubt is a great Relief to it. Every Year thousands undergo this Operation, and the *French* Ambassador says pleasantly, "That they take the Small-pox here by way of Diversion, as they take the Waters in other Countries." There is no example of any one that has died in it, and you may believe I am well satisfied of the Safety of this Experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little Son. I am Patriot enough to take Pains to bring this useful invention into Fashion in *England*, and I should not fail to write to some of our Doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had Virtue enough to destroy such a considerable Branch of their Revenue, for the good of Mankind. But that Distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to a their Resentment, the hardy Wight that should undertake to put an End to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have Courage enough to war with them. Upon this Occasion, admire the Heroism of the Heart of,

Your Friend, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XXIII.

Earl of Peterborow to Dr. Swift.

March, 1713.

QUERIES for Dr. Swift, next Saturday, at Dinner.

W H E T H E R any great Man, or Minister, has favoured the Earl of *Peterborow* with one single Line since he left *England**; for, as yet, he has not received one Word from any of them, nor his Friend of *St. Partick*?

Whether, if they do not write till they know what to write, he shall ever hear from them?

Whether any thing can be more unfortunate, than to be overcome when strongest, outwitted having most Wit, and baffled having most Money?

Whether betwixt two Stools (Reverend Dean) be not a good old Proverb, which may give Subject for daily Meditation and Mortification?

I send the lazy Scribbler a Letter from the Extremities of the Earth, where I pass my Time, admiring the Humility and Patience of that Power heretofore so terrible; and the new Scene, which we see, to wit, the Most Christian King waiting with so much Resignation and Respect, to know the Emperor's Pleasure as to Peace or War.

Where I reflect, with Admiration, upon the Politics of those, who, breaking with the old Allies, dare not make use of the new ones; who, pulling down the Old Rubbish and Structure, do not erect a new Fabric on solid Foundations. But this is not so much to the Purpose; for in the World of the Moon, provided Toastings continue, the Church and State can be in no Danger.

But, alas! in this unmerry Country, where we have Time to think, and are under the Necessity of thinking; where impiously we make use of Reason, without a blind Resignation to Providence, the Bottle, or Chance, what Opinion, think you, have we of the present Management in the refined Parts of the World, where there are just Motives of Fear? When neither Steadiness nor Conduct appears, and when the Evil seems to come on apace, can it be believed, that extraordinary Remedies are not thought of?

* This Letter was written from *Sicily*, the Earl of *Peterborow* being Abroad on Embassies.

Heavens!

Heavens ! What is our Fate ! What might have been our Portion, and what do we see in the Age we live in ? *France* and *England*, the Kings of *Spain* and *Sicily*, perplexed and confounded by a headstrong Youth* ; one, who has lost so many Kingdoms by Pride and Folly ; and all these powerful Nations at a Gaze, ignorant of their Destiny ; not capable of forming a Scheme, which they can maintain against a Prince, who has neither Ships, Money, nor Conduct. Some of the Ministers assisted and supported with absolute Power, others with a Parliament at their Disposal, and the most inconsiderable of them with the *Indies* at their Tail.

And what do I see in the Centre, as it were, of Ignorance and Bigotry ; The first Request of a Parliament to their King is to employ effectual Means against the Increase of Priests ; the idle Devourers of the Fat of the Land. We see Churches, shut up by the Order of the Pope, set open by Dragoons, to the general Content of the People. To conclude ; it fell out, that one of our Acquaintance† found himself, at a great Table, the only excommunicated Person by his Holiness ; the rest of the Company eating and roasting, under Anathemas, with the Courage of a hardened Heretic.

Look upon the Prose I send you. See, nevertheless, what a sneaking Figure he makes at the Foot of the Parson. Who could expect this from him ? But he thinks, resolves, and executes.

If you can guess from whence this comes, address your Letter to him, *A Messieurs Rafinell et Fretti Sacerdotti, Genoa.*

L E T T E R XXIV.

On City Luxury.

Good S I R,

I Am an old Man, and little used to writing ; but, Sir, as I see you are so obliging to others as to communicate their Sentiments and Complaints to the World, I dare say you will mine.

* *Charles the Twelfth of Sweden.*

† Probably the Rev. Mr. *George Berkeley*, Fellow of *Dublin College*, who went Chaplain and Secretary to the Earl of *Peterborough* to *Sicily*, at the Recommendation of Dr. *Swift*.

I was many Years resident in *London*; but an old Uncle, in the Year 1729, dying, and leaving me a tolerable Estate in *Gloucestershire*, I preferred Ease to Affluence, and retired from Noise and Bustle, to Peace and Quiet.

Among my Friends in Town was one Mr. *Holland*, a Draper in *Cheapside*: He was a good, honest, pains-taking Man; if you dined with him, a Joint of Meat and a Pudding was the utmost of his Entertainment; I never saw Wine in his House but at *Christmas*, or on a Wedding-Day; we had a Glass of good Ale, and after Dinner we went to our Business, and did not sit three or four Hours as you do now. He wore his Cap the greatest Part of the Day, and was not ashamed to take the Broom and the Scraper, and clean before his Doors. He had a good Understanding, and was honest to a Degree of Admiration: I fear I shall never see his like again: He is dead, poor Man; he died in *July*, 1750, leaving ten thousand seven hundred Pounds, all got by Care and Industry, between seven Children, Share and Share alike.

Business, Sir, calling me to Town this Spring, (my Daughter's Marriage, good Sir, if you must know) I resolved to enquire after my old Friend's Family: He had three Sons; the eldest I found was ruined by Horse-racing, and went to settle at *Lisbon*; the next, *Tom* by Name, became a Bankrupt in Sixty, by Vice and Extravagance, and went to *America*, where we must all go soon, at least the younger Part of us. I got a Direction for *Jack*, a Haberdasher near the 'Change; I trudged to see him last *Wednesday* Morning; I asked for Mr. *John Holland*, and, to my very great Surprise, was introduced to a Gentleman as fine as my Lord *Cockatoo*, and his Hair dressed as high and powdered as white; I begged Pardon, and told him, I supposed the Man had made a mistake; on which he, recollecting me, called me by my Name, and run across the Room and kissed me (the Devil take his *French* Fashions;) he expressed great Joy, indeed, at seeing me, and insisted on my dining with him at his House in the Country; "My Coach," said he, "will be at the Door directly; Miss *Pattyman*, and her Papa, the great City Cook, will favour us with their Company, and you shall make one." Not being engaged, Curiosity induced me to take the spare Corner of the Coach, and go with them into the Country,
as

as they called it : that is, to *Highbgate*. I will not trouble you with all the Particulars of our Journey and Dinner, but only tell you, that it cut me to the Heart to see my Friend's Son so great a Contrast to his Father. On the Road they entertained me with all that passed in public; they all belonged, I understood, to the City Concert, and the Assembly; never failed at Mrs. *Thing-a-my's*, in *Soho-square*; had been at two Ridottos this Winter; loved the Opera; and Miss *Pattypan* sung us an *Italian Air*; an impudent Mynx! I could have knocked her empty Pate against her Father's Jolter! When we arrived, we were introduced to Madam *Holland*; how she was dressed in Jewels of Gold! and then her Hair curled six Inches from her Head, (God forgive me if I am mistaken, but I believe it was a Wig.) Then, when the Dinner came in, how was I amazed to see the Table covered with seven Dishes, and more so when I was told there was a second Course! The Turbot cost eighteen Shillings, the Turkey Poults fourteen Shillings; Madam told us for she gloried in her Shame.

I beg Pardon, Sir, for having detained you thus long with such Trifles, but you know old People will be prating. What I meant to tell you was our Discourse after Dinner. As I came from the Country, Mr. *Holland* and Mr. *Pattypan* attacked me on the high Price of Provisions: "An't
" it a Shame (says Mr. *Holland*) that we poor *Londoners*,
" should be paying such extravagant Prices, when we live
" in the Land of Plenty; Poultry, Meat and Butter,
" double the Price they were twenty Years ago; Oats
" twenty Shillings a Quarter, Hay three Pounds ten Shil-
" lings; it costs me more in one Month than it did my
" Father in a Year. I shall, instead of saving ten thousand
" Pounds, be obliged to run away, if something an't done
" to reduce the Price of Provisions." My Blood boiled
with Indignation; I hastily replied, "Whether something
" is done or not, Mr. *Holland*, you must run away if you
" live thus; don't name your poor Father, his Table
" would have been furnished for a Week for the Money,
" your Turbot cost: Provisions were less, you say, by a
" Half, in your Father's Time: But why were they so?
" Because People lived with more Frugality, and the Con-
" sumption was less: A City Haberdasher, in those Days,
" would have thought he had entertained his Friends nobly

“ with a Piece of Beef and Potatoes in the Pan ; but I see
 “ fourteen Dishes, in these luxurious Times, are scarcely
 “ sufficient : If your Father, even in those cheaper Times,
 “ had furnished his Table like the Prodigals of the pre-
 “ sent, he must, instead of leaving ten thousand Pounds,
 “ have lived and died a Beggar? your Father had no
 “ Country-House ; he had a saying, that,

“ *Those who do two Houses keep,*

“ *Must often wake when others sleep.*

“ Though the Verse is not extraordinary, the Moral is
 “ good ; he had no Coach, therefore the Price of Oats or
 “ Hay hurt not him ; he neither subscribed to, nor idled
 “ his Time at Public Assemblies ; I may say to you as the
 “ Friend in *Dan Prior* says to the fat Man, You are mak-
 “ ing the very evil you complain of. In my Younger Days
 “ there was not a shopkeeper in *London* kept his Coach ;
 “ now scarce one is to be found who condescends to walk ;
 “ and not only Shopkeepers, but Whores, Dancing-ma-
 “ sters, and Fiddlers have their Equipages ; you use a hun-
 “ dred Times as much Butter as was used formerly, with
 “ your Sauces, Fricassees, and Teas ; your Variety employs
 “ five hundred Times the Horses ; you confound more of
 “ God’s good Creatures at one Dinner, then would have
 “ feasted your Ancestors for a Month, and yet pretend to
 “ be amazed that Things are not so plentiful as they were :
 “ The same Ground cannot keep Cows, grow Oats, breed
 “ Cattle, produce Hay, pasture your Horses, and supply
 “ you with Grain ; the Consequence of which is, you
 “ fetch your Luxuries at great Expence from seventy Miles
 “ Distance ; whereas, in our Time, Ten Miles round *Lon-*
 “ *don* supplied the Town with all necessaries.” I was
 going on when Mr. *Pattypan* yawned, and said, “ He did
 “ not come here for a Lecture ;” and before I could an-
 swer him, Mr. *Jackanapes*, the Haberdasher, said, “ Let
 “ us take a turn in the Garden, and leave old Square
 “ Toes to swallow his Spittle,” I here grew too angry to
 stay with the empty Coxcombs ; I took up my Hat and
 Case, and marched to the Door ; when the Pastry Cook
 called out, “ You had better go back in Mr. *Holland*’s
 “ Coach, for it is too late to walk, and it will break your
 “ frugal Heart to spend a Shilling for a Place in the Stage.”

Says

Says I, "No Mr. *Puff-Paste*, though I am an Enemy to
 "Profusion, I spend my Money as chearful as any Body
 "when my Convenience requires it. Though I cannot
 "live at the Expence of either of you, I beleive I have
 "Estate enough to buy all the Pies and Tapes in your two
 "Shops. I mean to live, and give my Children something
 "at my Death, but you cannot support your Profusion
 "long, you will be Bankrupts soon, and cheat your Cre-
 "ditors out of nineteen Shillings in the Pound. You will
 "live to feast on Gravy Beef instead of having Sauces, and
 "at last die in a Gaol, or feed Hogs, and eat the Husks,
 "like your Brother Prodigal in the Gospel." Here I
 flounced out of the Room and so ended our Scolding.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. PETER MODERATION.

L E T T E R XXV.

Lady Montague's Description of Bohemia.

Prague, Nov. 1716

I Hope my dear Sister wants no new Proof of my sincere
 Affection for her; but I am sure if you do, I could not
 give you a stronger than writing at this Time, after three
 Days, or more properly speaking, three Nights and Days,
 hard post-travelling. The Kingdom of *Bohemia* is the
 most desert of any I have seen in *Germany*. The Villages
 are so poor, and the Post-houses so miserable, that clean
 Straw and fair Water are Blessings not always to be met
 with, and better Accommodation not to be hoped for.
 Though I carried my own Bed with me, I could not some-
 times find a Place to set it up; and I rather chose to travel
 all Night, as cold as it is, wrapped up in my Furs, than
 go into the common Stoves, which are filled with a Mixture
 of all Sorts of ill Scents.

This Town was once the Royal Seat of the *Bohemian*
 King, and is stil the Capital of the Kingdom. There are
 yet some remains of its former splendour, being one of
 the largest Towns in *Germany*, but, for the most Part, old
 built and thinly inhabited, which makes the Houses very
 cheap. Those People of Quality who cannot easily bear
 the Expence of *Vienna*, chuse to reside here. where they
 have Assemblies, Music, and all other Diversions, (those
 of a Court excepted) at very moderate Rates, all Things

being here in great Abundance, especially the best wild Fowl I ever tasted. I have already been visited by some of the most considerable Ladies, whose Relations I know at *Vienna*. They are dressed after the Fashions there, after the Manner that the People at *Exeter* imitate those of *London*; that is, their Imitation is more excessive than the Original. It is not easy to describe what extraordinary Figures they make. The Person is so much lost between Head-dress and Petticoat, that they have as much Occasion to write upon their Backs, "*This is a Woman*," for the Information of Travellers, as every Sign-Painter had to write, "*This is a Bear*." I shall not forget to write to you again from *Dresden* and *Leipzig*, being much more solicitous to content your Curiosity, than indulge my own Repose.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXVI.

Lady Montague's Description of Genoa.

GENOA is situated in a very fine Bay, and being built on a rising Hill intermixed with Gardens, and beautified with the most excellent Architecture, gives a very fine Prospect off at Sea; though it lost much of its Beauty in my Eyes, having been accustomed to that of *Constantinople*. The *Genoese* were once Masters of several Islands in the *Archipelago*, and all that Part of *Constantinople* which is now called *Galata*. Their betraying the Christian Cause, by facilitating the taking of *Constantinople* by the *Turks*, deserved what has since happened to them, even the Loss of all their Conquests on that side to those Infidels. They are at present far from rich, and are despised by the French since their Doge was forced by the late King to go in Person to *Paris*, to ask Pardon for such a Trifle as the Arms of *France*, over the House of the Envoy, being spattered with Dung in the Night. This, I suppose, was done by some of the *Spanish* Faction, which still makes up the Majority here, though they dare not openly declare it. The Ladies affect the *French* Habit, and are more genteel than those they imitate. I do not doubt but the Custom of *Cicestee's* has very much improved their Airs. I know not whether you ever heard of those Animals. Upon my Word, nothing but my own Eyes could have convinced me there were

were any such upon Earth. The Fashion begun here, and is now received all over *Italy*, where the Husbands are not such terrible Creatures as we represent them. There are none among them such Brutes, as to pretend to find Fault with a Custom so well established. and so politically founded, since I am assured that it was an Expedient first found out by the Senate, to put an End to those Family Hatreds, which tore their State to Pieces, and to find Employment for those young Men, who were forced to cut one another's Throats, *pour passer le temps*; and it has succeeded so well, that since the Institution of *Cicesbeo*, there has been nothing but Peace and good Humour among them. These are Gentlemen who devote themselves to the Service of a particular Lady (I mean, a married one, for the Virgins are all invisible, and confined to Convents :) They are obliged to wait on her to all public Places, such as the Plays, Operas, and Assemblies, (which are called here *Conversations*) where they wait behind the Chair, take Care of her Fan and Gloves, if she plays, have the Privilege of Whispers, &c.—When she goes out, they serve her instead of *Lacquies*, gravely trotting by her Chair. It is their business to prepare for her a Present against any Day of public Appearance, not forgetting that of her own Name *; in short, they are to spend all their Time and Money in her Service, who rewards them accordingly, (for Opportunity they want none;) but the Husband is not to have the impudence to suppose this any other than pure Platonic Friendship. It is true they endeavour to give her a *Cicesbeo* of their own chusing; but when the Lady happens not to be of the same Taste, as that often happens, she never fails to bring it about to have one of her own Fancy. In former Times, one Beauty used to have eight or ten of these humble Admirers: but those days of Plenty and Humility are no more. Men grow more scarce and saucy, and every Lady is forced to content herself with one at a Time.

You may see in this Place the *glorious Liberty* of a Republic, or, more properly, an Aristocracy, the common People being here as arrant Slaves as the *French*; but the old Nobles pay as little Respect to the Doge, who is but two Years in this Office, and whose Wife, at that very Time, assumes no Rank above any other noble Lady. It is true,

* That is, the Day of the Saint after whom she is called.

the

the Family of *Andrea Doria* (that great Man, who restored them that Liberty they enjoy) have some particular Privileges. When the Senate found it necessary to put a stop to the Luxury of Dress, forbidding the wearing of Jewels and Brocades, they left them at Liberty to make what Expence they pleased. I look with great Pleasure to the Statue of that Hero, which is in the Court belonging to the House of Duke *Doria*. This puts me in Mind of their Palaces, which I can never describe as I ought.—It is not enough that I say, they are most of them the Design of *Palladio*? The Street called *Strado Nova* is perhaps the most beautiful Line of Building in the World. I must particularly mention the vast Palaces of *Durazzo*, those of the two *Balbi*, joined together by a magnificent Colonnade, that of the *Imperiale* at this Village of *St. Pierre d' Arena*, and another of the *Doria*. The Perfection of Architecture, and the utmost Profusion of rich Furniture are to be seen here, disposed with the most elegant Taste, and lavish Magnificence. But I am charmed with nothing so much as the Collection of Pictures by the Pencils of *Raphael*, *Paulo Veronese*, *Titian*, *Caracci*, *Michael Angelo*, *Guido*, and *Corregio*, which two I mention last as my particular Favourites. I own I can find no Pleasure in Objects of Horror; and in my Opinion, the more naturally a Crucifix is represented, the more disagreeable it is. These my beloved Painters shew Nature, and shew it in the most charming Light. I was particularly pleased with a *Lucretia* in the House of *Balbi*; the expressive Beauty of that Face and Bosom, gives all the Passion of Pity and Admiration, that could be raised in the Soul by the finest Poem on that subject. A *Cleopatra*, of the same Hand, deserves to be mentioned; and I should say more of her, if *Lucretia* had not first engaged my Eyes.—Here are also some inestimable ancient Bustos.—The Church of *St. Laurence* is built of black and white Marble, where is kept that famous Plate of a single Emerald, which is not now permitted to be handled, since a Plot, which, they say, was discovered, to throw it on the Pavement and break it; a childish Piece of Malice, which they ascribe to the King of *Sicily*, to be revenged for their refusing to sell it to him. The Church of the *Annunciation* is finely lined with Marble; the Pillars are of red and white Marble: That of *St. Ambrose* has been very much adorned by the

Jesuits;

Jesuits; but I confess all the Churches appeared so mean to me, after that of *Sancta Sophia*, I can hardly do them the Honour of writing down their Names. But I hope you will own, I have made good Use of my Time in seeing so much, since it is not many Days that we have been out of the Quarantine, from which nobody is exempted coming from the *Levant*. Ours, indeed, was very much shortened, and very agreeably passed, in Mrs. *D'Avenant's* Company, in the Village of *St. Pierre l'Arene*, about a Mile from *Genoa*, in a House built by *Palladio*, so well designed, and so nobly proportioned, it was a Pleasure to walk in it. We were visited here only by a few *English*, in the Company of a noble *Geneose*, commissioned to see we did not touch one another—I shall stay here some Days longer, and could almost wish it were for all my Life; but mine, I fear, is not destined to so much Tranquility. I am, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XXVII.

Translation of a Letter said to have been written by a certain Great Princess, to the King of Prussia.

May it please your Majesty,

I Am at a Loss whether I should congratulate or condole with you on your late Victory, since the same Success which has covered you with Laurels has overspread the Country of *Mecklenburgh* with Desolation, I know, Sire, that it seems unbecoming my Sex, in this Age of vicious Refinement, to feel for one's Country, to lament the Horrors of War, or wish for the return of Peace. I know you may think it more properly my Province to study the Arts of Pleasing, or to inspect Subjects of a more domestic Nature; but however unbecoming it may be in me, I cannot resist the Duties of interceding for this unhappy People.

It was but a very few Years ago that this Territory wore the most pleasing Apperance. The Country was cultivated, the Peasant looked chearful, and the Towns abounded with Riches and Festivity. What an Alteratation at present from such a charming Scene! I am not expert at Description, nor can my Fancy add any Horrors to the Picture; but sure even Conquerors themselves would weep at the hideous Prospects now before me. The whole Country, my dear Country, lies one frightful Waste, presenting only
Objects

Objects to excite Terror, Pity and Despair. The Business of the Husbandman and the Shepherd are quite discontinued; the Husbandman and the Shepherd are become Soldiers themselves, and help to ravage the Soil they formerly cultivated. The Towns are inhabited only by old Men, Women and Children; perhaps here and there a Warrior, by Wounds and Loss of Limbs rendered unfit for Service, left at his Door; his little Children hang around him, ask an History of every Wound, and grow themselves Soldiers before they find Strength for the Field. But this were nothing, did we not feel the alternate Insolence of either Army, as it happens to advance or retreat, in pursuing the Operations of the Campaign: It is impossible to express the Confusion, even those who call themselves our Friends create: Even those from whom we might expect Redress, oppress with new Calamities. From your Justice, therefore, it is that we hope Relief; to you even Children and Women may complain, whose Humanity stoops to the meanest Petition, and whose Power is capable of repressing the greatest Injustice. I am, Sir, &c.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

On the Pleasures and Advantages of Religion.

I Had lately a very remarkable Dream, which made so strong an Impression on me, that I remember it every Word; add if you are not better employed, you may read the Relation of it as follows.

Methought I was in the Midst of a very entertaining Set of Company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively Conversation, when on a sudden I perceived one of the most shocking Figures Imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dressed in Black, her Skin was contracted into a thousand Wrinkles, her Eyes deep sunk in her Head, and her Complexion pale and livid as the Countenance of Death, Her Looks were filled with Terror and unrelenting Severity, and her Hands armed with Whips and Scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid Frown, and a Voice that chilled my very Blood, she bid me follow her. I obeyed and she led me through rugged Paths, beset with Briars and Thorns, into a deep solitary Valley. Wherever she passed the fading Verdure withered with

with malignant Vapours, obscured the Lustre of the Sun, and involved the fair Face of Heaven in universal Gloom. Dismal Howling resounded through the Forest, from every baleful Tree the Night-raven uttered his dreadful Note, and the Prospect was filled with Desolation and Horror. In the Midst of this tremendous Scene my execrable Guide addressed me in the following Manner:

“ Retire with me, O rash unthinking Mortal, from the
 “ vain Allurements of a deceitful World, and learn that
 “ Pleasure was not designed the Portion of human Life.
 “ Man was born to mourn and be wretched; this is the
 “ Condition of all below the Stars, and whoever endea-
 “ vours to oppose it, acts in Contradiction to the Will of Hea-
 “ ven. Fly then from the fatal Enchantments of Youth
 “ and social Delight, and here consecrate the solitary
 “ Hours to Lamentation and Woe. Misery is the Duty
 “ of all sublunary Beings, and every Enjoyment is an
 “ Offence to the Deity, who is to be worshipped only by
 “ the Mortification of every Sense of Pleasure, and the
 “ everlasting Exercise of Sighs and Tears.”

This melancholy Picture of Life quite sunk my Spirits, and seemed to annihilate every Principle of Joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted Yew, where the Winds blew cold and dismal round my Head, and dreadful Apprehensions chilled my Heart. Here I resolved to lie, till the Hand of Death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an End to the Miseries of a Life so deplorably wretched. In this sad Situation I spied on one hand of me a deep muddy River, whose heavy Waves rolled on in slow sullen Murmurs. Here I determined to plunge, and was just upon the Brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surprized by the Sight of the loveliest Object I had ever beheld. The most engaging Charms of Youth and Beauty appeared in all her Form; effulgent Glories sparkled in her Eyes, and their awful Splendours were softened by the gentlest Look of Compassion and Peace. At her Approach, the frightful Spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the Horrors she had caused. The gloomy Clouds brightened into chearful Sun-shine, the Groves recovered their Verdure, and the whole Region looked gay and blooming as the Garden of *Eden*. I was quite transported at this unexpected Change,
 and

and reviving Pleasure began to glad my Thoughts, when with a look of inexpressible Sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her Divine Instructions.

“ My Name is *Religion*. I am the *Offspring* of *Truth*
 “ and *Love*, and the Parent of *Benevolence*, *Hope* and *Joy*,
 “ That Monster from whose Power I have freed you, is
 “ called *Superstition*; she is the Child of *Discontent*, and
 “ her Followers are *Fear* and *Sorrow*. Thus different as
 “ we are, she has often the Insolence to assume my Name
 “ and Character, and seduces unhappy Mortals to think
 “ us the same, till she, at length, drives them to the
 “ Borders of *Despair*, that dreadful Abyss into which you
 “ were just going to sink.

“ Look round and survey the various Beauties of the
 “ Globe, which Heaven has destined for the Seat of human
 “ Race, and consider whether a World thus exquisitely
 “ framed, could be meant for the Abode of Misery and
 “ Pain. For what End has the lavish Hand of Providence
 “ diffused such innumerable Objects of Delight, but that
 “ all might rejoice in the Privilege of Existence, and be
 “ filled with Gratitude to the beneficent Author of it?
 “ Thus to enjoy the Blessings he has sent, is Virtue and
 “ Obedience; and to reject them merely as means of Plea-
 “ sure, is pitiable Ignorance, or absurd Perverseness. In-
 “ finite Goodness is the Source of created Existence; the
 “ proper Tendency of every Rational Being, from the
 “ highest Order of raptured Seraphs, to the meanest Ranks
 “ of Men, is to rise incessantly from lower Degrees of
 “ Happiness to higher. They have each Faculties as-
 “ signed them for various Orders of Delights.”

“ What, cried I, is this the Language of *Religion*? Does
 “ she lead her Votaries through flowery Paths, and bid
 “ them pass an unlaborious Life; Where are the painful
 “ Toils of Virtue, the Mortifications of Penitents, the
 “ self-denying Exercises of Saints and Heroes?”

“ The true Enjoyments of a reasonable Being,” answered
 she mildly, “ do not consist in unbounded Indulgence, or
 “ luxurious Ease, in the Tumult of Passions, the Languor
 “ of Indolence, or the Flutter of light Amusements. Yield-
 “ ing to immoral Pleasure corrupts the Mind, living an
 “ animal and trifling one debases it; both in their Degree
 “ disqualify it for its genuine Good, and consign it over
 “ to

“ to Wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy must
 “ make the diligent and regular Exercise of his superior
 “ Powers his chief Attention, adorning the Perfections of
 “ his Maker, expressing Good-will to his Fellow Creatures,
 “ cultivating inward Rectitude. To his lower Faculties
 “ he must allow such Gratifications as will by refreshing
 “ him, invigorate his nobler Pursuits. In the Regions in-
 “ habited by angelic Natures, unmingled Felicity for ever
 “ blooms. Joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant
 “ Stream, nor needs there any Mound to check its Course.
 “ Beings conscious of a Frame of Mind originally diseased,
 “ as all the Human Race has Cause to be, must use the
 “ Regimen of a stricter Self-Government. Whoever has
 “ been guilty of voluntary Excesses must patiently submit
 “ both to the painful Workings of Nature, and needful
 “ Severities of Medicine, in Order to his Cure. Still he is
 “ intitled to a moderate Share of whatever alleviating Ac-
 “ commodations this fair Mansion of his merciful Parent
 “ affords, consistent with his Recovery. And in Propor-
 “ tion as this Recovery advances, the liveliest Joy will
 “ spring from his secret Sense of an amending and im-
 “ proving Heart.—So far from the Horrors of Despair is
 “ the Condition even of the Guilty.—Shudder, poor Mor-
 “ tal, at the Thought of the Gulph into which thou wast
 “ but just now going to plunge.

“ While the most Faulty have ever Encouragement to
 “ mend, the more innocent Soul will be supported with
 “ still sweeter Consolations under all its Experiences of
 “ human Infirmities; supported by the gladdening Af-
 “ surances that every sincere Endeavour to out-grow
 “ them, shall be assisted, accepted, and rewarded. To
 “ such a one the lowliest Self-abasement is but a deep-laid
 “ Foundation for the most elevated Hopes; since they who
 “ faithfully examine and acknowledge what they are, shall
 “ be enabled under my Conduct to become what they de-
 “ sire. The *Christian* and the Hero are inseparable; and
 “ the Aspirings of unassuming Trust, and filial Confidence,
 “ are set no Bounds. To him who is animated with a View
 “ of obtaining Approbation from the Sovereign of the
 “ Universe, no Difficulty is insurmountable. Secure in
 “ this Pursuit of every needful Aid, his Conflict with the
 “ severest Pains and Trials, is little more than the vigorous
 “ Exercise

“ Exercises of a Mind in Health. His patient Depend-
 “ ence on that Providence which looks through all Eter-
 “ nity, his silent Resignation, his ready Accommodation
 “ of his Thoughts and Behaviour to its inscrutable Ways,
 “ is at once the most excellent Sort of Self-denial, and a
 “ Source of the most exalted Transports. Society is the
 “ true Sphere of human Virtue. In social, active Life,
 “ Difficulties will perpetually be met with; Restraints of
 “ many Kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave
 “ right in Respect of these is a Discipline of the human
 “ Heart, useful to others, and improving itself. Suffer-
 “ ing is no Duty but where it is necessary to avoid Guilt,
 “ or to do Good; nor pleasure a Crime, but where it
 “ strengthens the Influence of bad Inclinations, or lessens
 “ the generous Activity of Virtue. The Happiness allot-
 “ ted to Man in his present State, is indeed faint and low,
 “ compared with his immortal Prospects, and noble Capa-
 “ cities; but yet whatever Portion of it the distributing
 “ Hand of Heaven offers to each individual, is a needful
 “ Support and Refreshment for the present Moment, so far
 “ as it may not hinder the attaining his final Destination.
 “ Return then with me from continual Misery to mode-
 “ rate Enjoyment, and grateful Alacrity. Return from the
 “ contracted Views of Solitude, to the proper Duties of a
 “ relative and dependent Being. Religion is not confined
 “ to Cells and Closets, nor restrained to sullen Retirement,
 “ These are the gloomy Doctrines of *Superstition*, by which
 “ she endeavours to break those Chains of Benevolence and
 “ social Affection, that link the Welfare of every Particular
 “ with that of the whole. Remember that the greatest
 “ Honour you can pay to the Author of your Being is by
 “ such a chearful Behaviour, as discovers a Mind satisfied
 “ with his Dispensations.”

Here my Preceptress paused, and I was going to express
 my Acknowledgements for her Discourse, when a Ring of
 Bells from the neighbouring Village, and a new rising Sun,
 darting his Beams through my Windows, awaked me.

END of the FOURTH PART.

POETICAL

POETICAL EPISTLES.

*Mr. Congreve to Lord Cobham.**Of improving the present Time.*

SINCEREST Critic of my Prose or Rhyme,
 Tell how the pleasing *Stowe* employs thy Time.
 Say, *Cobham*, what amuses thy Retreat?
 Or Stratagems of War, or Schemes of Fate?
 Dost thou recal to Mind, with Joy or Grief,
 Great *Marlbro's* Actions, that immortal Chief,
 Whose slightest Trophy, rais'd in each Campaign,
 More than suffic'd to signalize a Reign?
 Does thy Remembrance rising warm thy Heart,
 With Glory past, where thou thyself hadst part?
 Or dost thou grieve indignant now to see
 The fruitless End of all thy Victory?
 To see th' audacious Foe, so late subdu'd
 Dispute those Terms for which so long they su'd:
 As if *Britannia* now were sunk so low,
 To beg that Peace she wanted to bestow.
 Be far that Guilt! be never known that Shame!
 That *England* should retract her rightful Claim!
 Or, ceasing to be dreaded or ador'd,
 Stain, with her Pen the Lustre of her Sword.
 Or dost thou give the Winds a-far to blow
 Each vexing Thought and Heart devouring Woe,
 And fix thy Mind alone on rural Scenes,
 To turn the levell'd Lawns to liquid Plains;
 To raise the creeping Rills from humble Beds,
 And force the latent Springs to lift their Heads;
 On wat'ry Columns, Capitals to rear,
 That mix their flowing Curls with upper Air;
 Or dost thou, weary grown, these Works neglect,
 No Temples, Statues, Obelisks erect;
 But catch the Morning Breeze from fragrant Meads,
 Or shun the Noon-tide Ray in wholesome Shades;
 Or lowly walk along the mazy Wood,
 To meditate on all that's wise and good?
 For Nature, bountiful in thee, has join'd
 A Person pleasing with a worthy Mind.

Not

Not given thee Form alone, but Means and Art
To draw the Eye, or to allure the Heart.
Poor were the Praise in Fortune to excel,
Yet want the Way to use that Fortune well.
While thus adorn'd, while thus with Virtue crown'd,
At home in Peace, Abroad in Arms renown'd ;
Graceful in Form, and winning in Address ;
While well you think, what aptly you express ;
With Health, with Honour, with a fair Estate,
A Table Free, and elegantly neat ;
What can be added more to mortal Bliss ;
What can he want that stands possess'd of this ;
What can the fondest wishing Mother more
Of Heaven, attentive, for her Son implore ?
And yet a Happiness remains unknown,
Or to Philosophy reveal'd alone,
A Precept which, unpractic'd, renders vain
Thy Flowing Hopes, and Pleasure turns to Pain.
Should Hope and Fear thy Heart alternate tear,
Or Love, or Hate, or Rage, or anxious Care,
Whatever Passions may thy Mind infest,
(Where is that Mind which Passions ne'er molest ?)
Amidst the Pangs of such intestine Strife,
Still think the present Day the last of Life ;
Defer not till To-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's Sun to thee may never rise ;
Or should To-morrow chance to chear thy Sight,
With her enlivening and unlook'd for Light,
How grateful will appear her dawning Rays !
As Favours unexpected doubly please.
Who thus can think, and who such Thoughts pursues,
Content may keep his Life, or calmly loose ;
All Proofs of this thou may'st thyself receive,
When Leisure from Affairs will give thee Leave,
Come, see thy Friend, retir'd without Regret,
Forgetting Care, or striving to forget ;
In easy, contemplation soothing Time
With Morals much, and now and then with Rhyme :
Not so robust in Body as in Mind,
And always undejected though declin'd ;
Not wond'ring at the World's new wicked Ways,
Compar'd with those of our Fore-fathers' Days :

For Virtue now is neither more nor less,
 And Vice is only vary'd in the Dress:
 Believe it, Men have ever been the same
 And *Ovid's* golden Age is but a Dream.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

On the Happiness of a retired Life.

AS in a Shipwreck some poor Sailor, tost
 By the rude Ocean on a foreign Coast,
 Vows to the Gods, he never more for Gain,
 Will tempt the Danger of the faithless Main;
 But hugs himself upon the friendly Shore,
 And loves to hear the raging Billows roar,
 That spend their Malice and can hurt no more:
 Just so the Wretch, who can longer stand
 The Shocks of Fortnne, and is wreck'd at Land,
 Lays down the Burden of his Cares, to find
 A solitary Place, and quiet Mind:
 Chusing Content with Poverty to meet,
 Before a Fortune infamously great.
 Thus, in Respect of Gold and Silver, poor,
 But rich in Soul, and Virtue's better Store,
 He digs in Nature's Mines, and from the Soil
 He reaps the noblest Harvest of his Toil;
 His Thoughts mount upward to their Mother Sky,
 And purg'd from Dross, exert th' etherial Energy;
 The Dusky Prospect of his Life grows clear,
 And golden Scenes of Happiness appear.

Then from the Summit of Philosophy,
 Secure himself, Mankind he may descry,
 Industrious in the Search of their own Misery.
 Like moiling Ants, in various Paths they run,
 And strive in vain the Rubs of Life to shun.
 To different Ends their Actions they address,
 Which meet and center in Unhappiness.
 One toils and struggles in Pursuit of Fame,
 And grasps, with Greediness and Empty Name:
 Wing'd with Ambition, others soar so high,
 They fall and cannot bear so thin a Sky:
 This Wretch, like *Cræsus*, in the Midst of Store,
 Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.

The

The wise Man laughs at all their Pains, secure
 From lording Passions, which those Fools endure,
 Despair and Hope are banish'd from his Breast;
 Agues and Fevers, that allow no Rest;
 And Lust and Pride, the Mother of Disdain;
 And Thirst of Honour, with her anxious Train;
 No longer warring, Peace of Soul deny,
 But exiles of the Mind their once-lov'd Mansions fly.
 Nor Love misplac'd, nor Malice now controul
 Right Reason's Use, the Guardian of the Soul.
 The Thoughts unbiass'd, and no longer tost,
 Of solid Judgement now securely boast,
 His fierce, unruly Race of Passions die,
 And the freed Soul asserts her Liberty.
 Instead of inward War, sweet Peace of Mind,
 And silent Ease, with all their quiet Kind,
 The noble Regions of his Heart regain,
 And with a calm and gentle Empire reign.
 Silence becomes an amicable Guest,
 And Peace, with downy Wings, sits brooding on his Breast,
 Soft Hours pass over, void of Noise and Strife,
 And gently waft him to the Verge of Life.
 While in a slow and regular Decay,
 Death steals unfelt, upon his setting Day;
 As mellow Fruits, ungather'd, drop away,
 Bless'd Solitude! O harmless, easy State,
 Entrench'd in Wisdom from the Storms of Fate.
 Thus, on a bleaky Cliff, the regal Tree,
 Assail'd by Winds and Heav'n's Inclemency,
 Expands his Branches o'er the Clouds, above
 Their Blast unmov'd as is immortal Jove.
 The Gods smile on us, and propitious are,
 When Prudence does our Actions first prepare.
 The Strokes of Fortune Fools alone endure,
 The Wise and Virtuous can themselves secure.
 This *Charles* of *Spain* and *Dioclesian* knew,
 Who timely from the conquer'd World withdrew;
 Opprest with Fame, they laid the Burthen down,
 And wisely for Content exchange'd a Crown.
 Lords of themselves, and of their Passions grown,
 They made new *Realms* and *Conquests* of their own.

Nor

Nor had they Need more Nations to subdue,
 Themselves were Emperors and Empires too;
 Th' exterior Shews of Greatness they declin'd,
And for an Eden lost, gain'd Paradise of Mind.

Elysium justly was by Poets feign'd,
 A Seat which none but quiet Souls obtain'd.
 Sweet *Myrtle* Groves (where Birds for ever sing)
 And Meadows smiling with immortal Spring,
 Were secret Mansions of eternal Rest,
 And made Retirements for the Pious blest.

O! that kind Heav'n would grant me a Retreat
 (Before I die) in some sweet Country Seat;
 Or (if my Wishes have too large a Bound)
 An humble Cottage fenc'd with *Osters* round,
 Where Silver Streams in flow'ry Valleys glide,
 And Rows of Willows deck the River-side.
 O with what Pleasure would my Soul forego
 This Riot of a Life! this Pomp of Woe!
 Supply'd with Food, which Nature's Bounty gave,
 In need of nothing, nothing would I crave.
 My future Actions should my past redeem,
 And all my Life be suited to my Theme.

On the Pleasures of the Country.

TO *Fuscus*, who in City-sports delights,
 A Country Bard, with gentle Greeting, writes;
 In this we differ, but in all beside,
 Like twin-born Brothers are our Souls ally'd;
 And, as a Pair of fondly constant Doves,
 What one dislikes the other disapproves.
 You keep the Nest, I love the rural Mead,
 The Brook, the mossy Rock, and woody Glade;
 In short, I live and reign, whene'er I fly
 The Joys you vaunt with Raptures to the Sky,
 And like a Slave from the Priests Service fled,
 I nauseate Honey'd Cakes, and long for Bread.

Would you to Nature's Laws Obedience yield;
 Would you a House for Health or Pleasure build;
 Where is there such a Situation found,
 As where the Country spreads its Blessings round?
 Where is the temperate Winter less severe?
 Or, when the Sun ascending fires the Year,

M

Where

Where breathes a milder Zephyr to assuage
 The Dog-star's Fury, or the Lion's Rage?
 Where do less envious Cares disturb our Rest?
 Or are the Fields, in Nature's Colours drest,
 Less grateful to the Smell or to the Sight,
 Than the rich Floor with inlaid Marble bright?
 Is water purer from the bursting Lead,
 Than gently murm'ring down its native Bed?
 Among your Columns, rich with various Dies;
 Unnatural Woods with aukward Art arise.
 You Praise the House, whose Situation yields
 An open Prospect in the distant Fields.
 Though Nature's driven out with proud Disdain,
 The Powerful Goddesses will return again;
 Return in silent Triumph to deride
 The weak Attempts of Luxury and Pride.

The Man who cannot, with judicious Eye,
 Compare the Fleece, that drinks the *Tyrian* Dye,
 With the pale *Latian*; yet shall ne'er sustain
 A Loss so touching, of such Heart-felt Pain,
 As he, who can't with Sense of happier Kind,
 Distinguish Truth from Falshood in the Mind.

They who in Fortune's Smiles too much delight,
 Shall tremble when the Goddess takes her Flight;
 For if her Gifts our fonder Passions gain,
 The frail Possession we resign with Pain.

Then leave the gaudy Blessings of the Great;
 The Cottage offers a secure Retreat,
 Where you may make a solid Bliss your own,
 To Kings, and Favourites of Kings, unknown.

A lordly Stag, arm'd with superior Force,
 Drove from their common Field a vanquish'd Horse,
 Who for Revenge to Man his Strength enslav'd,
 Took up his Order, and the Bitt receiv'd:
 But, when he saw his Foe with Triumph slain,
 In vain he strove his Freedom to regain;
 He felt the Weight, and yielded to the Rein.
 So he, who Poverty with Horror views,
 Nor frugal Nature's Bounty knows to use;
 Who sells his Freedom in Exchange for Gold,
 (Freedom, for Mines of Wealth too cheaply sold!)

}
 Shall

Shall make eternal Servitude his Fate,
And feel a haughty Master's galling Weight.

Our Fortune's and our Shoes are nearly ally'd,
We're pinch'd in strait, and stumble in the wide.
Then learn thy present Fortune to enjoy,
And on my Head thy just Reproach employ,
If e'er forgetful of my former self,
I toil to raise unnecessary Pelf;
For Gold will either govern or obey,
But better shall the Slave than Tyrant play.

This near the Shrine of Idleness I penn'd,
Sincerely blest, but that I want my Friend.

From Arthur Gray, the Footman, to the Object of his Desires, after his Condemnation for attempting a Rape.

READ, lovely Nymph, and tremble not to read,
I have no more to wish nor you to dread:

I ask not Life, for Life to me were vain,
And Death a Refuge from severer Pain.
My only Hope, in these last Lines I try;
I would be pitied, and I then would die.

Long had I liv'd as sordid as my Fate,
Nor curs'd the Destiny that made me wait
A servile Slave: Content with homely Food,
The gross Instinct of Appetite pursu'd,
Youth gave me Sleep at Night, and warmth of Blood:
Ambition yet had never touch'd my Breast;
My lordly Master knew no sounder Rest;
With Labour healthy, in Obedience blest:
But when I saw—O! had I never seen
That wounding Softness, that engaging Mien!
The Mist of wretched Education flies;
Shame, Fear, Desire, Despair, and Love, arise
The new Creation of those beauteous Eyes.
But yet that Love pursu'd no guilty Aim,
Deep in my Heart I hid the secret Flame.
I never hop'd my fond Desire to tell,
And all my Wishes were to serve you well.
Heav'ns! how I flew, when wing'd by your Command,
And kiss'd the Letters giv'n me by your Hand.
How pleas'd, how proud, how fond was I to wait,
Present the sparkling Wine, or change the Plate!

How, when you sung, my soul devour'd the Sound;
 And every Sense was in the Rapture drown'd!
 Though bid to go, I quite forgot to move;
 —You knew not that Stupidity was Love!
 But oh! the Torment not to be express'd,
 The Grief, the Rage, the Hell, that fir'd this Breast,
 When my great Rivals, in Embroid'ry gay,
 Sat by your Side, or led you from the Play.
 I still contriv'd near as I could to stand,
 (The Flambeau trembling in my shaking Hand,)
 I saw, or thought I saw, those Fingers press'd,
 For thus their Passion by my own I guess'd,
 And jealous Fury all my Soul possess'd.
 Like Torrents, Love and Indignation meet,
 And Madness would have thrown me at your Feet.
 Turn, lovely Nymph, (for so I would have said,)
 Turn from these Triflers that make Love a Trade;
 This is true Passion in my Eyes you see;
 They cannot, no—they cannot love like me.
 Frequent Debauch'd has pall'd their sickly Taste,
 Faint their Desires, and in a Moment past:
 They sigh not from the Heart, but from the Brain;
 Vapours and Vanity, and strong *Champaigne*.
 Too dull to feel what Forms like yours inspire,
 After long talking of their painted Fire,
 To some lewd Brothel they at Night retire;
 There, pleas'd with fancy'd Quality and Charms,
 Enjoy your Beauties in a Strumpet's Arms.
 Such are the Joys those Toasters have in View,
 And such the Wit and Pleasure they pursue:
 —And is this Love that ought to merit you?
 Each Opera Night a new Address begun,
 They swear to thousands what they swear to one.
 Not thus I sigh—but all my Sighs are vain—
 Die, wretched *Arthur*, and conceal thy Pain:
 'Tis Impudence to wish and Madness to complain.
 Fix'd on this View, my only Hope and Ease,
 I waited not the Aid of slow Disease:
 The keenest Instruments of Death I sought,
 And Death alone employ'd my lab'ring Thought.
 This all the Night,—when I remember well,
 The Charming Tinkle of your Morning Bell?

Fir'd

Fir'd by the Sound, I hasten'd with your Tea,
 With one last Look to smoothe the darksome Way—
 But, oh! how dear that fatal Look has cost!
 In that fond Moment my Resolves were lost.
 Hence all my Guilt, and all your Sorrows rise—
 I saw the languid Softness of your Eyes;
 I saw the dear Disorder of your Bed,
 Your Cheek all glowing with a tempting Red;
 Your Night-cloaths tumbled with resistless Grace;
 Your flowing Hair play'd careless round your Face;
 Your Night-gown fasten'd with a single Pin;
 —Fancy improv'd the wond'rous Charms within!
 I fix'd my Eyes upon that heaving Breast,
 And hardly, hardly I forbore the rest;
 Eager to gaze, unsatisfy'd with Sight,
 My Head grew giddy with the dear Delight!
 —Too well you know the fatal following Night!
 Th' extremest Proof of my Desire I give,
 And since you will not love, I will not live.
 Condemn'd by you, I wait the righteous Doom,
 Careless and fearless of the Woes to come.
 But when you see me waver in the Wind,
 My guilty Flame extinct, my Soul resign'd,
 Sure you may pity what you can't approve,
 The cruel Consequence of furious Love.
 Think the bold Wretch that could so greatly dare,
 Was tender, faithful, ardent, and sincere:
 Think, when I held the Pistol to your Breast,
 Had I been of the World's large Rule possess'd,
 That World had then been yours, and I been blest?
 Think that my Life was quite below my Care,
 Nor fear'd I any Hell beyond Despair.—

If these Reflections, though they seize you late,
 Give some Compassion for your *Arthur's* Fate:
 Enough you give, nor ought I to complain;
 You pay my Pangs, nor have I dy'd in vain.

NECESSARY OBSERVATIONS.

FIRST worship God; he that forgets to pray,
 Bids not himself Good-morrow nor Good-day;

Let thy first Labour be to purge thy Sin,
And serve him first whence all Things did begin;

Honour thy Parents to prolong thine End;
With them, though for a Truth, do not contend;
Though all should Truth defend, do thou lose rather
The Truth awhile, than lose their Loves for ever.
Whoever makes his Father's Heart to bleed,
Shall have a Child that will revenge the Deed.

Think that is just, 'tis not enough to do,
Unless thy very Thoughts are upright too.

Defend the Truth, for that who would not die,
A Coward is, and gives himself the Lye.

Honour the King, as Sons their Parents do,
For he's thy Father, and thy Country's too.

A Friend is Gold; if true, he'll never leave thee;
Yet both without a Touchstone, may deceive thee.

Suspicious Men think others false, but he
Cozens himself that will too cred'lous be;
For thy Friend's Sake let no Subject be shown,
And shun to be too cred'lous for thine own.

Take well whate'er shall chance; though bad it be,
Take it for good, and 'twill be so to thee.

Swear not; an Oath is like a dangerous Dart,
Which shot, rebounds to strike the Shooter's Heart.

The Law's the Path of Life; then that obey;
Who keeps it not, hath, wand'ring, lost his Way.

Thank those that do thee Good, so shalt thou gain
Their second Help, if thou should'st need again.

To doubtful Matters do not headlong run;
What's well left off were better not begun.

Be well advis'd, and wary Counsel make,
Ere thou dost any Action undertake:
Having undertaken, thy Endeavours bend
To bring thy Actions to a perfect End.

Safe in thy Breast close lock up thy Intent,
For he that knows thy Purpose best prevents.

To tell thy Miseries will no Comfort breed,
Men help thee most that think thou hast no Need;
But if the World once thy Misfortunes know,
Thou soon shalt lose a Friend and find a Foe.

Keep thy Friend's Goods, for should thy Wants be known,
Thou can'st not tell but they may be thy own.

To gather Wealth by Fraud do not presume,
A little evil got will much consume.

First think, and if thy Thoughts approve thy Will,
Then speak, and what thou speak'st be sure fulfil.

Spare not, nor spend too much; be this thy Care,
Spare but to spend, and only spend to spare.

Who spends too much may want, and so complain,
But he spends best that spares to spend again.

If with a Stranger you discourse, first learn,
By strictest Observation, to discern

If he be wiser than thyself; if so,
Be dumb, and rather chuse by him to know.

But if thyself perchance the wiser be,
Then do thou speak, that he may learn by thee.

If thou dispraise a Man, let no Man know,
By any Circumstance, that he's thy Foe;

If Men but once find that, they'll quickly see,
Thy Words from Hatred, not from Judgement be.

If thou would'st tell his Vice, do what you can
To make the World believe thou lov'st the Man.

Reprove not in their Wrath incensed Men,
Good Counsel comes clean out of Season then;

But when his Fury is appeas'd and past,
He will conceive his Fault, and mend at last.

When he is cool, and calm, then utter it,
No Man gives Physic in the Midst o'th' Fit.

Seem not too conscious of thy Worth, nor be
The first that knows thy own Sufficiency.

If to thy King and Country thy true Care
More serviceable is than others are

That blaze in Court, and every Action sway,
As if the Kingdom on their Shoulders lay;

Or if thou serv'st a Master, and dost see
Others preferr'd of less Desert than thee,

Do not complain, though such a Complaint be true,
Lords will not give their Favours as a Due;

But rather stay and hope, it cannot be
But Men, at last, must needs thy Virtues see.

So shall thy Trust endure, and greater grow,
Whilst they that are above thee fall below.

Each Man three Devils hath; self-born Afflictions,
Th' unruly Tongue, the Belly, and Affections:

Charm

Charm these, such holy Conjurations can
Gain thee the Friendship both of God and Man.

So live with Man, as if God's curious Eye
Did every where into thy Actions pry :
For never yet was Sin so void of Sense,
So fully fac'd with brazen Impudence,
As that it durst, before Men's Eyes, commit
Their beastly Lusts, lest they should witness it :
How dare they then offend, when God shall see,
That must alone both Judge and Jury be !

Take thou no Care how to defer thy Death,
And give more Respite to this mortal Breath :
Would'st thou live long ? the only Means are these,
'Bove *Galen's* Diet, or *Hippocrates*,
Strive to live well, tread in the upright Ways,
And rather count thy Actions than thy Days ;
Then thou hast liv'd enough amongst us here,
For every Day well-spent I count a Year.
Live well, and then how soon soe'er thou die,
Thou art of Age to claim Eternity.
But he that out-lives *Nestor*, and appears
T'have past the Date of grey *Methus'lem's* Years,
If he his Life to Sloth and Sin doth give,
I say he only *was*, he did not *live*.

Hear much, but little speak, a wise Man fears,
And will not use his Tongue so much as Ears.
The Tongue, if it the Hedge of Teeth doth break,
Will others shame, and its own Ruin speak.
I never yet did ever read of any
Undone by hearing, but by speaking, many.
The Reason's this, the Ears, if chaste and holy,
Do let in Wit, the Tongue doth let out Folly.

To all alike be courteous, meek, and kind,
A winning Carriage with indifferent Mind,
But not familiar, that must be exempt,
Grooms saucy Love soon turns into Contempt.
Be sure he be at least as good as thee,
To whom thy Friendship shall familiar be.

Judge not between two Friends, but rather see
If thou can'st bring them friendly to agree :
So shalt thou both their Loves to thee increase,
And gain a Blessing too for making Peace ;

But

But if thou should'st decide the Cause, i'th' End,
Howe'er thou judge, thou sure shalt lose a Friend.

Thy Credit wary keep; 'tis quickly gone;
Being got by many Actions, lost by one.

Unto thy Brother buy not, sell, nor lend,
Such Actions have their own peculiar End;
But rather chuse to give him, if thou see
That thou hast Power, and he Necessity.

Spare in thy Youth, lest Age should find thee poor,
When Time is past, and thou can'st spare no more.
No coupled Misery is so great in either,
As Age and Want, when both do meet together.

Fly Drunkenness, whose vile Incontinence
Takes both away the Reason and the Sense,
Till with *Circean* Cups thy Mind's possesst,
Leaves to be a Man, and wholly turns a Beast.
Think, whilst thou swallow'st the capacious Bowl,
Thou let'st in Seas to wreck and drown the Soul.
That Hell is open to Remembrance call,
And think how subject Drunkards are to fall.
Consider how it soon destroys the Grace
Of human Shape, spoiling the beauteous Face,
Puffing the Cheeks, blearing the curious Eye,
Studding the Face with vicious Heraldry;
What Pearls and Rubies do the Wine disclose,
Making the Purse poor to enrich the Nose?
How does it nurse Disease, infect the Heart,
Drawing some Sickness into every Part!
The Stomach over-cloy'd, wanting a Vent,
Doth up again re-send her Excrement;
And then (O see what too much Wine can do!)
The very Soul being drunk, spews Secrets too;
The Lungs corrupted breathe contagious Air,
Belching out Fumes that unconcocted are,
The Brain o'erwarm'd (losing her sweet Repose)
Doth purge her filthy Ordure through the Nose.
The Veins do boil, glutted with vicious Food,
And quickly fevers the distemper'd Blood.
The Belly swells, the Foot can hardly stand,
Lam'd with the Gout, the Palsy shakes the Hand;
And through the Flesh sick Waters sinking in,
Do, Bladder-like, puff up the dropsy'd Skin;

It

It weaks the Brain, it spoils the Memory,
 Hastening on Age and wilful Poverty ;
 It drowns thy better Parts, making thy Name
 To Foes a Laughter, to thy Friends a Shame ;
 'Tis Virtue's Poison, and the Bane of Trust,
 The Match of Wrath, the Fuel unto Lust.
 Quite leave this Vice, and turn not to't again,
 Upon Presumption of a stronger Brain :
 For he that holds more Wine than others can,
 I rather count a Hoghead than a Man.



Various FORMS of MESSAGES by CARDS.

MR. *Wilkinson's* Compliments to Miss *Shaw*, and desires the Honour of her Company at Six o'Clock this Evening.

Mr. *Singleton* presents Compliments to Miss *Starkey*, and returns her many Thanks for the Honour of her obliging Enquiries.

Mrs. *Frankly* presents Compliments to Miss *Jekyl*, and desires the Favour of her Company to go to see *Zara* Tomorrow Night.

Mr. and Mrs. *Radford* present their Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. *Robinson*, and if they are not engaged this Afternoon, will do themselves the Pleasure of waiting on them.

Mr. and Mrs. *Robinson* are perfectly disengaged, beg Compliments, and will be extremely glad of Mr. and Mrs. *Radford's* agreeable Company.

Mrs. *Jones's* Compliments to Miss *Butler* ; hopes she shall have the Pleasure to hear she is not engaged for an Hour this Morning. Mr. *Allen* has ordered the Coach at Twelve for an Airing through *Hyde-Park* and the *King's-Road*, and if Miss *Butler* will give her Leave, will take her up at a Quarter after. Nothing can add more to the Enjoyment of such a Morning than her Company.

Monday, Ten o'Clock.

The

The Party that were lost Night at *Vauxhall*, dine with Mrs. *Smith* To-morrow, and she entreats the Favour of dear Miss *Roberts's* Company.

Thursday Afternoon.

Mrs. *Shaw* does herself the Honour to send her Compliments to Miss *Burnett*. Hopes she is very well; and flatters herself that she has Good-nature enough to pardon this Impertinence. She begs to be favoured with the Pattern of the *Vandyke* Handkerchief which Miss *Burnett* had on at the Opera. Mrs. *Shaw* does not imagine this will sit upon any other Neck as it does on Miss *Burnett's*; but she is ambitious to appear like what is agreeable, if she cannot arrive at the Thing itself; to which indeed she has no Pretensions.

Wednesday Morning.

Miss *Burnett's* Compliments to the obliging Mrs. *Shaw*. She has sent her the Patterns of three *Vandykes*. That with the Collar is what she had on at the *Hay-Market*; but she thinks the fringed one is prettier. As there is something particular in the Way of cutting them out, Miss *Burnett* sends her Servant with the Patterns, whose Assistance she begs Mrs. *Shaw* will accept; and believes that she understands this Request as the greatest Compliment.

Friday.

Miss *Saunders* presents her Compliments to Mr. *Wray*, and thinks she is very civil that she sends five Cards at a Time. *Tuesday* is *Henderson's* Benefit. She has a Box; and desires Mr. *Wray* will dispose of so many Tickets to People who may be decently seen in it: For no professed Rakes will be permitted, himself excepted.

Mrs. *Thompson* presents her Compliments to Mrs. *Miller*; hopes she is well, and has been so during the many Months in which she has heard nothing from her. Three or four Friends will be at Mr. *Thompson's* this Afternoon to play at friendly Whist; and nothing can add to the Pleasure of the Party so much as Mrs. *Millar's* Company.

Friday Afternoon.

Mrs. *Millar* returns her sincerest Respects to Mrs. *Thompson*; is obliged by the Invitation; but has a settled Aver-

sion

sion to Cards ; and when she has the Happiness to meet with her, must be most displeased with them, because they take the Place of a Conversation at once entertaining and instructive.—Begs to be excused on the present Occasion, and shall be happy to obey any other Summons.

Mrs. *Bowden's* Compliments to Mr. *Price*. She has a Party for Cards To-morrow, about four Tables ; and cannot think of such an Evening, without setting him down as one of the Party. Hopes he is not engaged.

Tuesday Morning.

Mrs. *Bowden* presents her sincerest Respects to Mr. *Cray*. She has a few Friends engaged for this Evening, about four Tables ; and thinks it no more than Justice to that Esteem she has for Mr. *Cray*, to tell him of it. Begs that he will make no Apology, for she absolutely depends upon him.

Miss *Wilson* has the Honour of Mr. *Simmonds's* Message. The elegance of the Paper is ravishing. She is not possessed of any of these ornamented Cards ; nor has a single drooping *Cupid* into whose Hand to put her Civilities. She thanks Mr. *Simmonds* for his unexpected Politeness ; and as she is obliged to return her Compliments on a paltry Two of Hearts, has ordered her Footman in his Way to call at the Apothecary's, and for fear of the delicate Mr. *Simmonds's* fainting at the Sight of the Card, to take with him a Bottle of Sal Volatile.

Mr. and Mrs. *Singleton's* Compliments to Miss *Williams* ; they hope to have the Pleasure of her Company to the Assembly. A Corner of their Coach is at her Service, and they beg Leave to wait on her at Six.

Tuesday Morning.

Miss *Williams's* Compliments to the obliging Mr. and Mrs. *Singleton*. She is truly sensible of the Honour they intend her, and will do herself the Pleasure to wait on them at the Time proposed.

Tuesday Noon.

The Bride and Bridegroom dine with Mrs. *Jones* To-morrow, and they join with her in soliciting the Favour of Mrs. *Thompson's* good Company, as the only Thing that can add to their Happiness.

F I N I S.



Johnson, Charles

The complete art of writing letters Adapted to all classes and conditions of life ; Designed not only to finish the education of Youth in general, but for every person that wishes to write letters well ; Containing a collection of entertaining and instructive letters, as examples for

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